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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MARCH 4, 1915 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship, Character in Religion

University of Illinois Library

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Deep Down Things

The Deep Down Things are strong and great,
Firm-fixed, unchangeable as fate,
Inevitable, inviolate,
The Deep Down Things.

The truth endures, men pass from youth,
Books, creeds, and systems suffer ruth;
Change has no dart—can slay the truth—
The truth endures.

Behind the years that waste and smite,
And topple empires into night,
God dwells unchanged in changeless light,
Behind the years.

The Deep Down Things! Of little faith
Is he who fears they suffer scathe—
Impervious to the darts of death—
The Deep Down Things.

"Songs of the Average Man" —*Sam Walter Foss.*

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The Beacon. —*Anna Temple.*

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'Tis true that the women were able to see through the blandishment of Carter Harrison's flirtations, but instead of rallying in adequate numbers around Judge Olson, who on all sides was recognized as the truer representative of law and order, they gathered around the standards of the Democratic Sweitzer, the protege of Roger Sullivan, the hope and admiration of the "Wets." The question now is, is there courage, wisdom and ethical sincerity enough in Chicago to arouse the disappointed better elements to put forth a man that is at once free, clean and ready to plant himself on the platform of law enforcement and a non-partisan administration. Such a movement could not prove a failure. Though the result at the polls should show a decided minority, it would force the issue and give to the independent voter a chance to use his conscience. It would compel the voters, men and women, to face the real issue; whether in municipal affairs he or she is to consider the crack of the party whip or the call of law and order, the non-partisan call to citizenship.

Editorial Wanderings

The Julius Rosenwald special train for Tuskegee, which is getting to be an annual event, left Chicago this year on Saturday, February 21st. It was an elegant train of six Pullman cars carrying judges, lawyers, business men and their wives, and uplifters of both sexes, making a company of some forty passengers, all of whom were intimately connected with the social service activities of Chicago. The train reached Montgomery, Alabama, Sunday morning, and at nine o'clock most of the passengers were promptly transferred to automobiles and they started out on a memorable ride of 60 or more miles over admirable roads and with balmy atmosphere.

The object of the tourists was to visit some of the rural schoolhouses which had been built under the direct inspiration of a donation from Mr. Rosenwald, who offered not more than $350 to any country community that would contribute a like sum or more to the building of a schoolhouse. Not less than four such buildings were visited; at each place not only the children but all the colored community in the vicinity and many whites were there to greet the party. They were lined along the road several tiers deep, waving evergreen branches and singing the old plantation refrains of their fore-elders. It was interesting to note how fertile the "little sum," as Mr. Rosenwald called it, had been. The school buildings represented a cost of from $1,200 to $1,800. This aggregate was reached through the Rosenwald contribution. Money subscriptions from the patrons of the school, contributions in kind, team and man labor, and a small contribution from the State and county funds swelled the amount. At each of these stations definite reports were made of receipts and expenditures, length of school term, attendance and "the number of white-washed and painted homes in the vicinity." The buildings were shown as model schoolhouses, types of the new and better school system which Alabama is trying to multiply. We understand that thirty or more such schoolhouses are slated for completion the next year, all under the energetic direction of Professor Sibley, a native born white Alabamian, who holds an appointment from the State as Superintendent of Colored Rural Schools. The excursion was in his charge and his energy and enthusiasm showed how it takes personality plus money to achieve success here as elsewhere. At each place arrangements were made to seat the visitors, most generally in an adjoining church, and there was much singing and a little talking. At Madison we found a station named after a pioneer colored man, an ex-slave, whose daughter is the efficient director of the school. The party arrived at Tuskegee early on Sunday evening in time to listen to the quaint singing of the great student body in the beautiful chapel with a capacity of from 1,800 to 2,000, fully utilized.

Then began three days of inspection filled with surprises to those who saw for the first time the wonderful work being done at Tuskegee, not only for the colored young men and women of the South, but for the cause of education, for Tuskegee is a contribution to pedagogy as well as to the race problem. Educators everywhere will have to reckon with Tuskegee if they want to bring their theories and practice down to date.

No institution of learning is now complete without its Extension Department, and the "exhibit" in this direction was varied, dramatic and full of that humor that borders on pathos. Two "Reverends" were brought in from the adjoining country to tell in phases more eloquent than grammatical how they acquired land and were now tilling their own farms, tracing their inspirations of course to the farmer conferences and to the radiating influences of Tuskegee. One woman told of how she secured a better schoolhouse for the "chillun." Egg selling, chicken raising, soliciting and many other ways too well known to the women of the North, which often indicate an obscure selfishness and a hidden penuriousness, here became high generalship and splendid courage. But more eloquent than the farmer parsons or the soliciting schoolhouse builders was the stern Angelo-like countenance of the wife who said to the preacher, "You go to school and I will take care of the plowing and the children." She said not a word. She received no plaudits, but she, not the parson, moved the silent depths of the soul. One slip of a girl, from the "honor three months"

of required cadeting in a country school, told how she not only washed up the schoolhouse but cleaned up the homes in which she boarded, brought in the cook-stove that was all right except that it had lost one leg, and taught them how to enlarge their dietary list. The Extension Department of Tuskegee goes far afield and there were thrilling stories of achievements in South Carolina and other adjoining states.

On the return journey the tourists stopped at Baldwin Farms, some dozen miles from Tuskegee, where a few northern capitalists have secured possession of two thousand acres or more of land which they are selling in small lots on reasonable terms to ambitious homesteaders, helping them build the initial cottage, lending them a little money with which to get started. These "Settlers" met us with the usual singing and cheering. Here college graduates and city bred young husbands and wives are settling down contentedly to the task of making homes on the farm.

Here UNITY's correspondent broke company with the Chicago delegation and joined the Eastern contingency that had come under the direction of Seth Low, President of the Tuskegee Board of Trustees, and journeyed to Washington for the purpose of entering into the double joys of a Silver Wedding Anniversary and the first wedding in the family of Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, recently of California, but always of Chicago. The event aside from its social characteristics was significant in revealing the political and heretical status of the friends of these leaders of thought. Here was Julia Lathrop, Louis D. Brandeis, and Gifford Pinchot, Henry Crane, Louis Post, Mrs. La Follette, suffragists, Progressives, Independents of many grades, isms and issues, all paying their tribute to the man who though of no party is still a power to be reckoned with on the floors of the House.

A glimpse of Congress at work in the weary throes of dissolution revealed a tired body of men, heroically trying to do their duty to the end, and the correspondent is bound to report at least this concerning his visit to Congress,—the testimony came from all sides that the personnel of the present Congress is higher than the popular estimate of the same, perhaps higher than many preceding Congresses. There is no suspicion of grafters, or of the presence of any great number who were there for base motives. There were evidences that Congress is something of a reform school for politicians and that the discipline received on the floors of Congress, the contact with the nobler men higher up, and the solemn responsibilities thrust upon them is making pretty good legislative timber out of those who won their position through "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

These wanderings made the Editor a belated member of the National Meeting called in the interest of peace in Chicago by the Emergency Committee of which Miss Jane Addams is President and Louis P. Lochner, Secretary. This two-day meeting of Saturday and Sunday, February 27th and 28th, was as nearly an impromptu affair as is possible with a rally that represented some three hundred delegates coming all the way from Idaho to Boston. The meetings were an unqualified success, and we hope the readers of UNITY will find much about this peace conference beyond the limits of UNITY pages. Sunday afternoon over two thousand people were gathered in Sinai Temple, where the meeting was presided over by Dr. Hirsch and the speakers were worthy of the audience. The closing session was held in the Crystal Room on the nineteenth floor of the La Salle Hotel. The audience was large. The meeting was presided over by Professor Graham Taylor. Addresses made by Madame Rosika Schwimmer, Mr. Victor Olander, Representative of Labor, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The hard work done in committees appeared in the resolutions passed which will be widely circulated through the press.

And now it is 6 a. m., Monday morning, March 1st, and the Editor is dictating these last words before he begins his regular March "Escape." By 10 o'clock he will be again on the road, looking westward with an itinerary that already begins to look formidable. The first stop is to be at Emporia, Kansas, the last date is not yet scheduled, but the itinerary will reach from San Diego to San Francisco and homeward. Most of the speaking will be at educational centers in the interest of peace. As opportunity permits these "Wanderings" will be continued. Meanwhile UNITY and the work at Lincoln Centre and the pulpit of All Souls Church will keep right on the even tenor of their ways. Preachers for the month during the March absence of the Minister of All Souls Church will be Professors Linn, Tufts and Starr of the University of Chicago and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who will speak on March 14th. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

THE PULPIT

The Golden Rule Between Nations and Races

One Hundred Years of Peace

A Lincoln Birthday Sermon

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Delivered at the ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

February 14, 1915

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us, Father, to think of the things of the spirit, the things of love, the things that die not, the things that lift humanity out of its wickedness and its meanness. Help us, Father, to think of those things that unite, that pacify, that take bitterness and hatred out of our hearts. Help us, Father, to think gratefully of the prophet—children of thine who in time of hate and war have spoken of peace and love.

We thank Thee, Father, that in the dissonance of today we hear the sweet calm music of the centuries. Help us to realize the better way. Hasten the time when the cannon will be spiked, the muskets will be stacked and nations shall war no more, when spears will be beaten into pruning hooks and swords into plowshares.

Help us, O Father, to realize this morning the great brotherhood of man, to feel the tie that binds us to the frailest and weakest, to the lowest as well as the highest of thy children. Help us to confess our weakness as a nation, our shortcomings as a people. Reveal to us the things we ought to have done but have left undone, that in the future we may go forth with cleaner hands and purer hearts, with better informed minds and more heroic consciences, that thy peace which passeth understanding may come into our lives, into the life of this city, into the troubled life of this nation, into the warring life of all nations. Amen.

SERMON.

We are summoned this morning in connection with all the churches in America to celebrate One Hundred Years of Peace between Great Britain and the United States, to take cognizance of the striking fact that the longest political boundary line in the world, stretching over nearly four thousand miles of space, unguarded by cannon and unpatrolled by soldiers, has maintained amicable relations with the settlers on either side for a hundred years.

It is not easy to lift our hearts as well as our minds into thoughts of peace and amity at this time when our hearts are pierced with sympathy for dying soldiers, broken-hearted wives and starving children. It seems almost ungracious and futile to try to draw an argument for peace from the experiences of the western continent in the face of the awful convulsion of militant spirits and murderous relations on the eastern hemisphere. So I am glad that we are asked to celebrate this centennial of peace on the day which it is our wont here to celebrate the birthday of the tenderest and noblest of Americans. Perhaps the thought of Lincoln may enable us to take the longer view, and the long view always and inevitably argues for peace and rebukes war.

So I have taken for my theme the Golden Rule Between Nations and Races. I take it for granted that the Golden Rule is accepted as the highest standard in private morals. I will not spend a minute today in arguing that it is the highest and on that account the most commanding law of our relations as individuals the one with the other, for we all profess to believe in the Golden Rule however we may fail to practice it. I assume also that history has vindicated the Golden Rule in individual morality. I assume that we are ready to accept the theory of the binding power of this rule though we may fail in practice.

First let us realize that the Golden Rule is no new discovery of the New Testament, an exceptional law handed down from on high for the first time to the Man of Nazareth. Way back there Thales, the Greek philosopher, seven centuries before Jesus was born, enunciated it. Aristotle, four centuries before Christ, stated it. Isocrates, a Greek philosopher, writing later dropped it into his teachings. We discover it in the Apochryphal book of Tobit written perhaps two hundred years before Christ was born. Confucius, the lawgiver of China, stated it five centuries B. C. Zoroaster, and in a still more tender way, Buddha, not only stated it but lived it. The plain truth of history is that as we climb onto the table lands of human souls, the far-seeing children of God have all caught sight of this law of reciprocity; they all discover the binding quality of love and the superior force of the disinterestedness that it inspires.

The only debatable question then is whether this higher law of morals stated by prophetic souls on the heights, accepted as the law of private conduct, is applicable to communities as well. Can it be made to work between nations and races?

The first thing to say is the retort of Tolstoy which is unanswerable. "How do you know it will not work? It has never been tried!" No, it has never been tried. And another thing can be said with equal confidence, the other law has not worked well. The iron law, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is condemned by history as a gigantic failure. Novicow, in one of the latest studies of war, quotes a Russian scholar as saying that between 1496 B. C. and 1861 A. D., i. e., 3,358 years of mortal time, there were only 227 years of peace. Only 227 years out of 3,358; 3,130 years in this dreary stretch of time were ravaged by wars. And between 1500 B. C. and 1860 A. D., 3,360 years, there were 8,000 treaties of peace as the result of war. Eight thousand pacts entered into after bloody battles, and the average duration of these war settlements was but two years.

The present pathetic situation in Europe is only one more and last illustration of the undeniable truth that war never settled any question except which was the stronger party for the time being. Germany thought it had proven its right to Alsace and Lorraine; that it had lifted not only its own kingdom but Europe into peace in 1870. It was satisfied with the result. Today we have the pitiable spectacle of the war of 1870 being fought over again, with its intensiveness increased a hundred, aye a thousand fold.

At the beginning of our argument we must remind those who believe that the Golden Rule will not work between nations that they must confront these two fundamental unquestioned facts. First, that it has never been tried, and second, that the other rule works very, very badly indeed; and so with much confidence we fall back upon the discussion of the Rule and its possibility in directing the affairs of nations.

Call the roll of the great war captains of the world, from Alexander down through Cæsar, Hannibal, Na-

poleon to Bismarck, and all the rest of them, and when the last equation is cast, they all are discovered to be gigantic failures. Every achievement won by the sword is doomed by the verdict of history. All the campaigners and field marshals of the centuries have left a trail of devastation behind them, and if time enough is given for all the evidence to be brought in they are convicted of inefficiency and imbecility and are doomed to oblivion.

On the other hand, the great leaders of the spirit, the unarmed champions of humanity, those who have gone forth to fight the battle of right without sword or gun, stand out more and more clearly in the perspective of time. I need but to call the roll from Jeremiah, Buddha, to Jesus and down through Francis, Luther, Wesley to Lincoln to realize that those who have tried to lead nations into paths of peace, come out more brilliantly in the light of history as leaders and masters of men.

And what is more, those nations who have been defeated on the battlefields, but to whom was intrusted the indestructible treasures of wisdom in the realm of love and of righteousness, have survived in spite of the iron heels of conquerors. If you would find the permanent element in the life of the races, call the roll of the submerged. Summon into court those who have been beaten, the dethroned powers. The most triumphant illustration comes from the race that was denuded, dethroned and humiliated nineteen hundred or more years ago. The Jew has had no political existence through all these centuries. He has been badgered and beaten; he has been hung and quartered, burned and torn to pieces on countless racks. Everything that force could do has been done to suppress him. And still he is today a most dominant force inside of all the courts of Europe. He is a power to be reckoned with in all the economic, academic and reform councils of the world.

The triumph of the Jew is paralleled by the next most significant triumph of humanity. Little rocky Greece was a poor spot on which to nurse a militant nation, although it may have produced a Philip, an Alexander and others that did valiant work on battlefields; but their triumphs are negligible quantities and oftentimes odious to the Greeks themselves; but Grecian lore, poetry, philosophy, art, and above all the beauty and wonder of the scholastic world, the Greek language, have survived. They have conquered the world and are triumphant today. Greek today is the master language in all the academic centers of the world. Greek language, poetry and art constitute the imperishable wealth the world over.

But there are humbler illustrations. Let us continue the roll-call of the submerged nations—Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Finland, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. These are types of national lives that endure though they were politically obliterated by war centuries ago. Each one of these names are names to conjure by today in statecraft, art, music and religion. In the economic world, in the academic world, and above all in the realm of poetry, music and philosophy. Their misfortunes only served to sharpen their wits. Their political and military defeats only threw them back upon the more lasting element in human life. If we could go deeply into the story of the nations, the warring, quarreling, wrangling nations, we would find that the intensified forces representing the jungle, the ethics of the brute, are being overruled by the forces which represent the right arm of that power not of ourselves that is ever making for righteousness. This power is slowly and surely retiring the man of war and advancing the man of peace.

Browning's "Luria" is a drama of the Middle Ages portraying the situation when Florence and the neighboring city of Pisa were engaged in a bitter quarrel, a fierce war calling for the destruction of one party or the other. The whole story of mediæval Italy is a story of warring clans and communities. After centuries of internal battling "United Italy" at last comes, but not primarily through the power of the sword. The sword divided Italy through many bloody generations, but the United Italy came through the power of thought, through the charm of letters. United Italy is the child of Dante, the great poet, of Angelo and the master artists, and not of any man on horseback. Italy has been welding the various communities which have their antagonistic traditions, their dialects so different that one section could hardly understand the other. This is being accomplished by their learning to love one another, to work and live together.

In this connection Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a spiritual citizen of that "Woman Country," as Robert Browning called Italy, exclaimed, "One Cavour is worth a dozen Garibaldis."

The same principle is proved by the story of what we now call *Great* Britain, what the citizens pride themselves as the "British Empire." Oh how long did it take those Saxons to learn that the Scotchman and the Welshman and the Irishman were not only human beings, but brothers in the great family of nations, and their fellow citizens by the decree of love.

Again, the same thing holds true of the *"United* Germany." It was not Bismarck that brought about this high mutual confidence between the suspected, warring, blood-stained principalities of Germany, but it was the slow and ever widening influence of her Luther, Goethe, Lessing and Schiller. Germany was united by the power of thought which was so often riven by the power of the sword.

It is love that unites nations as well as individuals. It secures progress for the principalities as for families. When we know enough we will be able to see how the Russian Bear, which in our school books stands out so formidably in its militancy, is even now giving way to love and reason. The figures of its standing army and the story of her bloody leaders is written large in the text books of the United States. But when we come to truly understand even present Russia we will find that it has been slowly amalgamating and unifying vast aggregations of diverse and suspicious tribes. Twenty different languages, someone says, now represent the United Russia, and when the autocratic ruler descends, as he will, from his arbitrary throne and recognizes the rights of the individual, introducing an element of democracy into his rule, he will find that the great peasant heart of Russia turns to peace and industry and not to war and its decorations. Tolstoy, Vereschagin and the rest of them are no exceptions, no marvels, no miracles in Russia. They represent the heart, the soul of the rising people of that vast empire. They are the

first fruits of a power that will be rendered in its fullness when Russia is disarmed.

Already it has begun its marvelous career upward. The same hand that summoned the millions of obedient peasants to this unmeaning and unprofitable warfare, tutored by a higher spirit, inspired by a wisdom that it did not understand, has rendered Russia sober.

The militant Russia was getting so drunken and degraded, it was so corrupted by the indolence which always follows in the trail of war that it was becoming unbearable as well as unmanageable. But even now the better spirit of love and peace that removed vodka from Russia, is committing it to democracy. It opens the way for representative government which is only the Golden Rule applied to statecraft. That is democracy.

The one permanent lesson in the political history of the world, certainly the most permanent thing in the political history of the world, is that the great kingdom of the Orient which we have despised and ridiculed, the citizens of which we have abused and insulted, that great Chinese Empire, has maintained its continuous history for four thousand years, not by the power of armies, for the military history of China is a negligible quantity. The industrial history of China is the marvel of the world and that is rooted in peace and pacific methods.

So wherever we look deep enough into history we find that it is the Golden Rule after all that has brought the tribes of men up into the nations that have written themselves deep into human history.

What does all this have to do with Lincoln? He is a case in point. He is a demonstration. I offer his life as an argument to prove that there is more power and potency in love than in hate, in peace than in war. Oh, how he labored and suffered while trying to avert the unwarranted and wicked war for the Union. He of all the men in 1861, unless it be the sole exception of Alexander Stephens of Georgia, realized the awfulness of the impending catastrophe. No less than eight times during the first ten months of his administration did he try to bring about an amnesty. That neglected part of his story will sometime be brought to the foreground. He saw as clearly as any man in America the wickedness of slavery, and saw more clearly perhaps than any man in America at that time that we were common sinners, we were all accountable and the slave owners were the unfortunate victims of the complications of history, and that we of the North could not keep out of but should enter into the problem of emancipation. "Compensated Emancipation" was his plea. But the mad militarism south and north would not listen to it, and so we went to our costly calamity, which settled nothing except that the North was stronger than the South. The right thing was done in an awfully wrong way. It was the after-struggle not yet over that cemented the broken union and carried on the work not yet completed of emancipating the colored race and giving to every man the rights of a man whatever color his skin might be.

Lincoln in his personality belongs to the great peacemakers of the world. He has ceased to be an American, he is simply human. "We's got him now; he belongs to us today sure!" sobbed the colored woman as she leaned heavily against the iron railing of the State House yard with tears streaming down her cheeks, while the body of the dead President was lying in state within. "He belongs to the ages now!" were the first words that broke the awful silence of the death chamber, and they were spoken by E. M. Stanton, the man who had most often opposed him, distrusted him and insulted him before and after his elevation to the presidency. But now he spoke the verdict of history. "He belongs to the ages now!" Walt Whitman speaks of the Great American paradox, "When the Queens and Emperors of the earth sent tributes of condolence and sorrow in memory of a rail-splitter and flat-boatman."

John G. Holland, whose early biography of Lincoln displayed much insight, said, "Lincoln had always been a reconciler of difficulties between men." And again he says:

> There never lived a man more considerate of human weakness than Abraham Lincoln. . . . . Charity, pity, mercy, sympathy were virtues that reigned in the White House during Mr. Lincoln's occupation of it.

His "appeal was ever to the better angel of our natures."

To quote his own phrase, he showed that "Parties, nations are tolerable only when they stand for real issues."

Lincoln's was a personality that was persuasive because he loved humanity, and he is fast becoming if he is not already the best beloved man of modern times. His face is the widest known of any man of the nineteenth century. Go into the depths of the Scandinavian forests where the wood-choppers are, follow men into the deep mines of Russia, the cottages of Italy and the peasant homes of Wales and Ireland and you will be sure to find somewhere the face of Lincoln. It may be but a rude woodcut clipped from a newspaper, but his face would be recognized today by more people than any man of the nineteenth century.

"The Prince of Pardoners" is the title which led Dr. Cuyler, the good orthodox pastor of Brooklyn, to speak of him as "The most religious ruler since Cromwell," and then he proceeded at once to prove that he was above Cromwell. So when we climb to these great men we climb out of national prejudice, above our race pride.

> Great men are the inspired texts of that divine book of revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch and by some named history,

said Carlyle.

German provincialism died when Goethe was born. Unlettered and inadequate dialects were lifted into a great language by Lessing.

So the warring tribes of early Britain over a thousand years ago were cutting each others' throats; king after king, leader after leader was assassinated or slaughtered by treachery. Then came King Alfred enamored of letters, learned in all the lore then available, devoted to study, and he lifted the seven petty provinces into unity, and England was born. Born not out of the martial spirit of Alfred, but out of the scholarly Alfred, out of the man who was head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in the arts of peace. The great builder, the great planter, the home-maker.

Then followed the wicked kings and queens of England. Heaven save and forgive those poor, blind children of Great Britain who pride themselves on the royalty of England! There is nothing there to be

proud of, nothing to be displayed. England is an everlasting disgrace if she is to be measured by her kings and queens, but England is to be held in everlasting remembrance and undying love when we think of her great confessors, her prophets and her poets. Shakespeare and Milton, Newton, Darwin and Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson and all the rest of them have lifted England out of its provincialism. Through them it is no longer an island. It has won a great place in the confidences of the world.

And so today if the warring powers can be stayed in their deadly trade of killing they may leave a remnant of these nations that will begin to build again the old nobility, not on any achievements won on the battle lines of 1914-15, but rather on the old undying foundation laid by the great and noble, the dear and tender children of Germany, France, England and Russia. The differences over which they are killing one another are but scratches on the outside of the human globe. Their animosities are superficial and artificial. They don't really hate each other. The papers tell us of how when there was a truce Germans and French met on neutral ground in a game of football. But more and better grounds for fellowship underly the bloody camps of Europe today. They are pledged citizens of the ages. Just before them are the immortal camping grounds of Victor Hugo, of Tolstoy, of Ruskin, of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Martin Luther, Emanuel Kant, the unarmed warrior who gave to Germany that which the spirit of Bismarck would harden and defeat. He made the nations distrust and hate those whom Martin Luther made love and revere.

Oh, do not tell me that the Golden Rule won't work until you have tried it, and do not be so smart in your clamor for the "rights of our nation" and the "duty of our nation to protect itself" until you have looked into the wicked defeats of the upward trend of humanity. The community life and love that has been defeated by the brute in the State is still manifested by the claw, the horn and the hoof, glorified into submarines, torpedoes and bombs dropped from the skies.

Suppose the United States was to live up to the inheritance of Lincoln and Emerson, the wisdom of Charles Sumner, who in 1846 stated "the true grandeur of nations" by showing how that now little battleship "Ohio" in the Boston harbor cost more money than did Harvard College with its wealth of library, traditions and lore. Suppose the United States could rise to the statesmanship of Charles Sumner, to the diplomacy of Lincoln, and build no more battleships, place no more soldiers on our borders, meet all foes with ungloved hands, and say, "Here we stand. We are prepared to play the game of life fair with you. If in anything we have erred we are willing to listen and if convicted we will make amends, but we will not add to the strain by proceeding to kill your innocent people or allow our own innocent citizens to be killed." You may smile at all this as being "impractical," but I believe there is no nation on the globe so commercial in its ambition, so bitter in its race prejudice, so foolish as to attempt to devastate such an unarmed nation, one who remained unarmed not from cowardice or from imbecility, but from superior vision. We have tried it for a hundred years and it worked. Yon waves have lapped the shores of our American Mediterranean Sea for a hundred years with no battleship to disturb them. The long line from Quebec to Vancouver has not been fretted by a single armed man, and no quarrel has arisen, and it is only by a careful use of instruments that we can tell where the United States ends and Canada begins. Every time we go east we are tempted to take the international route, and we find equal comity, equal encouragement and beauty whether it be on the Canadian or United States sections of the route. Oh, if it could only be trusted! Oh, if we would only try it! Let us enter into the diplomacy of Lincoln!

Here is a bit of story out of Lincoln's official life too little exploited. In the days of the most severe strain between the United States and Great Britain, when England's sympathies were overwhelmingly with the South, when even Gladstone as he afterwards confessed was "brutally on the wrong side," Seward as Secretary of State drew up a letter which President Lincoln revised. And here are some of Lincoln's revisions. Where Seward used the word "wrongful" Lincoln used the milder word *"hurtful."* Where Seward said "No one of these proceedings will be borne by the United States," Lincoln's revision states "No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned." Seward wrote: "When this act of intervention is distinctly performed we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be, enemies of Great Britain." Lincoln scratched that sentence out entirely. It never went. Again where Seward used the word *"crime"* Lincoln used the word *"error."* And there was no war between England and the United States. It is the opinion of wise statesmen that had the original document as drawn by Seward been transmitted to England in that explosive and powdery time, we would have had another enemy to fight. The United States triumphed by the diplomacy of patience, triumphed by the statesmanship that recognized the frailty of man.

I must not stop with a fancy. The world has never wearied of dwelling upon the triumph of Calvary. The stories of the martyrs have always been listened to. Are there no opportunities for nations as martyrs? Are there no Calvarys up which a nation may climb, and exclaim with Job, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him." Or with its expiring breath pray, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." You must believe that the New Testament is inadequate to the demands of civilization, you must believe that the Man of Nazareth had not insight into the profounder truths of the human soul, you must believe that the highest contentions of Christianity are false, or else believe that the Golden Rule when tried is equal to the demands of statesmanship, and that it will bring that prosperity, continuity and power which is the desire of all the nations of the earth.

I have not yet brought my sermon to its last contention although I have exhausted my time. What is true of nations is true of races. All this dread of races, all this anxiety about "mixed" races, all this horrible fear of the yellow man and hatred of the black man will be ameliorated and at last overcome by the application of the Golden Rule and by none other. The clock of history has a long pendulum, it ticks the centuries off as seconds. It has seen purse

proud, sword proud races go down into the dust of oblivion because of their conceit. History shows how the despised, the unrecognized, the hated, the obscure have often, by diligence, industry and worth climbed to the top. I know of nothing in nature, I know of nothing in history or in religion that gives to any one race a perpetual lease of life. We have no quit claim deed on any corner of this round globe of God. We may go as other nations have gone if we trust to the complexion of our skins or the protection of force, and those whom we despise because their skin is yellow or black may climb up the ladder of patience, service and diligence and some day dominate over the proud Anglo-Saxons. Justice, the Golden Rule, fair play, represent the only way to meet negro or Japanese, and any distrust of this power will bring weakness and disgrace upon the would-be "superior" races.

Lincoln met the cowardly sneers once and for all when Stephen A. Douglas, having led him down into the southern part of Illinois in that greatest debate of history, where public sentiment would be strongest against Lincoln, asked the silly question if he wanted to marry a negro, the great statesman rose to his full height, and in the face of that pro-slavery semi-southern crowd said, "Fellow-citizens, because I do not want a colored woman for my slave it does not follow that I want her for my wife." That is all the answer there is to give when this question of the "mixing of races" creates a panic even in Chicago. The plain truth is seldom stated and more seldom is it frankly met. The black race is being bleached by the bestiality of the negro hater. Those who are beseeching Congress today to put the stigma of immorality on any attempt to legitimatize the crossing of race lines are blind to or dumb about the practice of illegitimacy throughout the South and the North. It has always obtained that the presence of an assumed "superior race" in the presence of an alleged "inferior race" results in the debasing of the alleged superior race on sex lines.

Let the horrible story of the Eurasians in India be told. Let the pathetic revelation of our own Philippine experience be told. When the regiments of the United States were called home to the bosom of American wives, mothers and sweethearts, there was a pathetic dusky crowd of Philippine women, some of them with babes at their breasts, with streaming tears on their faces, begging to be taken along by the men who had won their love not wisely but too well. The everlasting disgrace is upon the "superior race." Not until we have accounted for the number of mulattos which authorities say is today on the increase, let men in Congress be guilty of the hypocrisy of trying to set up a legal standard of virtue which for generations has been insulted and defeated in practice. Let Congress first apply itself to the task of holding the father responsible for his child in the District of Columbia, regardless of the color of the mother. When that is accomplished, then let it concern itself with the question of intermarriage between races.

The law of love, the Golden Rule which we confess to be supreme in the individual's conduct must become the law of nations, and it alone will determine the proper relation between races, as between nations and individuals.

Free trade in the commodities of earth is the demand of philosophy. The time is coming when there will be a free trade of citizens between the nations, free trade in the rarest and highest of commodities.

Races come and go. Nations rise and fall, but humanity endures and the human stock in trade are the words of the wise, the devotions of the loving and the triumph of the serving.

In the power of love may we move forward to win the triumph of peace. Amen.

Gardens for Children

The little town of Portage, Wisconsin, in common with an ever increasing number of towns in this and other states, has succeeded in interesting its children in the gentle art of gardening—of making two plants blossom where only one bloomed before. The visible results each year are the rapidly multiplying gardens of the town, the undisturbed, unvandalized existence of all gardens in the town—a condition not prevailing before the children themselves became gardeners, and, finally, the Annual Flower Show, to which the children bring the flowers and vegetables of their growing, for the awarding of prizes and that their elders may come and examine the proceeds of their toil

Last fall was the seventh annual recurrence of this event, and despite the failure of the aster crop, a goodly showing of nasturtiums and zinnias, of cosmos and phlox and verbenas, of mixed bouquets entered for artistic arrangement, of tomatoes and beets and carrots, parsley and cucumbers filled the rooms in the City Hall and attracted the attention of old and young.

Some details of how this plan has worked itself out may be of interest to UNITY readers. It needs only the time and attention of a few earnest and enthusiastic women and the co-operation of the school authorities to make it a success. In the beginning of the work members of the committee—in this case briefly and euphoniously called the Children's Auxiliary Committee of the Portage Improvement Association, a non-exclusive civic organization with numerous committees attending respectively to the town's sanitation, recreation, lectures and entertainments, parks, streets and alleys, and schools,—visited the schools and personally explained the plan to the children. Now, however, it all works out automatically through the teachers and the children.

In March, postcards are sent to each school building—including the two parochial schools—to be returned at once with a statement of the number of children who wish to order seeds and of the total enrollment in each room in the building, this last to be used in awarding the room prize of a fine picture offered to the room whose pupils make the largest number of entries at the flower show in proportion to the enrollment.

Large order envelopes, supplied by the seedmen, on which is printed a list of flower and vegetable seeds, are sent to each room, one for each child who wishes to order seeds. Two or three days later, after the children have had time to take these home and make out their orders, these envelopes are sent back to the committee by the principals of the various buildings, together with the children's money for the seeds they

have ordered, at the rate of one and one-half cents per packet. From these order envelopes the total order is computed and sent to the seedsman, who supplies good seeds in children's packets. When the packets arrive, each child's order is placed in his envelope and the bundles of filled envelopes returned to the rooms from which they came, where the teachers redistribute them to the children.

As soon as school opens in September, a notice is sent to each room of the date and place of the Flower Show, repeating the varieties which may be entered from each grade, giving directions as to bringing vases with the flowers and other necessary details, and asking the number of entry cards needed in each room.

The children below High School age are divided into four groups, the first two grades together, the third and fourth, the fifth and sixth, and the seventh and eighth, so that children of different ages do not compete with each other. Varieties have to be limited to those likely to be in good condition at that time of year and also adjusted to each group with regard to the ease of production. Zinnias and nasturtiums and beets have been found within the abilities of the primary grades; the next group omits the zinnias and is allowed to enter asters, phlox, carrots and parsley. The third group substitutes verbenas for nasturtiums, and tomatoes and cucumbers for beets and parsley, and the oldest group enters much the same variety. All these must be grown by the child who enters them.

In addition, any child may bring any kind of flowers, whether he has grown them or not, and enter them for artistic arangement, after he has himself arranged them at the exhibit rooms.

The prizes range from fifty cents in cash as first prizes and suitable books and pictures, baseballs and gardening tools, costing perhaps thirty cents, in the primary grades, to silver spoons, books, pictures, other baseball utensils, school penants and a few cash prizes in the higher grades, each representing at most a cash value of a dollar. In addition each child who makes an entry and fails to receive a prize is given a consolation prize of a large bulb, usually of the paper-white narcissus or some other easily grown variety.

On the morning of the Flower Show, promptly at eight o'clock, the committee assembles in the exhibit rooms, and just as promptly—and often somewhat more so—the children begin to rush in with their entries, to each of which is attached a printed card previously sent to the school rooms, on which the child has written his name, school and grade.

By nine o'clock the children have left all their entries and the display is made ready for the judges. As soon as school is out in the afternoon the children rush pell-mell to the exhibit room to receive their prizes, all who wish to come being allowed to do so, whether they have made entries or not. Many of the teachers accompany them. This is to the committee, as well as to the children, the most delightful part of the year's work, and ample reward for all effort, for the hundreds of eager faces and sparkling eyes are even more beautiful than the flowers which form the background of the vivid scene.

In the evening the exhibit is open to the public and many "grown-ups" come to see what the children have done. A musical program adds to the social value of the occasion, and while no admission is charged, ice cream and home made candies are sold and the proceeds turned toward the cost of the prizes The remainder of the expenses, in all about forty dollars, is raised by coffees, entertainments, or, preferably, by a sale in early May of perennials donated from the older gardens of the town.

Portage, Wis. SUSAN MILLER QUACKENBUSH.

WORK.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world. . . .
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it,
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills,
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the Master heart. . . .
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work!

The Outlook. *Angela Morgan.*

"Please read me the poem you're reading, mother?" begged a little boy, sweetly.

"But I'm afraid it's too old for you, dear," his mother answered. "I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to understand it."

"Oh, yes, I would," was the calm answer, "so long as you didn't try to explain."—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

VII.
I. Corinthians

Let all that ye do be done in love. xvi:14.

It is doubtful if in our course this year we will come upon another city of such marked commercial importance and economic significance as Corinth. The commercial jealousy of Rome denuded, depopulated and demolished Carthage on the African shore and Corinth on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Rome anticipated the three or four dominant powers of Europe of today who for the last fifty years have been building, skilfully and diligently, a great war machine in order that they may be ready to defend their commercial life and existence. Corinth stayed demolished for about a hundred years when Cæsar, in his wiser statesmanship, ordered its rebuilding. He was modern enough to know that Rome's prerogative could be exercised by multiplying its outlying forts. This Corinth, about a hundred years old when Paul discovered it, was but a poor, shoddy reproduction of the old classic Corinth. The art that in old Corinth was rendered in gold and silver, in the new Corinth was done in brass. This attempt to reproduce the old glory met with but small success artistically, but commercially it worked, and Corinth was again a master of trade, again profiting by its double ports which practically enabled it to control the trade of the Mediterranean.

Paul on his Second Missionary Journey stayed a year and a half at Corinth, and with him were Prisca and Aquila, refugees from Rome because of their Jewish faith. With them he sailed for Ephesus, left them there and went on to Cæsarea, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and went back to Ephesus, from which point occurred this correspondence between Paul and the friends left behind at Corinth.

Scholars trace the evidence of at least four different letters jammed into what now purports to be the First and Second Letters of Paul to the Corinthians.

The Book of Romans from the standpoint of theological criticism is Paul's great masterpiece. It is the preacher's book, the theologian's delight, opening up as it does a splendid chance for dispute and discussion; a book dear to the heart of the old Puritans. But for a near, dear, living contribution from that little deformed Paul, read impartially and independently the Second Letter to the Corinthians. Out of it you can construct the heart of the man and the life of Corinth of that time. We have here as much as is left of the correspondence between this tireless missionary and one of the most successful centers of the new religion.

A chart is helpful, showing the approximate dates of the books as picked out by scholars from the correspondence itself, reinforced by the later unreliable information found in the Book of Acts, written thirty or more years after the letters. Paul came to his conversion perhaps three or four years after Jesus' death. These dates are assumed on the theory that Jesus died about 30 A. D. Paul appeared in Jerusalem for a casual stay three years after his conversion. Eleven years after that he was back at Tarsus, and not until 48 A. D. do we find the friends of Antioch sending to Tarsus for help. Paul then started on his first missionary journey, occupying about three years, then back to Jerusalem, from where he started on his second missionary journey; and on his third journey went back as far as Ephesus, from where he wrote these letters. In the fifth decade of the Christian era, between 50 and 60, he wrote the letter to the Galatians, two letters to the Thessalonians and two to the Corinthians, also the book of Romans. The fact that the book of Acts was not compiled and written until the 90's indicates the inevitable uncertainty of detail and ragged quality of the record.

There is evidence that the friends at Corinth had asked Paul some hard questions. The letter begins with a stately, almost solemn greeting to the Church of God,—not the Church of Peter, or the Church of Christ, which showed Paul's wisdom inasmuch as the church was made up of Greeks.

Already the theological tendency had taken hold, party feeling excited and there were disputings.

In the second chapter Paul dwells on philosophic problems, and in the third we see his generous heart in a wonderful manifestation of magnanimity. He was willing to give all honor and credit to Apollos, a younger convert, saying, "I planted and Apollos watered, but it was God who caused the growth."

We all know about the Olympian Games, but only the expert knows as much about those of Corinth. At the time of the poets, the Greeks counted time by the Olympiad, which was held every five years. The Isthmian Games in Corinth occupied the same prominence which the Olympian Games did in Athens in its golden period. The body was glorified in such games, and Paul was asked whether a Christian could take part in them. We can find nowhere a higher statement of physical purity and the sanctity of the flesh than in Paul's answer.

They are bothered about the marriage question and in the seventh chapter Paul defines his position. Disclaiming higher authority than his own feeling, and expecting the speedy coming of the Lord, he regrets that anyone should become entangled with matrimony. There is no sin in being married, and the Christian is not called upon to put away his wife, though she be heathen. Notice the difference between this and the earlier Jewish demand that all foreign wives should be put away.

In the eleventh chapter Paul advises regarding the celebration of the Lord's Supper. What had been a simple institution of loving, lonely, little groups, based upon the tradition that just before the crucifixion the Nazarene gathered his disciples together and in the quiet of an upper chamber had broken bread with them, had come to be a scandal.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of First Corinthians climb up to the high water mark of the Pauline literature. The Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth chapter of this letter, measured by the standards of literature, represent the mountain peaks of the New Testament.

In the fifteenth chapter we come upon the early record of the Resurrection, and when we come to wrestle with the problem of the bodily resurrection we must remember that here Paul gives the very first account, written 50 A. D., twenty years after the alleged event. The next account, at least twenty years later, is given in the book of Mark, so that the record, without wishing to make any implication of dishonesty, is one that has been growing traditionally through two generations, with everything to magnify it and nothing to correct. One thing is sure, Paul believed implicitly in a bodily resurrection. He also believed in the Second Coming, and if we think we must believe in the bodily resurrection because Paul did, we must also expect the speedy coming again of the Christ because he believed in it.

This is a big, human document, sweet, earnest, kindly, tender.

But must we believe that this man Paul could have anticipated the discoveries of two thousand years that followed? Must we believe that he could include the teachings of Darwin and Spencer, and that to be reliable or prophetic he ought to have the world view of Emerson or Goethe? He would not be interesting if he was that kind of a miraculous product. The fundamental thing about Paul was what he did to let the Greeks come in. He broke down the Jewish barriers. He not only opened the gate but he threw the gate away. Therein lies his power and therein lies the abiding force of Christianity. It has taken upon itself forms and prejudices and what not, but at the core of it is this Pauline doctrine of the universality of the message and the possibility of a universal brotherhood.

---

(1) When was this epistle supposed to have been written?

(2) Read chapters XII, XIII, XIV for high spiritual teaching.

(3) What does Paul advise concerning marriage?

(4) State briefly what Paul did for the Gentile world.

HEAVEN

To work with useful labor long
As happy birds pour forth their song,
To guard from all debasing strife,
The sacred lives of child and wife.
And in this toil of brain or hand,
As I pass on to higher land,
To wake to thought some minds too slow,
Or plant a flower where weeds did grow.

To breathe the fragrance of the grass
Thrown by the light winds as they pass,
To see one rose-red sky the golden bars,
And lighting of the candles of the stars,
And enter free of fear or care
Those worlds of truth spread everywhere.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

It may seem curious that I pick out *Bird-Lore* from my magazines (published by Appleton & Co.) as especially suited for winter reading. But it is just here that anyone who treats birds wisely will have them for winter companions, and enjoy them right well.

Bird-Lore for February contains the results of the Christmas Bird Census, which this magazine inaugurated about fifteen years ago as a humane substitute for the old Christmas "Side Hunt."

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, observers go afield on this day in keen and friendly rivalry, armed not with guns, but with field glasses. The record "bag" was made by W. Leon Dawson at Santa Barbara, California. Mr. Dawson recorded 107 species, doubtless a greater number of birds than have ever before been seen on a single winter day in North America.

A portrait of Mrs. Russell Sage, with a note on the aid she has given the cause of bird protection, the second part of Robert Ridgway's studies of bird life in Southern Illinois, colored plates by Fuertes and Brooks, and dozens of photographs of birds in nature go to make up this 90-page number.

There is an element dominating many of our recent story books that I hope will soon be worked out—an effort to be of the crowd and talk as the slums talk. The first of three novels, this one by H. G. Wells, entitled, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," is really one of Mr. Wells' most labored and serious productions; but in it I find an abundant sprinkling of "what the devil," "go to hell," "damn it, this thing's got to end," "damned climate." A second book, "Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris, also swings back and forth from sentiment badly mixed with the sentimental, to a plentiful supply of rudeness. For instance, "What a damn fool class for any nation to carry! Billy commented." A third volume entitled "Faces in the Dawn," by Herman Hagedorn, gives me, "You old fool, you, can't you see it's a lie?" and considerable more of the same sort. And yet the three books constitute a trio that can be read to advantage—by common sense people.

I shall be glad, however, when I have seen the last of this new class of story writing Let Miss Norris go back to the atmosphere of "Mother," and let Mr. Wells give us more of the prophetic; and let both of them cultivate the beautiful in order to secure strength.

From Macmillan Co. I get "Sight to the Blind," a story by Lucy Furman. This is a true Southern story; be sure to read it.

From the same house I get one more of Dean Hodge's books, entitled "The Episcopal Church." There is a good deal in this volume besides ism. The book is valuable for reference.

From the same house, Macmillan, I get "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," by Professor McGiffert—a grand, good book and quite needed to supplement George Harris' "A Century's Change in Religion."

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL CONVOCATION WEEK

March 15 to 19, 1915.

(Continued)

The Convocation Week of 1915, in which this lectureship is represented, has for its topic the vital problem of "Immigration and Race Adjustment." The urgent demand for just and mutually helpful relationship between the white and black races, will be presented by Booker T. Washington and Celia Parker Woolley. Dr. Washington's courageous, optimistic and helpful position is well known, and Mrs. Woolley, as head worker of Frederick Douglass Center, has convinced all who have studied her work, that the commingling of black and white in the effort to solve this problem of race adjustment, works to successful ends.

Dr. William Elliott Griffis will show the reasons for his faith in the unity of the human race and the mutual helpfulness of Oriental and Occidental peoples, when they understand each other and deal fairly and justly by one another.

Dr. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, who pleads in his recent thought-provoking book, "The Old World in the New," that "America shall not be spent quickly for the benefit of pent-up millions in the backward lands," will add value to the discussion of immigration problems.

Dr. Graham Taylor will deal with the problems of friendly assimilation of our alien population with emphasis on the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Frederick C. Howe, the Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York, will give facts and suggestions from within the strong center of race adjustment. The fact that all the problems of immigration are now in debate at Washington and in the public press, because of the "Literacy Test Bill" now pending, gives timeliness to the discussions of this Convocation week. That other fact, that the present war is likely to give the United States new and difficult problems concerning immigration, will make Mr. Howe's contribution to the discussion of especial value.

Generous provision is offered for the entertainment of guests during the Convocation week, and all details may be learned by addressing President Southworth. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

PROGRESS WITH THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY.

What has now become quite generally known as the new Lincoln Highway, the same being a road 3,400 miles long, reaching from New York to San Francisco, has made considerable actual progress since the scheme was first broached, a year and a half ago. It is declared by Ewing Galloway, in *Collier's*, that "in the near future the Lincoln Highway will be an ideal hard-surface road all the way from the Hudson to San Francisco Bay." As most readers know, this highway is not an entirely new piece of road building, but mainly a combination of roads already existing, these roads being improved. The originating of the idea has been ascribed mainly to Carl G. Fisher of Indianapolis, but with him were other men who now constitute the Lincoln Highway Association. These men selected the route, having regard for mileage, scenery, the condition of established roads, the cost of improvements, and the people who would be benefitted. The road traverses eleven states. Cities through which it passes include Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pittsburg, Canton, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Reno, Sacramento Stockton and Oakland. Many other important places are also reached. Mr. Galloway says further:

"After proclaiming the route, Mr. Fisher and his associates started a publicity campaign, telling the people what the plan meant and appealing for individual contributions. The press of this country and Canada were almost unanimous in their endorsement of the idea. In the first year $153,703.10 in cash, materials and advertising space was contributed. Of that sum $48,402.76 in cash and most of the advertising space have been used. The larger part of the work of improving and beautifying the road must be done by the constituted

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highway authorities of the states, counties, cities and villages traversed.

"That the states and local communities can be depended upon to do their share of the work is indicated by what has already been done. The old Newark Plank Road, which runs across New Jersey, has been renamed 'Lincoln Highway' for its entire length. It was well improved before the Lincoln Highway Association selected it as a part of the transcontinental route. Chambersburg and Lancaster, Pa., have renamed their streets, while in Ohio forty-two miles, the entire distance across Columbiana County, have been officially redesignated. The Buckeye state's link is probably the best in the long thoroughfare. Of the 229 miles from boundary to boundary, 145 miles have been hard-surfaced with concrete, brick or macadam. It is planned to improve the rest of the distance in the next year or two. A little farther westward, in Indiana, bond issues aggregating $275,000 have been voted for the improvement of the Lincoln Way.

"Five counties in Iowa spent $140,000 on the road in 1914, and other counties are expected to fall in line as soon as they have an opportunity to pass upon the appropriation question. Scores of cities and towns in Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, including Cheyenne, have officially renamed the streets which form their parts of the thoroughfare.

"Smoothing all of the rough places in the road in Utah and Nevada in time for next summer's rush of automobile tourists to and from the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is too big an undertaking for the state and local authorities, and the Lincoln Highway Association itself has decided to take a hand. Considerable funds are required for this work, and the association is making special appeal for contributions. Appropriate signs have been put up along three-fourths of the route, and the association's officials expect to have the entire distance marked within the next three or four months.

"The marking of the Lincoln Way will hardly be completed when the work of beautifying the route will be commenced. The General Federation of the Women's Clubs, which has a membership of over a million, has voluntarily assumed the task of planting suitable trees, shrubs and flowers along the road.

Literary Digest.

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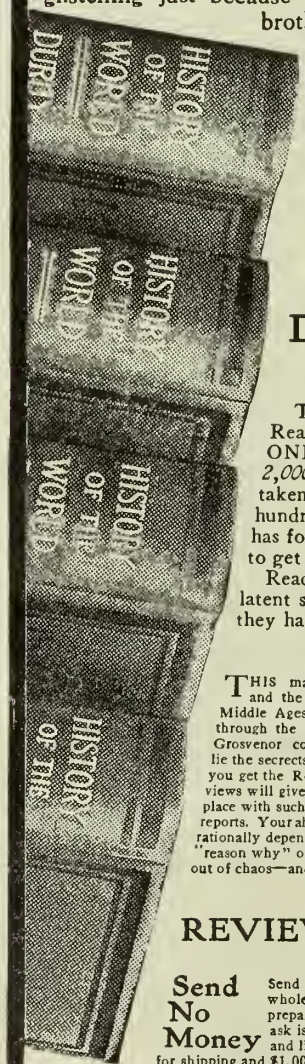

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A Prayer in Time of War

(The war will change many things in art and life, and among them, it is to be hoped, many of our own ideas as to what is, and what is not "intellectual.")

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
To-night a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy throne.

The towering Babels that we raised
Where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said. . The fool hath said. .
And we who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart, once more,
That mocks no sacred thing,
The Sword of Truth our fathers wore
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou art there.

London Daily Mail. —*Afred Noyes.*

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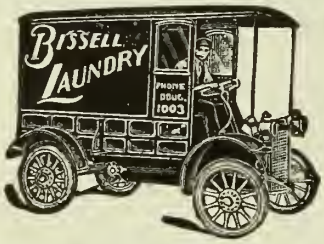

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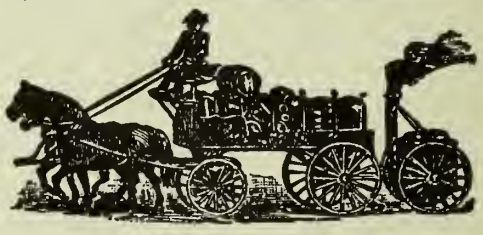

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915. Number 2

THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP.

Are you one of my gang?
Yes, you're one of my gang.
The same job is yours and mine,
To fix up the earth,
And so forth and so forth,
And make its dull emptiness shine.
The world is unfinished; let's mould it a bit
With pickaxe and shovel and spade;
We are gentlemen delvers, the gentry of brawn,
And to make the world over our trade.
And I love the sweet sound of our pickaxes' clang,
I'm glad to be with you. You're one of my gang.

Are you one of my crew?
Yes, you're one of my crew,
And we steer by the same pilot star,
On a trip that is long
And through storms that are strong;
But we sail for a port that is far.
O, the oceans are wide,—and we're glad they are wide,
And we know not the thitherward shore,—
But we never have sailed from the Less to the Less
But forever from More to the More.
And we deem that our dreams of far islands are true.
Let us spread every sail. You are one of my crew.

You belong to my club?
Yes, you're one of my club,
And this is our programme and plan:
To each do his part
To look into the heart
And get at the good that's in man.
Detectives of virtue and spies of the good
And sleuth-hounds of righteousness we.
Look out there, my brother! we're hot on your trail.
We'll find out how good you can be.
We would drive from our hearts the snake, tiger, and cub;
We're the Lodge of the Lovers. You're one of my club.

Do you go to my school?
Yes, you go to my school,
And we've learned the big lesson,—Be strong!
And to front the loud noise
With a spirit of poise
And drown down the noise with a song.
We have spelled the first line in the Primer of Fate;
We have spelled it, and dare not to shirk—
For its first and its greatest commandment to men
Is, "Work, and rejoice in your work."
Who is learned in this Primer will not be a fool—
You are one of my classmates. You go to my school.

You belong to my church?
Yes, you go to my church,—
Our names on the same old church roll—
The tide-waves of God
We believe are abroad
And flow into the creeks of each soul.
And the vessel we sail in is strong as the sea
That buffets and blows it about;
For the sea is God's sea as the ship is God's ship,
So we know not the meaning of doubt,
And we know, howsoever the vessel may lurch,
We've a Pilot to trust in. You go to my church.

Songs of the Average Man. —*Sam Walter Foss.*

In these awful war-days the gospel of Jesus is not on trial; but the followers of Christ are on trial. The non-Christian world may well ask with a sneer: What is the Christian Church worth? Apparently to be the best disciple of the Prince of Peace is to be the most efficient butcher of men! Apparently the most effective demonstration of Christian Faith is the devastation of an innocent nation,—Belgium! This outburst of most brutal barbarism makes all religious work supremely hard; prayers seem empty echoes; the Beatitudes have a hollow sound; even faith in God halts on stammering lips! Nations stand condemned at the judgment bar of History. No wonder: German and French have long turned their backs upon the Church; England has been too indifferent to the ways of the Spirit; the dying Pope, in August, in sorrow confessed himself powerless. We need prophets like those of ancient Israel to call us to repentance; to condemn us for our false professions; to scourge us for our selfishness; to chastise us for our hypocrisies. These world-woes must teach us that hatred means death but that righteousness is everlasting life. J. H. C.

Today there is no end of discussions of "efficiency." This word slips quickly from every pen and drops with emphasis from every lip. We hear it not only in shop and market, mill and factory, but in college and church. Cities are hiring masters of efficiency to manage their affairs. Our educators are told that they must bend all their efforts to the increase of efficiency. Specialists in this line are founding schools to teach the new art, while experts in this branch are engaged by managers of gigantic industries to turn their searchlights upon these establishments. This spirit has invaded the sanctuary and ministers are implored to apply the science of efficiency to the salvation of souls! All this in a way is good. But what shall the standard of efficiency be? Efficient simply as a mechanic or as a man? Efficient as merely a money maker or as a son of God? Efficient in getting votes is one thing, but efficient in true patriotism is another and nobler enterprise. In much that is written and said on this subject lurks a low, selfish spirit that is really destructive of all high and holy "efficiency of life." Germany has been bending all her energies for forty years to make an "efficient fighting machine."

But measured by the devastation of Belgium that efficiency proves a curse to mankind and a lasting shame to the Fatherland. J. H. C.

A distinguished German professor, Dr. von Leyden, in a recent letter in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* makes this statement: "We do not need them (the neutral nations). They are not necessary to our happiness nor to our more material interests. Let us bar them from our houses and our tables. Let us make them feel that we despise them. They must understand that they are condemned to be left out in the cold just because they do not merit German approval. Germany must and will stand alone. The Germans are the salt of the earth. They will fulfil their destiny, which is to rule the world and to control other nations for the benefit of mankind!" This and many similar utterances confirm the conclusion that the people of the Fatherland have gone stark mad. This is not the speech of a sane mind. Ambition and anger have dethroned reason and conscience. Germans must live in the world and Germany cannot prosper apart from her neighbors. What insane egotism: "We are the salt of the earth!" True culture and goodness are modest. What insane ambition: "We must rule the world!" That is the voice of Nero, not Christ. What insane selfishness: "Control other nations for the benefit of mankind!" That is unchristion hate. Here is not only insanity but idiocy. How benefit mankind, if all other nations are to be despised and ignored? It is this spirit that makes the world-horizon so black and the prospects of peace so dark.

J. H. C.

These are hard times for peace advocates. But on this account the earnest advocacy of peace as an ideal and arbitration as a world policy is all the more necessary. The woes and horrors of the present are unanswerable arguments against war. All "glory" (if they ever had any!) has disappeared from battlefields,—except as willingness to die for the good of others is everywhere glorious. But this real heroism is far more abundant in times of peace when men and women both live and die in glad, loving service for one another. Today the total impression of military activity is horrible and ghastly. Whoever thinks of devastated Belgium, sinking dreadnought, or corpse-strewn battle-line, must be impressed with the fact that, of all possible ways of settling disputes between nations, this is the worst that can possibly be imagined.

Therefore, let the pleas for peace go forth. But a higher note must be struck than the mere demand for reduction in armament,—good as that is in a way. It is not primarily the mere gun, but the hate in the man's heart behind the gun that does the mischief. Nations arm because they are selfish. The hatred of Germany for her neighbors (and they are not guiltless!) is the root of the world war. Not the Krupp gun but the Kaiser spirit. War began with hate, using stones and sticks. It will not end until hate ceases. Deadly weapons are not the cause of bloodshed, but brute passion. To stop war, love must conquer selfish desire for greed and glory. If the churches cannot make their gospel effective, let us shut them and try some other method. J. H. C.

A Tribute to Jenkin Lloyd Jones

My neighbor is given to saying: I send no flowers to the dead; I give them to my friends while they are living! In this spirit, as a long-time friend and associate, I ask you to print this simple appreciation of the editor of UNITY, who is now far away on the Pacific Coast and unable to throw this article into the wast basket, as his modesty would compel him to do were he at present sitting in the editorial chair.

I vividly remember when I first met Dr. Jones, nearly forty years ago, at a summer session of the Unitarian State Conference of Michigan, at Grand Haven. He was then settled at Janesville, Wisconsin, but he was giving much of his time to general missionary work as secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. By his tireless activity in that capacity, he won this characterization by Brooke Herford (then doing larger things in Chicago): "A piece of unregulated dynamite." I still hold among my treasured possessions a general letter of introduction to the Unitarians of Boston (which I never used) signed by these four apostles of our faith, in the following order: Jenkin Lloyd Jones, J. T. Sunderland, George Willis Cooke (then our minister at Grand Haven), and Clark G. Howland,—a sweet and saintly soul; the only one of the four who has so far entered into the higher life (he was some years older than the others),—a remarkable circumstance, for that was nearly two score years ago.

I was then making my transition from the Baptist to the Unitarian Church. It was to me a momentous step, in some ways painful, in others joyous and inspiring. There were tears at the friendly partings from the parishioners who mourned my change of faith but gave me their blessings. There was disquieting uncertainty respecting place and position among so exclusive and learned a body as the Unitarians were supposed to be: a delusive exaggeration which experience soon removed! But there was joyous exhilaration as the horizon broadened, as the bonds of text and tradition fell away, and as the soul entered

into the freedom of a new consciousness of the nobility of life, the excellence of Jesus, and the nearness of God.

In that transition period I was fortunate in having the friendship of many helpful associates and especially that of Dr. Jones. He encouraged me to have faith in myself. He stirred me profoundly by his inspiring eloquence, his tender reverence, his boundless good cheer, his glowing optimism, his warm fellowship and inimitable smile and laughter. He opened doors of opportunity for me. He gave me more appreciation and commendation than I deserved,—as was his custom not only with me but also with many others. He early welcomed my crude contributions to the pages of UNITY,—one of the first an article on John Morley, then almost unknown in America. Those were days of great Unitarian expectations in the central West, and it was Dr. Jones who carried far and wide the flaming gospel of our faith.

I often think that few of us fully appreciate how great a man Jenkin Lloyd Jones really is: never speaking with uncertain sound on any of the leading issues and problems of the day; never turned from his chosen track by obstacles, illusive, or temptations of any sort, apparently as elastic as rubber, but in fact as firm as steel; never forgetful of lowly folk and common people, but neither servile, indifferent, nor unjust toward the high and mighty; never complaining of indifference and never tempted away from duty by flattery; never afraid of what looks like irreligion however crude and negative it may be, but always at heart loyal to the central principles of a vital Faith; never shrinking from hard tasks or monotonous drudgery, but pouring out his inexhaustible resources of mind and heart, however small the audience or commonplace the occasion. No worshipper of numbers, but daring to stand alone; no seeker for honors, but glad to have the appreciation of his fellow men; no slave to tradition or conventionality, but reverent of ancient sanctities; no friend of the sensational or spectacular, but making himself felt by force of character and fiery originality; no mere destroyer of idols, but a constructive radical. A man of passionate patriotism who can chastise his country when wrong; an apostle of lofty idealism who never loses his grip on practical conditions; a lover of books who uses them, not as bonds to cramp thought, but as tools to adorn life; a soldier in early training, who condemns the spirit of war,—in our civil war a good fighter but now a brave warrior for peace!

It is difficult to estimate the contributions which Dr. Jones has made to the currents of our national life; they have been numerous, varied, and valuable. Through UNITY he has touched with inspiration a choice constituency who in turn have widely enriched every department of American civilization. From his pulpit have gone forth sermons, original in form and content, stimulating in spirit, and powerful in influence. During his extensive lecturing tours, he has planted, far and wide, the seeds of culture, piety and civility, harvested from the broadest fields of literature and history. By his books he has been a helper to those who live in the spirit, leading many to see great visions, sing jubilant songs, and work the miracles of divine service. In his labors for the Parliament of Religions he made a notable contribution to one of the most dramatic and dynamic religious gatherings ever held. At Tower Hill maintaining a summer assembly of varied and wholesome education, Nature lending freedom to culture, and scholarship seeking to become natural. In the organization and management of his home-church,—union of widest piety ("All Souls") and highest patriotism ("Abraham Lincoln Centre"),—he has wrought out along unconventional and original lines an institution that will long perpetuate his influence, after he shall have rested from his labors.

But may those labors be continued for many years. The world still needs his rebuke of frivolity and pleasure-seeking; his condemnation of formalism, bigotry, and superstition in religion; his remonstrance against political corruption and industrial tyranny. But more, the world needs his plea for simplicity, sincerity, and spirituality in the church; his bountiful appreciation of the good in all faiths and his friendly hospitality to all discoveries of science and scholarship; his sane optimism, his robust faith, his unfailing spirit of good fellowship. A multitude of friends rejoice in his growing influence and earnestly pray for his continued happiness and prosperity.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

THE WIND-FLOWER

Wind-flower, Wind-flower, why are you here?
This is a boisterous time of the year.
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the roadsides, in spring-raiment new!
The snowflakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with blossoms of June.

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;
"Why?" and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals. "Perhaps to show you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
The first melting snowdrifts brought life to my veins;
The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
I am here with the Wind,—because I am his child!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

What the Church Can Do for Peace

This the church can do for peace—it can educate, it can elevate. It can lend its organization, its prestige, its influence to every movement that promises to give the people of Europe better control over their own affairs, that tends to reduce international jealousy and hate, that makes war making a more difficult task, that looks forward to lasting peace.

It is true that no nation in Europe has desired this war. No nation can gain from it wealth or strength, prestige of any sort. Not one man in a thousand has consciously tried or hoped to bring it on. Even those who regarded war as inevitable, "the sooner it is over the better," and those who regarded war as salutary and ennobling, all these were in the minority in number, and still further in the minority if measured by intelligence. The war today is popular with no people anywhere. The nations writhe in its toils, seeing no way of escape. They are filled with the exaltation of suffering and of patriotism, but they do not love this war. No man and no nation will assume responsibility for it. None dare say: "It is mine. I brought it on." To every nation it is a war of defense, and those who wield the bloodiest sword affirm that it was forced into their hands. In a sense this is true. In the struggle to maintain peace in a continent armed to the teeth, the friends of peace must not win their point once, twice, a dozen times, but at every crisis whatever and in every nation.

We may compare the situation to a game of football, in which the strong side, the right side is compelled to win, not a majority of every series, but to kick every goal. A single score by the enemy and all is lost. It is not one game alone, but many interlocking games. If the cause of peace loses one of its weakest defenses, it has lost the whole series. Science, religion, business, industry, have been all on the side of peace. War in Europe means wholesale ruin to all international credit, to all the interests of civilization. In the many war crises of the last six years, outside the Balkans, the side of peace has won. One phase or another of its mission has turned the scales. The bankers of Germany saved the day in the Morocco controversy. The jurists of Germany and France saved the day in the Casa Blanca affair. The influence of statesmanship kept neutral Europe out of the Boer War, and out of the war between the United States and Spain.

But in the affair at Sarajevo the war makers won. They carried their point not by a direct attack, but by a flank movement, an ultimatum launched in another country, leaving no time for its great banks and the great commercial interests in the countries concerned to be heard from. And the swiftness of war movements left no time for other nations concerned to have a tardy mind.

The state churches of Europe are branches of civil authority, standing close to the army and navy in privileged authority. They must support their nation, whether or not they serve God in doing so.

The free churches of free America are under no such obligation and they must stand for right so far as they understand it.

And the first movement that is right is toward peace. There is no need that this conflict should be fought to the end. The bitter end is a drawn game through exhaustion. There is no gain of any sort that we can see which compares to the saving of the lives of men. There is no great goddess of virtue to arise from "obscene seas of slaughter," and no reduction of hate to come from acts more and more hateful. There is a German proverb that "War creates more rascals than it kills," and another credited to Disraeli that "War is never a solution but an aggravation." And so we call at all times for peace, a lasting peace in Europe—a peace in which armament, so far as may be, shall not be competitive, but international.

We may work for the day when the people of each nation shall take a democratic hold on the government of each, and as befits such control shall place all practicable obstacles in the way of war. We may hope for this, but we must not rest on that hope. War, with victory or with defeat, will not bring this about.

No outside power can enforce democracy on any nation. If any country is redeemed from autocracy it must be from within, and the only influence which will bring it about is education in freedom.

Equally important is education in internationalism. Europe is not made up of divergent peoples with rival cultures, each repugnant to all others. European culture is all one, having its tap root in the culture of Judea, of Greece, and of Rome, and with its divergent branches in the different races of modern Europe.

Not long ago I stood on the mountains above Rjeka in Montenegro, looking to the southward over Albania, and to the westward over the Servian Novi-Bazar. The thought was inevitable that behind me lay the culture of western Europe—all the literature that most of us know, all the traditions, ways of thinking and ways of speaking which have risen from the breaking up of the Roman tongue, and the expansion of the Saxon and the Goth This is the ruling part of the world, dominant through intelligence, resourcefulness, persistence, and unfortunately through force of arms. To the south from Montenegro, to the east, toward the southwest, the northeast, lay the lands outside of our culture, knowing our thoughts and our hopes and our institutions only as we, through our teachers, our missionaries, our soldiers, and our explorers have carried the West to the East. And our culture of the West is the work of no one race, no one language. All that is ennobling is international. Our Shakespeares, our Goethes, our Dantes, our Racines, our Emersons, our Carlyles, are cosmopolitan. They are planetary, and the redemption of Europe must come from the recognition of this fact. No statesmanship worthy the name can consider solely the interests of one small nation. No patriotism worthy the name can be limited by the border fortifications piled up in hate. There must come sooner or later the United States of Europe, if Europe is to sway the minds and hearts, to say nothing of the bodies of the people of Asia and Africa. To be divided against itself in civil war is as fatal as it is abhorrent. A Greek soldier in Macedonia once confided to me that he could find no purpose in all this war. "I do not see why Christians should want to cut each other's throats."

Nor could I see a reason why. Nor do I believe that Christians want to do this. Some time the sorrow of the continent and the intelligence of the continent will get together to put away the knives. A world unarmed is a world which can give its attention

to deeds nobler and more strenuous than the writhing and welter of war.

It is not essential to the federation of Europe that there should be a formal head, a formal capital, an aggregation in one place of legislative and administrative machinery valid over the whole continent. A court of appeal seems the most important bond of union, and that already exists in potentiality in the tribunal at The Hague. It deals with international equity, and its decisions as it goes on can be crystallized into international law.

The essential thing in the federation of nations is the spirit of good-will, the ability of people and their rulers to think in planetary fashion. Europe has somewhat recovered from her medieval limitations of thought. She no longer thinks of national welfare as bound up in the domination of a dynasty, of an aristocracy, of a single form of religion. She cannot be induced to fight over these things, and she will some time see that there can be no national welfare that is not international on the one hand, and a composite of the welfare of the individual men and women on the other. There is great force in the suggestion that citizenship in Europe should be made not national but international, valid alike in all civilized states, as citizenship in one American state is valid alike in all others.

Economic rivalries are still given as excuses for war. These cannot be causes, as war is no remedy for mistakes in business, and their very existence is rather a misunderstood figure of speech than a fact. If German commerce with British possessions grows by leaps and bounds, the profit to the British is just as great as to the Germans, else the trade would not exist. If the American carrying trade has left the high seas, it is mainly because under the conditions imposed by statute or by circumstances, that business becomes unremunerative to Americans. If it would pay, our men of enterprise would go into it. But so long as the American flag is a costly luxury to steamship owners, so long will ships owned in New York and Philadelphia seek a foreign registration and fly a foreign flag.

And it avails nothing to offer subsidies to balance high wages and rigid regulations. There is no advantage in commerce, dependent upon subsidy, run at a loss, the deficiencies made up out of the public purse. There are many shipping lines in the world run on these terms already, and the tendency in all is to run down hill, to depend upon the subsidy instead of skill in management.

The protective tariff is everywhere an obstacle to peace. It is a burden on trade, and in some countries it becomes an intolerable burden. The pressure of Russia on Europe would be less if the channels of trade on land and sea were open to the West. The strain in the Balkan states, grown far worse since the Treaty of Bucharest, would disappear with a customs union. The pressure on the borders in Germany and Austria, the "Drang nach Osten" and the rest, would have been far less if trade ran unrestricted through Belgium and Holland, and through Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia as well. Reciprocity in trade brings about the dissolution of the barriers of hate, so laboriously built up by exploiters, militarists, and the ministries which these two groups control.

The best bond of friendship between nations is found in the flow of trade. It is this which binds together the forty-eight United States in America. Whatever checks the free movement of commerce is a check on friendliness as well. Every tax on commerce is a bar to trade; and the free movement of trade is the life-blood of industrial nations. A customs union would have saved Germany and France.

With an unchecked current of friendly intercourse streaming through central Europe, across the Rhine and across the Alps, the monstrous fabrics of the Dreadnought period—bogies conjured up by those who make their living by cultivating hate—would vanish like icebergs caught in the Gulf Stream.

The costliest folly in the world is impersonal hate, the hatred of men who have done no harm and of whose lives and purposes you know nothing. Anything which reduces international hatred, anything which favors the flow of good-will across the boundaries, anything which makes war-making more difficult, all these are influences toward lasting peace.

The primal work, the natural work of the Christian Church is along these lines, as a large part of it, through all the ages, has resolutely maintained. "The force of arms," says Martin Luther, after the fateful battle of Landstuhl, "the force of arms must be kept far from matters of the gospel. This is the wisdom of my life." This was the lesson of the founder of the Christian religion, and it is the wisdom of the life of all his wise disciples.

The Homiletic Review. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

One of the most impressive lessons in the value of temperance which the world has ever seen is being taught us by Russia. In spite of the fact that the vast revenue derived from the tax on vodka was surrendered in the first six months of the war, the income from the taxes of the country rose by £15,500,000 over that of the year 1913. The general conclusion of the finance minister, M. Bark, is that their more temperate habits have made the people more productive, and therefore more able to bear the economic strain of the war. In an interview with the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* last week, he made the following remarkable statement: "As regards the budget for 1915, I have no fear. The loss of revenue from vodka will be met partly by economies, partly by fresh taxation, and partly by increased revenue from existing taxes. When I say that I have no fear for the future I am relying on the fact that the suppression of the vodka traffic has increased the productiveness of our people by between 30 and 40 per cent. The people have also increased their rate of saving, and have thus diverted their money into productive channels. Take, for instance, the position of the savings banks. As a result of the war nearly £4,000,000 was withdrawn, but on the totals the year 1914 has shown an increase of £8,500,000 over 1913, while the year 1913 only showed an increase of £3,800,000 over 1912. The difference is especially marked for December. This year deposits exceeded withdrawals by £2,900,000, while in December, 1913, the excess was only £65,700.

The Inquirer.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VARIED TIDE OF LIFE AT THE MANSION.

The Diary:

October 1, 1867. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Sedgwick arrive, accompanied by Lord and Lady Amberley. Lord A. is a son of Earl Russell and Lady A. is daughter of Lord Stanley.

October 26. Mr. Sawyer (the clairvoyant physician) spends today with us.

November 5. This is election day. I do not vote.

November 9. Charles D. Miller, wife and daughter return from Europe ten minutes before three this a. m. and are all in good health. The Lord be praised!

November 12. Rev. S. J. May and his daughter, Mrs. Wilkinson, come this p. m. November 14. They leave us.

November 25. A. H. Dunbar of Moravia, Cayuga County, comes to us this morning, and says that fifteen or sixteen years ago his house was blown away with himself and family in it; no one much injured, and that he had from me $100. November 26. Mr. Dunbar breakfasts with us.

Rev. Mr. Anagnos takes lunch with us.

January 8, 1868. Theodore Tilton arrives at 11 a. m. C. D. Miller goes with him this evening to Hamilton. January 9. They returned last evening. Mr. T. left us this day for Fulton, Oswego County.

February 14. Josiah Bartlett Burleigh, LL.D., takes dinner with us. Mr. B. worships with us.

February 27, 1868. Jonathan Ingersoll Bowditch and daughter Charlotte come at 4 p. m. February 28. They leave a little after noon.

March 10. Last night we spent in Syracuse and there heard Charles Dickens read.

April 6. Prof. Sherman (phrenologist) breakfasts with us.

April 15. A blind man dines with us.

April 16. Mrs. Susannah Evans Peck arrives at half-past 2 p. m. She is the Welsh temperance oratress. April 26. Mrs. Peck spoke this a. m. in Free Church.

May 23. Judge Conkling arrives this evening. June 17. Our excellent friend leaves us this a. m. for Geneseo.

In the family "Book of Rhymes," an album in which, during a space of many years, it was the custom of various members of the Peterboro household to relate incidents in more or less poetic numbers, Judge Conkling's departure, after this long visit, is made the occasion of a really touching tribute in verse by Gerrit Smith. Prefacing the lines, is this sentence, in Mr. Smith's hand:

Never did we have a visit that we valued more highly.

WE MISS YOU, JUDGE.

We miss you, Judge, for be it known
You'd come to be of us a part:
We miss you, Judge, for you had grown
Nearer each day to every heart.
We miss you when, unitedly,
We make our daily offering
In hope and faith and charity,
To the dear Father, friend and King.
We miss you as we sit around
The table where your mirth took wing:
No dish so spiced, but that it found
In your keen wit a seasoning.
We miss your wisdom, when our theme
Calls for a wisdom 'bove our own:
So prize we you, we almost deem
Clear thoughts, choice words, are yours alone.
We miss you in our daily walks
And in our frequent, cheerful rides;
In converse gay, and solemn talks;
We miss you countless times besides.
Of your dear self, we beg you take
A constant, wise and precious care;
Nor once forget that you're to make
A yearly trip to our pure air.

Judge Conkling was the father of Senator Roscoe Conkling. He was a man of wide learning and intellectual ability. To a native geniality of temperament was joined, in his case, an extremely sensitive, sympathetic nature, making him a friend to be cherished. In the course of his life he had experienced some severe reverses of fortune and deep personal sorrows. The Judge was as fond of his Peterboro friends as they were of him. He died in 1874.

From Hon. Roscoe Conkling:

Washington, February 11, 1874.

My Dear Mr. Smith:

In the sorrow of recent days it was a real solace to have your kind note.

My father, as you know, held you in his heart always, and talked of you very often and always with admiration and fondness. It would, of course, have been a satisfaction to see you at his funeral, but even without a word of explanation we should have felt and known that your presence at such a season was not to be.

It grieves me to know that you are ill, and a devout hope goes with this that you are better, and will long continue in happiness and usefulness.

Grateful for your kindness, I am

Sincerely

Your obt Servt

ROSCOE CONKLING.

To Honorable Gerrit Smith,
Peterboro, N. Y.

DEFENDS SENATORS WHO VOTED AGAINST CONVICTION IN JOHNSON IMPEACHMENT.

The Diary:

May 27, 1868, Yesterday the impeachment trial at Washington came to an end. The President is acquitted.

Gerrit Smith had been slower than many to believe evil of President Johnson, but he came at length to agree with those radicals who were instrumental in the impeachment. It is worth mentioning, however, that when the floodgates of wrath were opened upon those Republican Senators who had voted to clear the President, so far from joining the mad chorus, he defended the right of Senators to follow their conscientious judgment in the matter. In connection with some very wise words on the habit, too common even half a century ago, and far more common today, of reviling those whom the suffrage of the people have placed in high position, he wrote:

I have been led to make these remarks by seeing the recent calumnious and contemptuous treatment of the Chief Justice and such Senators as Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Trumbull, because they voted for the acquittal of the President. I wish they had voted for his conviction. . . . Nevertheless, in the light of their lifelong uprightness, I have not the least reason to doubt that they voted honestly. Nay, in the light of their eminent wisdom, I am bound to pause and inquire of my candid judgment whether they did not vote wisely as well as honestly.

The Diary:

June 9, 1868. Mr. T. W. Cardoza comes in the stage at 11 a. m. He was born in Charlotte, N. C., of a slave mother. He is a mulatto. His brother is Secretary of State of South Carolina. June 10. He leaves this a. m.

June 9. Joshua Hutchinson, of the musical family, comes this evening.

June 11. Prof. Marsh of Yale College dines with us.

June 30. Rev. S. J. May, Miss Estlin of Bristol, Eng., and Miss Sarah Pugh came about 3 p. m.

Miss Estlin represented an English Unitarian family distinguished for learning and philanthropy.

July 18. President Amzi L. Barker of Howard University, Washington City, breakfasts with us.

CAMPAIGNING FOR GRANT AND COLFAX.

September 4. I spoke in Oswego for Grant and Colfax. September 21. I leave home to speak in Geneva and Elmira. September 30. I go to Homer and Ithaca to speak. October 5. I go to Watertown to speak. October 10. I spoke in Canastota. October 16. I return from a speaking tour. I spoke in Syracuse, Wellsville and Olean. October 20. I spoke in Cooper Institute, New York. October 29. I go to Hamilton to speak there. October 30. I spoke at Cazenovia. October 31. I spoke in Morrisville.

November 3. I vote the Republican ticket.

Gerrit Smith entertained a high opinion of Gen. Grant. Of his greatness as a commander he simply shared the universal conviction. In addition, he believed that he possessed statesmanlike ability, coupled with an unspoiled heart. It was natural that he should support him. While holding in personal esteem many individual Democrats, the Democratic party continued to inspire him with deep distrust. Its candidate for President, Gov. Seymour, was his neighbor and friend; but he was not ready to submit the destinies of the country to Mr. Seymour's gentle hands. As the Diary shows, Mr. Smith entered wholeheartedly into the canvass in behalf of the Republican ticket and voted for all the persons named upon it when election day arrived. Results of the election were deeply gratifying to him.

The Diary:

March 26, 1869. Mrs. Blanchard, wife of President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., comes this evening. March 29. She leaves us.

May 9. Madame Anneke and Miss Peckham of Milwaukee arrive a little after noon. March 11. They leave this a. m.

September 17. Alvin Bronson and others arrive from Oswego.

November 2. Election day. I put tickets in the Constitution boxes only. I vote for no man.

So soon had Gerrit Smith's "political regularity" come to an end. The main obstacle at this date to his voting the Republican ticket was the unsatisfactory attitude of party and candidates on the question of temperance.

November 11. Mr. Lewes' daughter, and Miss Phillips, concert singers, come this p. m. November 12. Our guests leave us.

November 17. James G. Clark, the musician, arrives. November 18. He leaves us.

December 4. Miss Edmonia Highgate and Edward Wheeler arrive this evening. December 5. Miss Highgate speaks this evening in Free Church. December 6. She leaves us.

December 6. Our great-grandson, Gerrit Smith Miller, was born at 12 o'clock this day.

February 2, 1870. Dr. F. R. Lees of England arrives. February 6. Dr. Lees spoke in Free Church this a. m. and in Methodist Church this p. m. February 7. Dr. Lees and I attended a temperance meeting in Canastota this p. m.

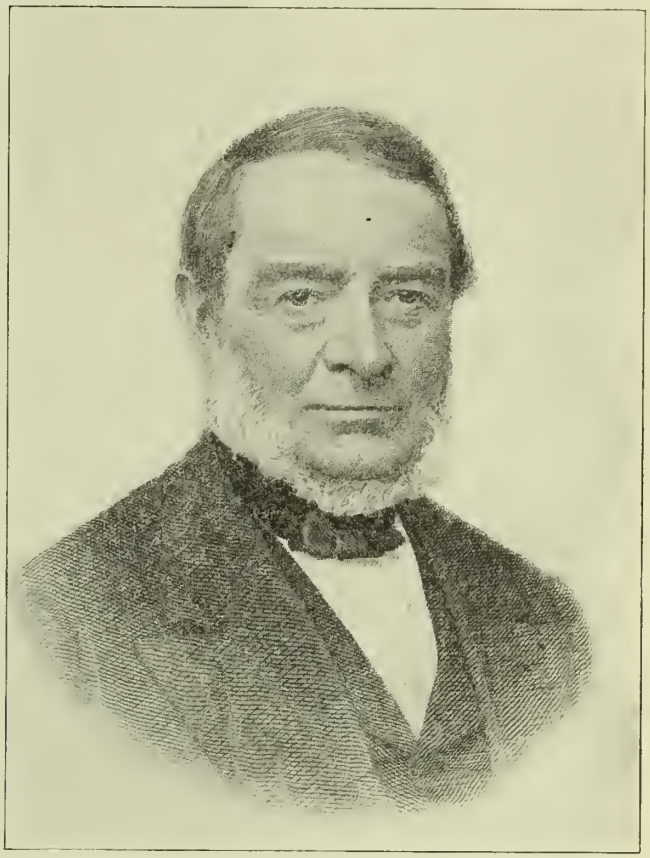
June 13. I go to Ithaca to hear my son's first lecture on Birds. June 18. Greene is to leave tomorrow for Brazil. He goes there to extend his collection of birds. June 20. Greene is suffering from rheumatism and will probably not be able to go to Brazil.

Leo Miller speaks in Free Church.

THE ANTI-DRAMSHOP PARTY.

September 17. I return (from Canandaigua, where an anti-dramshop meeting had been held) and find Col. Albert T. Morgan of Mississippi and wife (a charming colored lady) here. They came 15th inst. September 20. Col. and Mrs. Morgan leave us this afternoon.

Gerrit Smith had been, since the date early in his career, when he became seriously impressed with the appalling evils of intemperance, constantly occupied in one form or another of temperance endeavor. He had held aloof from such organizations as the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars because of his repugnance to all secret societies. But he had labored, in the first stage of his advocacy of the cause of sobriety and sanity, to induce people to take the pledge of total abstinence. When the Maine Law form of suppressing the traffic was brought forward, he supported that movement with all his energies; and now, in his age, he had organized the Anti-Dramshop party, in the hope of reducing the vast and unspeakable evils of liquor drinking by closing the place, licensed for its sale. Into this last of his many campaigns for temperance, he put as much vigorous effort as had gone to any of his former ones. Among other things, he established a weekly newspaper, under the editorship of Mr. L. S. Crandall. The paper was an excellent family journal, standing for every good thing. It bore upon its first page, beneath the display title, this sentence: *"The first need of the nation is to get the nation sober."* And on the editorial page, at the head of the first column, the words were kept standing: *"We must learn to follow our principles wherever they lead, in social, in business, in home and political life. We must pray, plan, practice, preach, then vote as we preach."*



SAM. J. MAY

The Diary:

October 4, 1870. Wm. H. Burleigh, wife and granddaughter Mildred come. October 7. They leave us for Canandaigua.

October 6. Our dear grandson, Willie, returns from Europe.

November 6. At 3 p. m. my neighbors assembled in front of our piazza and Mr. Sumner spoke to them for upward of an hour. November 7. Mr. Sumner leaves about noon. My meeting with my dear friend Sumner was a happy, a very happy one.

January 17, 1871. This evening President Blanchard comes. (Wheaton College.)

LAST LETTER TO SAMUEL J. MAY—HIS DEATH—CHARACTER OF MR. MAY.

To Rev. Samuel J. May:

Peterboro, February 15, 1871.

My Dear Friend:

I thank you for the little pamphlets. . . . You are still preaching and still lame, I learned from our friend Mundy, whose excellent sermon at Canastota last Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing. Very glad shall I be when you and he visit us.

I am not very well this winter.

Heaven bless you!

This was Mr. Smith's last letter to his friend of many years. The looked-for visit was not made. Mr. May died on Saturday evening, July 1. On the 3rd this entry appears in the Diary:

This evening's mail brings a letter from good Mr. Sedgwick informing me of the death of my beloved friend, Samuel J. May. I am shocked; I am distressed by this news. And yet, why should I be? God give me peace! His own peace! July 5. Gerrit goes with me to Syracuse to look upon the remains of dear S. J. May.

Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, Mr. May's son-in-law: "Mr. May was the most Christ-like man I ever knew. He made Christ his pattern, and how successfully was proved by his never-failing gentleness, meekness and sweetness. Heaven is more desirable to me now that my dear May is there."

Samuel J. May was the most beloved citizen of Syracuse. Never so universal a feeling of grief over the death of any person in that city, as his death occasioned. An outspoken opponent of everything evil, allied during the years before the War with the unpopular abolition cause, it is yet doubtful whether he had an enemy. His benign, unselfish, transparently sincere and friendly nature conquered all hearts. Well had he been named "The Lord's Chore-boy," for he had earned that title of high honor by years of varied service in behalf of his fellowmen.

Among the abolitionists, whose deep convictions led to much mutual opposition and uncharity, he was the peace-maker. All respected and loved him, however they might distrust each other's wisdom and devotion. Many a stormy anti-slavery meeting was calmed by Mr. May's overflowing spirit of good-will, and turned into a sort of brotherly love feast.

Mr. May was a conservative among Unitarians, but his charity opened to embrace every sincere soul. His religious program was that of his Master, Jesus, viz.: the transformation of this present world into a true province of the kingdom of Heaven. At the same time his consciousness of immortality was strong above that of most men. "I have never seen, save in a single other case," writes Andrew D. White, in his Autobiography, "such living faith in the reality of another world. Again and again Mr. May said to me in the most cheerful way imaginable, 'I am as much convinced of the existence of a future state as of these scenes about me; and to tell the truth, now that my work here is ended, I am becoming very curious to know what the next stage of existence is like.'"[1]

The Diary:

February 27. Three Oneida chiefs visit and dine with us, viz.: Rev. Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Skenandogh and Mr. Webster.

The Oneidas never ceased to hold Mr. Smith in most friendly regard. The son of Kasungalolus, to whom their fathers had been devoted, he had succeeded to Judge Smith's place in the unforgetting Indian heart; but in addition he had, by his own friendliness, justified their confidence and esteem. One of the kindly actions remembered by the Oneidas to Mr. Smith's credit, connected itself with an epidemic of small-pox that ravaged their tribe a generation and more prior to this date. He went among them at that time, attended to measures for the proper care of the sick, reassured the well ones, and continued his attentions until the disease was conquered.

1. Vol. I, page 163.

Parents and Education

The lesson of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is one that appears to have a wide application. There are many things besides happiness that are waiting for us at home, quietly, unobtrusively waiting, while we vainly seek for them in the big world at great cost and with great labor. One of these is education—*higher education*, if we define that term as the education that comes first in productiveness instead of last in time.

That the highest education of all—the education that makes all things possible—must be given to children by parents and in the home has been my conviction for several years. It came to me gradually, not as a theory, but as a fact developing from my own experiments with my own child and the children of friends. It took hold of me overwhelmingly as I watched and compared the effects of home and school training upon the children who had been intrusted to my care. It seems to me to have been conclusively proved by the remarkable little Sidis boy and others scarcely less remarkable whose stories have appeared in the magazines.

Believing that in the right sort of home intelligent parents who begin early and proceed wisely can do almost anything with their children, I feel it to be supremely important that intelligent parents generally should be cognizant of the fact, and that they should become thoroughly posted as to what it is wise to do and how best to do it. For this reason I wish to plead the cause of the Home and School Association, which is to me the most hopeful indication of modern educational progress, being the only organized effort to introduce the great unsolved educational problem to the only people who can possibly solve it.

My first experience with an organization of parents and teachers was a peculiarly fortunate one. After leaving college I spent one year as student assistant in a public kindergarten in which mothers and teachers met at regular intervals to discuss educational problems. The subject of the first meeting that I attended was "Teaching Obedience," and it was discussed freely by the mothers. As an inexperienced girl, engaged to be married and knowing absolutely nothing about bringing up children, I was fascinted. When Mrs. L—— expressed her opinions, I took them with several grains of salt. Her Joseph was one of my daily responsibilities. That very morning I had been obliged to seize with both hands his fast disappearing little feet, and extract him forcibly and most undignifiedly from the deep recesses of the supply cupboard, so I knew just how obedient he was not. But when Mrs. M—— spoke, I believed every

word, because of the co-operative teachableness of her children, who were the admiration of the school. The subject of the second meeting was "How to Develop Self-Control," and so on through the year I listened to the discussion of such vitally important questions by people who spoke from personal experience, and so knew.

A few years later, when I found myself with a baby in my arms, I realized that the most valuable part of my education had undoubtedly been received from those kindergarten mothers' meetings. They had given me something to live by and work by, something that brought results. I had learned from those mothers, first, how much it is possible for a mother to do; second, that, to do anything at all, a mother must begin at the very beginning. There is nothing new about those ideas. They are both proverbial, not to say trite; but they had come to me as living facts straight out of the world of real things, and I shaped my life and the life of my child accordingly.

It does not take a physician to make for a child a healthy physical environment, nor a clergyman to provide a wholesome moral one. Neither does it require a psychologist nor even a teacher to give the right trend to mental development. Any mother with a little educated good sense and plenty of enthusiasm can work these things out for herself, and to suit the peculiarities of her own children. The first thing to do is to have a definite purpose. I put the physical development first as being fundamental, then the moral, and last I determined that my Suzanne should love learning for its own sake; I wanted her to be a student, a lover of books. These were the points that I kept uppermost in my mind during the first few years of her life, the things that I chose to "begin from the very beginning." I worked somewhat after the manner of Dr. Sidis, though with less system; and the results were quite as startling as they were unexpected. The child learned to read as naturally as she learned to talk, and with no more effort. She accumulated all sorts of knowledge in a perfectly unconscious way, just for the fun of it. I would have been alarmed at my superlative success if it had not seemed so perfectly natural.

When Suzanne was six, I put her into the public school with children of her own age. Realizing how much I owed to the mothers' meetings of old, I had hoped there would be something of the sort in connection with her school, but there was not; the mothers of the community seemed indifferent to all educational matters, and very few ever visited the schools except with some complaint or grievance. Disappointed, but not discouraged, I set aside a morning of each week for the purpose of visiting the school and studying the educational machine. This was not a simple matter, for at that time I kept no servant and was very busy with domestic affairs; but I felt that I must know exactly what was done in the school, and how it was done, else how could I make the home supplement the school? And so I became intimate with the teachers, and gained the immense advantage of seeing things educational from their standpoint; I studied the children and gained the further advantage of understanding childhood in general; I became acquainted with the course of study in the various grades, and found that often I could teach Suzanne in ten minutes what took weeks for a large class to master in the schoolroom.

After Suzanne had been in the first grade for about two months her teacher said to me one day:

"Mrs. Childe, it breaks my heart to think of giving Suzanne up, but I must tell you that the first grade is not where she belongs. She really ought to be in the third or fourth."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "She is hardly more than a baby. Is there nothing in the first grade that she needs?"

"Absolutely nothing," was the positive assurance. "Her development seems perfectly symmetrical; I can't find a single weak spot."

I allowed Suzanne to go for two months in the second grade, and became convinced on my own account that there was nothing there that she needed. Then I took her out of school entirely, feeling that since home life had done so much for her it could be trusted further. For several years I kept putting her back into school for short periods to give her a taste of school life and test her home training in order to be sure that we were making no mistake; but there has never been a time when she could be classed mentally with children near her own age. Altogether she spent in the grades less than twelve months.

Last year, when she was thirteen years old, Suzanne was made to feel somewhat inferior by some of her acquaintances, who told her that she was getting way behind by staying out of school. So I put her into an eighth-grade class with a teacher who was an entire stranger, making the request that if she seemed fully prepared she be passed on into the high school. After a week I visited the school to see how she was getting on. The teacher came to me at once.

"Mrs. Childe," she said with great earnestness, "I want you to tell me *how you have trained that child;* I would be the happiest woman in the city if I could accomplish half as much with my class."

So after six weeks in the eighth grade Suzanne was admitted to the high school, though her teacher protested:

"Really, if I were you, I would not bother her with high school and college. She is already educated; she has the taste, the power, the appreciation, that we send children to high school and college to get."

So much for what the mothers' meeting and my intimacy with things pedagogical had helped me to do for my own child; but I found it impossible to stop there. For one who has felt the fascination of bringing to light and developing in the best way the wonderful possibilities that are common to childhood an only child is altogether insufficient; and the spectacle presented in every public school of children whose lives could be transformed and whose futures could be infinitely blessed by a little educational mothering made me borrow and beg from friends and neighbors in order to keep my home school from becoming extinct. I have taken nervous, high-strung little girls whose health was being seriously injured by the pressure of the schoolroom, have watched them grow rosy and plump in the wholesome atmosphere of the home educational where there is nobody to get ahead of one and nobody for one to get ahead of. After a year or a year and a half I have put them back with their classes, and had the satisfaction of realizing that they had not only kept pace, but had so gained

in mental grasp and independence that they could do the school work comfortably and without strain. There are at present two children, utter misfits in the schoolroom, who are doing their lessons at my dining-room table. At school they were doing nothing—worse than nothing, for they were contracting habits of inefficient, careless work; in the home educational they are acquiring, in addition to grammar, arithmetic, and the like, a tremendously important accomplishment, *the work habit.*

In all this work I have but two regrets: First, that I have time and opportunity to help so few children when I know that the education of ninety per cent of all school children could be doubled in value by the right sort of home co-operation. Second, that those I do work with come to me so late, after so much mischief has been done. If I could only begin at the beginning, I could accomplish so much more! The only solution of these two difficulties lies in the awakening of parents to the realization of their part in education. Strange to say, this is all but impossible, so powerful an anæsthetic is the prevailing blind confidence in the educational machine.

"I believe in the public school. Children need the discipline, and they need the contact of their own kind." This is the conclusive argument advanced by thousands of the best fathers and mothers, most of whom have scarcely been inside a schoolroom since their own childhood. It is mischievous because it is the truth, but not the whole truth. Every sane person must believe in the public schools; we could not do without them. All children unquestionably need discipline as well as contact with their kind; but a great many of them seem to dodge most of the discipline of the school, and the vast majority get far more of the contact with their kind than is good for them. The point is that there are innumerable influences that children as individuals need, influences that the school cannot possibly supply; and the only way to learn what they are and how to supply them is to get into intimate touch with parents who are accomplishing things, with teachers who know the limitations of the school, and with the children themselves actually engaged in classroom work; to become, in short, thoroughly conversant with the general problem of elementary education. Any mother who does this will see endless opportunities to make herself an invaluable factor in the education of her children.

And so I assert emphatically that the Home and School Association is the most hopeful indication of modern educational progress. The most discouraging feature is the apathy and indifference of fathers and mothers. When the nation-wide movement to organize parents and teachers, and so to secure co-operation between home and school, came to our city, I was very enthusiastic about it. I felt that my dreams, some of them at least, were about to be realized; that the organization would be not only well supported but welcomed as a long-felt want; that parents would be the first to recognize its necessity, and would take the initiative in the work. I was mistaken. It is the teacher, daily struggling with the educational problem, who realizes the failure of the home; it is the teacher who is taking the initiative in the attempt to organize for the enlightenment of the home. The home is so utterly ignorant of the whole subject that it does not even know that it ought to be enlightened. Parents are so indifferent in the matter that they do not even attend the meetings. In one large downtown school in our city only thirteen parents attended, and in many other schools the outlook is hardly more encouraging. In our own school we have what is considered a very flourishing organization, but we are able to interest only about thirty of the mothers to the point where they remember to come to the meetings; there ought to be two hundred.

"I have been so busy! I simply can't find time to visit the school and attend these meetings," is the usual excuse of the absentees. And it is perfectly true. In this age of hurry and rush we cannot find time for anything; *we have to make it.* And make it we certainly will when we fully realize that the success, mediocrity, or failure of our children is the responsibility, not of the school, but of the home. Other interests, even important ones, will appear trivial in comparison.

And so I would say with all earnestness to every father and every mother: Join and actively support the Home and School Association of your community; if you have nothing to gain from it, then you have *very much to give to it.* And if there happens to be no such association in your school, organize one; not the kind that gathers to listen to an entertaining lecture, partakes of lemonade and wafers, and goes gayly home, but one that meets seriously and earnestly for the definite purpose of discovering the place of the home in the education of the child.

Elizabeth Childe.

The Outlook, March 3, 1915.

MADISON CAWEIN.

The wind makes moan, the water runneth chill;
I hear the nymphs go crying through the brake;
And roaming mournfully from hill to hill
The maenads all are silent for his sake!

He loved thy pipe, O wreathed and piping Pan!
So play'st thou sadly, lone within thine hollow;
He was thy blood, if ever mortal man,
Therefore thou weepest—even thou, Apollo!

But O, the grieving of the Little Things,
Above the pipe and lyre, throughout the woods!
The beating of a thousand airy wings,
The cry of all the fragile multitudes!

The moth flits desolate, the tree-toad calls,
Telling the sorrow of the elf and fay;
The cricket, little harper of the walls,
Puts up his harp—hath quite forgot to play!

And risen on these winter paths anew,
The wilding blossoms make a tender sound;
The purple weed, the morning-glory blue,
And all the timid darlings of the ground!

Here, here the pain is sharpest! For he walked
As one of these—and they knew naught of fear,
But told him daily happenings and talked
Their lovely secrets in his listening ear!

Yet we do bid them grieve, and tell their grief;
Else were they thankless, else were all untrue;
O wind and stream, O bee and bird and leaf,
Mourn for your poet, with a long adieu!

Louisville Evening Post. —*Margaret Steele Anderson.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

MON.—Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

TUES.—Men in great places are thrice servants,—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

WED.—Chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

THURS.—A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

FRI.—Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

SAT.—Knowledge is power.

—*Francis Bacon.*

THE NEST.

Glad is the grove with light,
And the glen is song-caressed,
But longing comes ere night
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,
And distant hills more blue,—
Still claims that nest my care
In the dawn—in the dew;

For tho the wild may woo
My wing to many a quest,
Sweet in the dawn and the dew
Are home and rest!

Scribner's. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

That Dog "Tiz"

He was just a plain yellow dog, without any pedigree, but he was our dog and we thought all the world of him, just the same.

As to his name, well, a neighbor had promised us one and when we called for it he threw open the woodshed door and pointing to where a half dozen little beauties were playing about said, while a broad grin lit up his face:

"Well, here 'tis, boys! You can take your pick!"

That was in the halcyon days of youth when brother Lige and I were just school kids, and like most other boys of our age not content without a dog. We thought we must have one at any cost. Why, at that time we would have given all our earthly possessions, consisting of a dollar watch, two jack-knives, a fish-hook or two and a gimlet, just for a dog of most any age, size or color, even if 'twas nothing but a pup.

Time and again we had been promised a dog only to find that promises like pie crust were easily broken. There was always one excuse or another. It is so easy to invent excuses for broken promises, wrong as it may be. So the winter wore itself away and melted into spring. The April showers had brought the May flowers in abundance. The little dog-house that we had taken such pains to build snug and warm for the winter months was still empty. All winter it had been hidden from sight under the great white drift. Now its little door stood invitingly open, letting in the sunshine, while the south winds played over it, but no little doggie came in or out; there was none to take possession.

Then one bright morning in May when the blossoms were falling like snow from the fruit trees, a very pleasant surprise came—something unexpected. We were busy about our chores as usual when dad fairly gave us a thrill by saying:

"Now, boys, you can have that dog you've been teasing me so long about."

"Oh, dad! Is that so?" we both cried in chorus as we danced around him for very joy. "Do tell us all about it!"

"Well," said dad in reply, "I've only been waiting till the little fellow was old enough to take from his mammy. There is a half dozen in the bunch, and Neighbor Brown says you boys can have the first pick. So you better call on your way home from school tonight and bring him with you."

We did, of course, and the strangest part of it all was that we should pick out the homeliest one of the whole bunch. But we were well pleased and proud of our prize just the same.

And, lugging him home in a basket, we both shouted gleefully as we turned him loose, "Here 'tis, dad! here 'tis!"

Our Dumb Animals. —*E. V. Benedict.*

Planting the Flag in Belgium

When we first began our work in Belgium the people did not know who we were and did not know what we wanted. They thought we were trying to sell them something. Many of them had never heard of the United States and did not know that there existed a class of people who would send across the seas free ship-loads of food to them. Today they do understand.

It brings a peculiar sensation to your heart when you think of those thousands upon thousands of unfortunate, patiently suffering, and still hoping people in Belgium, thousands and thousands of whom don't know exactly where the United States is, but every one of whom can locate it in their hearts. Even the mites of children know where the food that is keeping their parents and themselves alive comes from, and nearly every one of them possesses a little American flag, with a star or two missing perhaps, but an American flag just the same, and in nearly every case the flag was "Made in Belgium" by the people themselves.

The New York Times. —*Capt. J. F. Lucey.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AT BALTIMORE

Chicago, February 11th.—Announcement has been made from the headquarter's office of the National Conference of Charities and Correction of the preliminary program for its forty-second annual meeting at Baltimore, Md., May 12th to 19th. The conference will meet under the presidency of Mrs. John M. Glenn, of New York, the second woman president it has ever had.

The program contains the names of over fifty leading charity workers and penologists, and it is anticipated that the unprecedented social situation of the present year will result in a conference of unique values. The program in "The Family and the Community" will result in considerable discussion of methods of treating individual cases of poverty, as, for example, a study of "The Psychology of Co-operation." Prof. Henry R. Seager of Columbia University will give an address on the "Causes and Remedies of Unemployment."

The program on "Children" will include a study of comprehensive community plans in work for children and practical results of children's agencies in respect to rehabilitation. It is the expectation of the chairman of this section, Mr. C. C. Carstens of Boston, to make as clear a statement as possible of the relations of social agencies in treatment of children to other agencies for constructive and preventive work.

The division on "Corrections" includes a complete description of the extensive Toronto plan of outdoor reformatory treatment of prisoners by the superintendent, Dr. J. T. Gilmour, and a summary of recent advancement in methods of parole treatment of prisoners in county jails by Judge A. C. Backus of Milwaukee. The popular subject of payment of wages to prisoners will be treated by two speakers, and on another occasion, Dr. Irwin H. Neff, superintendent of the Foxborough State Hospital of Massachusetts, and Dr. G. Linthicum of Baltimore will speak on the treatment of inebriety and its relation to crime. A program on the policewoman will be rendered under the chairmanship of Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles, the first policewoman in the United States.

In previous years the National Conference has treated the extent of scientific knowledge of the question of prostitution and the value of current methods of popular education. This year, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Martha P. Falconer, superintendent of the State School for Girls at Darling, Pa., the question will be asked, "How shall the evil be suppressed?" The speakers on this subject include Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of corrections of the city of New York, and Miss Maude E. Miner, secretary of the Probation and Protective Association of that city.

The National Conference has twice in the past had standing committees on the relation of the church to social work, under the chairmanship respectively of Dr. Washington Gladden and John M. Glenn. It is expected this year to emphasize these relationships practically through the participation of ministers and church workers in the discussion of such subjects as are scheduled. Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., will preach the conference sermon.

Other divisions of the program are: Education for social work, the family and the community, health, public and private charities, social legislation, and state care of the insane, feeble-minded and epileptic.

A MOVEMENT FOR BETTER MOTION PICTURES

The *Woman's Home Companion* has started a movement for better motion pictures. Several hundred films will be submitted to the editors of that magazine each month in advance of their release to the motion picture houses. From these the editors will select from 40 to 75 which, in their estimation, are especially commendable both from an artistic and ethical standpoint. The names of these films will be published in the magazine. These films are recommended to women's clubs, to librarians, to teachers, and to parents as clean, wholesome, educational and en-

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tertaining exhibits, worthy of patronage. Of the importance of elevating motion pictures in the United States, the March *Woman's Home Companion* says in part:

"Within the last few years there have sprung up in your community branches of a new institution which draws to itself every week more young people than are in the churches on Sunday, more young people than are in the schools on week-days—an institution whose influence on our young people, in the judgment of educators, is second only to the influence of the family, the church and the schools. *Yet of this institution, and the men behind it, and its possibilities for good, the average parent has not yet taken the trouble to make himself or herself informed.*

"The church has its pastors and governing committees; the school is watched over jealously by associations of parents and teachers. The motion picture theater, which draws as many children as either, for almost as many hours in the week as either, is not yet taken seriously by thousands of us. And yet the motion picture theater has unquestionably come to remain—a permanent, potent factor in our lives."

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man."

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

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"Indeed, I wouldn't," the missionary said.

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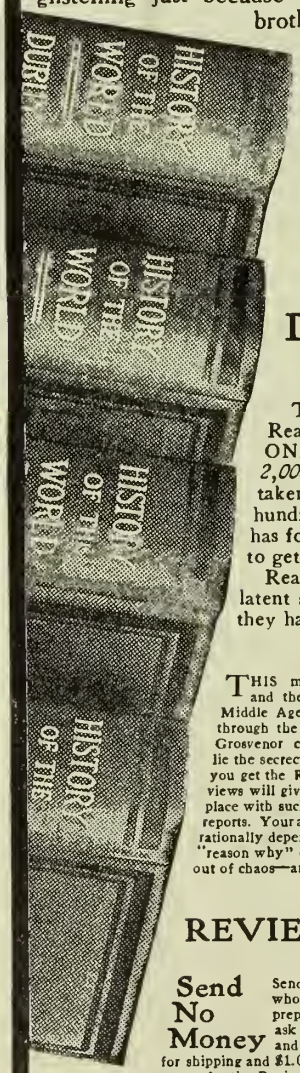

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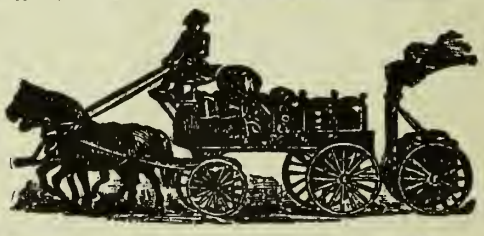

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1915. Number 3

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

"Elder father, tho' thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

"Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

"Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds."

"God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filling all Eternity—
Adonai Elohim."

The Wild Knight and Other Poems.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

I wonder if the old writer in the Buddhist Suttas had anything in life to contend with like, say, the moving picture theatres, when he wrote: "Be thou a lamp unto thyself; be a refuge to thyself. Betake thyself to no external refuge. Hold fast to the truth as a lamp. Look not for a refuge to anyone beside thyself." What a sorry time these moving picture devotees will have in the day when perforce they may have to seek a refuge within themselves, or look to their own lamp of truth for guidance in a dark place!

M. B. P.

One of the proposals of the Emergency Federation of Peace Forces: "No province shall be transferred from one government to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population of such province," will come with more force from the people of the United States when we have made it a rule of our own action. Have we ever asked the Filipino people if they want to be ruled by us? Germany is nearer in interest and sympathy to Belgium today than we can ever be to the Filipinos, yet the Belgians resent the German rule and we feel sorry for Belgium. Let him who is without sin cast stones.

O. C. S.

Two age-long evils war and prostitution, will continue to claim the sons and daughters of women as their unwilling victims, till the united, intelligent, devoted motherhood of the world ends them. As women are tired bearing sons to be murdered in war, so women are getting tired bearing daughters for a fate a thousand times worse. Happy is the boy who has but to die compared to his sister who is murdered by inches, body, mind and soul, in our dens of iniquity. Why, then, do we not put a stop to both evils? Because women no more than men have begun to comprehend the profound meaning of the little word our, they are not sufficiently tired having other women bear sons and daughters for such horrible fates. Give to the mothers of earth to know all children are theirs even as they are Thine! . . O. C. S.

John Kendrick Bangs—may his days be long in this world he is making so much brighter—recently extolled in his beautiful way the sunny side of the street:

Ice and snow melt quickly there
And a blither stride
Helps us in our race with care
"On the sunny side."

True as this is of the street, or the house with the southern exposure, where instinctively the children congregate for play, how much truer it is when we meet a man or woman with a "southern exposure." And if we are sensitive to this exposure in others (and who is not?) let us carefully study our characters to see whether or not we are helping to melt the snows of life for those we meet. M. B. P.

The women of Chicago, ever alert to the needs of the children, are demanding that the legitimate amusements of children, commercialized by Greed, be taken over by the city. The city is a forced growth—forced by that industrialism to which we all pay homage. To its supposed needs, much that was best in our home life has been sacrificed, the children especially have suffered and have been forced to give up their inalienable rights to a place and a chance to play. Municipal dance halls and pool rooms will not solve the problem unless the women go farther and demand a reformed police system. *Not* the police*men* so much as the police system is wrong. Why shut our eyes or longer remain silent about what we all know is the chief cause of juvenile crime, the open defiance of law under the very eyes of the police. We all know it "doesn't pay" a policeman to be too conscientious in performing his sworn duty; ordinances are to be enforced—sometimes. Every boy who has the streets for his playground soon learns, to our sorrow, just how much cash it takes to defy the law with impunity. Let the women insist that this reform is fundamental to all other reforms. Let the new mayor, whoever he may

be, make for himself a record by giving us a force of policemen who know they dare not fail to enforce the ordinances we have to protect our children. Then all of the mothers will bless him, and his name shall go down in history as the man who made the clean, the beautiful, the *good* Chicago possible. O. C. S.

Among the bills it is to be much regretted the Sixty-third Congress did not pass, is the Philippine bill. This bill is designed to give greater powers of self-government to the Filipinos; in no place but the preamble is the word independence mentioned. The Senate preamble is, "Whereas it is desirable to place in the hands of the people of the Philippines such an increasing control of their domestic affairs as can be given them without, in the meantime, impairing the sovereignty of the United States, in order that, by use and exercise of popular franchise and governmental powers, they may be better prepared to fully assume the responsibilities and enjoy all the privileges of complete independence, which it is the purpose of the United States to grant, when in the judgment of the United States the people of the Philippine Islands shall have shown themselves fitted therefor." The body of the bill is entirely taken up with the details of who shall vote, the make up of the two houses to be made up of natives, safe-guarding the interests of the United States and granting absolute veto power to the President of the United States. Yet this mild form of justice did not pass. No time to keep our faith with a weaker people and regain our own honor when we must look out for our commercial interests and build battleships. The Democratic party is pledged to keep faith, and we will not forgive or forget if we are made to stand forth before the world with the dishonor of holding an unwilling people in bondage. O. C. S.

"The Deep-Down Things!" How that beautiful poem so recently published in UNITY grips one and sets him to analyzing his life. Truly are "the poets the only prophets left to God." The "deep down things" are not fame, power, popularity, knowledge or wealth,—desirable from many points as these be. No, friendship that knows no turning; love that begets service and seeks naught; and the never ceasing struggle for spiritual growth,—these are the "deep down things" that endure. Mankind is eternally struggling for spirituality, as evidenced by Tennyson, Browning, Emerson and the other prophets of literature. Even the novelists prove that at heart we are aspiring, as many a "marked" passage from George Eliot and others might attest. Two books of comparative newness would well repay our close acquaintance and help us incalculably on our way. One a novel, the other a compilation of the aspirational paragraphs of the ages, entitled "The Message of Man," by Stanton Coit, the great ethical teacher from London so recently with us. To the writer it is a more wonderful book than "The Imitation of Christ" and a book that one wants constantly at hand for just a glimpse—mayhap each morning and night. From the novel, Hermann Hagedorn's "Faces in the Dawn" this speech of one of the characters is one that we may well ponder: "There are not two worlds (she cried), one outside the house and one inside; there are not two struggles. There is only one struggle, the struggle for spiritual growth, and none of us can fight it for others, and none of us can fight it alone." M. B. P.

Renewals

"January, the Month of Renewals," was a caption which caught the eye in a prominent place in a magazine published that month—a hint to their subscribers. "The month of renewals" sang itself over and over in memory and suggested so many "renewals" that the thought came, why not remake the year's calendar something like this:

January, the month for the renewals of our favorite periodicals; also the renewal of the spirit through our regular attendance upon church service. At the same time help in the renewal of our pastor's enthusiasm by our attentive waiting upon his message.

February, the renewal of our spirits through systematic reading of the lives of our poets and patriots whose birthdays fall in that month.

March, renew our old-time friendships through writing long delayed letters while the March weather mayhap hinders our enjoyment of the out-of-doors which begins to lure us.

April, May and June, renew our acquaintance with the beautiful world of green, and "breathe gradual gospels in" as we trudge and dig, with a congenial friend or two to gladden us on the way.

July and August, renew our spiritual life through quiet resting and reading some of the great books that will not yield themselves to haste.

September, renewal of spirit through the resumption of regular duties and service and the assembling again with friends whom absence has taught us to prize.

October, renew our lives through the study of the great lives of literature, and November and December, through study, work and service to suffering humanity, not forgetting that each month has at least four Sundays for *special* renewal by quiet meditation on the higher duties awaiting us and the enlargement of our enthusiasm through listening to the word of truth as it falls from the mouth of an earnest searcher after the deep things of God. M. B. P.

Editorial Wanderings
II.

Prompt to the custom of many years, I began my annual "March Escape" from Chicago on Monday, the first day of March. The Santa Fe route brought me to Emporia, Kansas, for my first lecture engagement. The Kansas Normal School, of merited fame, at 10 o'clock in the morning, offered an audience of between 1,800 and 2,000. Emporia is the seat of one of the best established, if not the oldest, Welsh communities in the West. Here they have, I understand, two Welsh churches, well sustained. My name, three times Welsh, is a name to conjure by where Welshmen abound, and my Welsh friends filled up the vacant spaces. This was the first of a series of peace addresses which I am giving on the Pacific Coast, under the auspices of the Carnegie foundation. It was an inspiring, as well as a profitable audience, largely made up of prospective teachers. The boys and girls that crowded the auditorium have the "Little Red School House" of Kansas and its sequel in high school, normal school and college in mind. Said the college graduate who chaperoned me: "This is a very different atmosphere from the college atmosphere from which I graduated. These young men and women mean business from the start. They work hard and long; they are at it early and late. An astonishingly large number of them manage to pay their way through by work, during and outside the school year, and many more of them succeed in winning their way through at so small an expense that it is almost tragic. Most of them are the sons and daughters of hard working farming men and women. Life to these young people is already serious business, but it is splendid!"

At 2 o'clock I was again westward bound, and sitting luxuriously in the transcontinental train of the Santa Fe, I watched the slowly vanishing agricultural prosperity and evidence of civilization fade into arid spaces. Farms gave way to ranches, and ranches at last gave way to foothills, mountain passes and desert.

The romance of this route is always impressive. Where we rode in comfort, sipping ice water and stopping to dine on the "delicacies of the season" at the wonderful eating houses of Fred Harvey, which are as pleasing to the eye as they are to the palate—notable architectural achievements as well as striking triumphs of the caterer's art—Kit Carson and his colleagues once hungered and thirsted and starved.

I must needs leave this luxurious train at Deming and take the Southern Pacific, so that I might stop over at Tucson, the seat of the State University of Arizona, on Thursday night to deliver my peace message the second time, but alas the train was two hours and a half late, and with the perversity of trains, lengthened its delinquency as it went, and although I had three hours margin, we pulled into Tucson at half past eight in the evening. The discipline of the college had been maintained, the audience that expected the man from Chicago at 8 o'clock had been dismissed and there was no one to welcome the lecturer, who was loaded for the fray and would have been glad to have entered the struggle at any hour in the night. And then he would have had two and a half hours' time for the lecture before the next train would pick him up, but in the absence of a better audience, these hours waiting for a midnight train were shortened by the hospitality of the ticket agent, who invited me into the inner sanctuary, and we talked of peace, temperance and the kingdom that is coming in Arizona and elsewhere.

In due time the Southern Pacific train won Los Angeles in time for a delightful afternoon ride down through the bewitching country into San Diego, where I arrived Friday evening, the fifth. I found comfortable quarters in the comparatively new and attractive hostelry, "Hotel U. S. Grant," a name to which it is entitled by virtue of the fact that the first builder and part owner was the son of the silent hero of Appomattox and Mt. McGregor. Saturday noon I was the honored guest at a luncheon party at Point Loma, to which I was welcomed by a pretty little maiden who pinned upon my coat a delicate boutonniére, and then an illuminated address written in Welsh by the Celtic bard of the community, Kenneth Morris. The ruling genius of the place, which testifies in many ways alike to her marvelous executive ability and her keen appreciation of the beautiful, showed me the first Greek theater that was ever built in America; beautiful in location and beautiful in execution. While three or four of us were silently admiring the marvelous scene that showed canyon and ocean beyond the Greek columns, a fairy troop of a score of little girls in white tripped up out of the beauty, and sang with the clearness of birds, prolonged and sustained by the skill of man, after which they gave a little symposium entitled "Little Philosophers," in which they discussed the deep problems of peace, simplicity and brotherhood as interpreted by theosophy, and as developed, felt and beloved by the multitude of right thinking and right living people who are unacquainted with the technicalities of philosophy and ignorant of the special vocabulary of the theosophist.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon I met a goodly company in the church parlors of the First Congregational Church, of which my old Chicago friend and neighbor, W. B. Thorp, is pastor, and my lecture on Browning was given, which always brings a joy to the speaker, however it may be with the audience, because that lecture has more of Browning than Jones in it.

Sunday morning it was a privilege to speak in the new home of the Unitarian Church, and to be greeted by a goodly number of those who had not forgotten my visit of seven years ago. In the evening the central event took place. My lecture on Peace, or "Cease Firing!" at the Isis Theater, a beautiful auditorium owned by Madame Katherine Tingley, in the center of the city, from the platform of which she speaks every Sunday evening. The meeting was held under her direction and every detail was planned with the greatest care. Admission was by ticket and many were turned away. The beautiful auditorium was filled to the topmost round. The choir from Point Loma discoursed beautiful music, rendering as an introduction the Ode of Peace, words by Kenneth Morris, music by Rex Dunn, as it was rendered on the 20th of August, 1913, at the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress held at The Hague. After the lecture the same choir rendered the "Pipe of Peace" from Longfellow's Hiawatha. Rex Dunn, the author of the music, directed the choir and it was sung with great spirit. The meeting was closed with a stirring appeal by Madame Tingley. Whatever else may seem uncertain or ambiguous in her philosophy or teaching, her insistence on universal brotherhood and the attendant collateral of universal peace is sun-clear. Her position as a general leader of the theosophic movement of the world enables her to extend her message into all parts of the world. Representatives of this faith and organization are found deep at the center of the belligerent forces of Europe today, and probably her dream of a great Peace Congress to be held in the Greek Theater at Point Loma next fall, when realized, will have far-reaching potency.

The reception given to the editor of UNITY, and the cause which UNITY represents, constitute a memorable event in the life of this wandering editor.

Monday was set apart for the Fair, which was enjoyed in solitude unbroken. Quaint, restful, satisfying, is this Fair in its semi-tropical setting. One does not miss the exhibits on the inside, that are as yet largely left out. One is glad even that the crowd is not there, for surely if any place in America is a congenial home for the "lotus eaters" it is this land where it is "always afternoon." One exhibit alone commands the attention and challenges the admiration, and that is the one arranged by Professor Hewitt of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, in the "Hall of Science of Man." Note the significant title. Here are arranged models of the various races of men and other visible exhibits of man's place in nature and his relation to his humbler kindred, in a way that is both beautiful and scientific.

Inspiring surroundings and a sympathetic audience were given the speaker for his evening lecture here on "Who Are the Cultured?"

Tuesday morning demanded an early start so as to be present at the flag raising exercises of the Francis Parker open air school, modeled after the Chicago original, but carrying the dream of the great Prophet of Pedagogy further than it is possible in the crowded city of Chicago and the more severe climate. Here it was a pleasure to tell these bright-eyed children of my love for Colonel Parker and acquaintance with him, and of the "white-bordered banner" that flies from Lincoln Centre, and of the increasing number of school children in Chicago learning to love the same. Perhaps at no distant day the Francis Parker School at San Diego, California, will give to the breeze the first white-bordered banner to be sun-kissed in California.

At 11 o'clock another audience was given me of prospective school teachers at the San Diego Normal School, one of the state institutions of which California is justly proud, and it was a joy and a pride to the speaker to be presented to that live audience of young men and women by one of his own girls who had grown from the infant class of All Souls Church, Chicago, to be the Dean of Pedagogy in this institution, and pronounced by experts to be one of the most competent teachers in her department on the coast, Miss Gertrude Longenecker.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the editor was again aboard the train off for Los Angeles, and the 6:30 train was met by his loved parishioners who have but recently escaped from Chicago and found the "bungalow home" that is the fair reward for business diligence. They had recently set up a new auto which carried me to their lovely home, simple and restful as becomes the California climate. The evening was spent with our friend Hodgin, pastor of the Unitarian Church, who is drawing near the close of his three years' course of sermons on the history and development of religion, a splendid undertaking, as heroic as it is unusual, but his venture is justified by the unanimous testimony of appreciative listeners and constantly increasing audiences.

Wednesday was a day of parish calls with the new auto, ranging from the heights of Los Angeles to Pasadena and back, catching a four o'clock train for Claremont, where there was another peace meeting in the one church of this college community, blessed conditions. The subject was "Peace." The next day was an address to the grammar school children before dinner, and after dinner to the college community of Pomona College, over which presides our old friend, Professor Blaisdell, who, during his Beloit (Wis.) days was a familiar contributor to UNITY. Then a great ride from Claremont to Pasadena with an old farmer neighbor of Wisconsin, who out of twenty-five years' experience in Southern California justified his enthusiasm for this great citrus country. It

was oranges, oranges, all the way. The garden of the garden country.

And then the editor quietly slipped into Hotel Clark, where he is obscured from his friends long enough to catch the willing hand of the stenographer who helps him out in this wanderer's tale. Tonight I take train for Berkeley, and thereon hangs another tale.

All along the route it has been a reception of old friends. It seems as though All Souls Parish had moved west, and I have done more pastoral work in these few California days than could have been done in as many months in Chicago. Professors, preachers, teachers and humble men and women in private life have cheered the writer with the memories that reach back behind the gray hairs. Those that have been christened and married, whose elders I buried, come proudly with children in their arms or by their sides to remind me and themselves of the good old times.

But these are experiences too sacred, memories too tender even for the confidential columns of UNITY. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Hotel Clark, Los Angeles, March 12, 1915.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well;
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England!

Atlantic Monthly. —*Helen Gray Cone.*

Liberia, and the United States

An Address by
FREDERICK STARR
Delivered Upon the Occasion of Lincoln's Birthday at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, February 12, 1915

If there is one thing I dislike it is to seem to sail under false colors. I am not tonight going to talk about the negro in America; I am not going to discuss the progress that has been made in fifty years of freedom in the United States; I *am* to talk upon a negro theme with but remote reference to Lincoln's birthday.

My subject is Liberia and the United States—the relations between the two countries—the opportunities which we have had here of doing something for Liberia and the question whether we have met to the full those opportunities. Let me in a few words say something of the course of events in Liberia. The American Colonization Society was organized in the month of December, 1816; it began active work in 1817; in 1819 the United States government united with the American Colonization Society in its plans regarding Africa. In 1820 a first shipload of negroes was sent from the United States to the west shores of Arica, by the combined efforts of the Society and the government. It was in 1824 that the names Liberia and Monrovia were adopted; the main settlement of the land of liberty was named after the President of the United States at that time, whose name we best know in connection with the Monroe Doctrine.

What was the object of the Society? What was the idea of Liberia? The object was to take free negroes from the United States and send them to Africa. Liberia was to be a colony of independent blacks. In course of time, between the efforts of the society and the co-operation of the government, several thousand black men, women and children had been transferred from the United States to Africa. About six hundred miles of coast had been occupied by these settlers. Various little communities had been established here and there along this stretch of six hundred miles and a government had been developed—a government patterned after our own. A sort of constitution, drawn up by a professor of Harvard, had been adopted and was in operation. That was the situation in the year 1846. Up to that time there had been put into the enterprise American thought, American money, American influence, American force and American lives. Scores of white men had died for the Liberian experiment, and hundreds of black men, women and children had died in the effort to establish a colony in that country. In 1846 matters came to such a pass that it was thought best for the colony to separate from its original connections and to become an independent nation; in 1847 the Republic of Liberia was born. I have said just these few words in order to get the situation clearly before your minds. From 1816 until 1847 a colonization experiment was being conducted yonder by Americans and in 1847 that experiment came to an end with the birth of a new republic,—a republic of people largely Americans by birth, of people who spoke English, of people who knew our methods, of people whose constitution was patterned after our own.

One would naturally expect under these circumstances that there would be complete and detailed information regarding Liberia among Americans. One

would suppose that men, women and children here in the United States would have an intense interest in that little, struggling republic on the west coast of Africa. It would be assumed that all intelligent persons knew of its problems and struggles, and of the events which have taken place during the sixty-seven years of its independent existence. This would be natural, considering the vigor, the money, and the lives that we have spent in the experiment; and yet, as a matter of fact, I do not find it to be true that Americans generally know anything about Liberia or that they are aware that there is such a nation or that they are interested in its problems, in its development and movement. We might suppose, naturally enough, that the United States government, having been responsible for the original movement, having transported black men in government vessels, having appointed year after year government agents to those districts, having through our naval officers time after time aided in the early history of the Liberian colony, would have a distinct, clear and definite policy regarding Liberia, and that it would have been the object of constant thought throughout these sixty-seven years.

My address this evening is simply to ask the question whether that is true; whether the United States government has had a definite policy; whether it has stood behind its work; whether it has done for Liberia what might be expected; and whether, today, we are doing for Liberia the things which we ought to do?

What was the first chance of the United States government to show itself the active friend and the vigorous helper of the enterprise which it had launched? It was in the year 1846, and the time before and the time immediately after. What was the situation at that time? There were settlements scattered along a stretch of six hundred miles of coast line; there were settlers at Cape Mount, at Monrovia, at Bassa Cove, at the mouth of the Sino River, and still further to the east at Cape Palmas. They had brought about a certain condition of order along that whole coast. They had aided in putting down the slave traffic; they had developed a fairly respectable government; they were making progress. And then, what happened? They had troubles with English traders and English shipmasters. It was difficult for them to collect customs dues and harbor fees that they should receive from British vessels landing at their ports. The thing became serious. A vessel called the *Little Ben* put in at Bassa Cove and refused to pay the harbor fees or to recognize the authority of the Liberian officials. They said, "We do not propose to pay customs dues nor harbor fees to niggers on the coast of Africa who represent simply a philanthropic Socitey over in America. So the *Little Ben* was seized, justly seized for refusing to pay harbor dues and customs. This was the beginning of trouble; the next step was that in revenge, the British from Sierra Leone seized a Liberian boat to offset the value of the *Little Ben*. The situation was serious, and the United States approached the British government and told them that we had special interests in Liberia and that we trusted those interests would be recognized. Great Britain thereupon quite frankly told the United States its position. "Great Britain could not recognize the sovereign powers of Liberia, which it regarded as the commercial experiment of a philanthropic Society." Lord Aberdeen, then minister of foreign affairs, wrote to Mr. Everett, the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, stating that her majesty's naval commanders would afford efficient protection to British trade against improper assumption of power on the part of the Liberian authorities. The United States did not follow up their intervention very energetically. Their Minister in Great Britain replied that his country had no intention of presuming to settle differences arising between Liberian and British subjects, the Liberians being responsible for their own acts. Throughout this correspondence it was plain that the United States had no intention of claiming for Liberia the status of an American colony. As usual, when British trade is involved, we submitted. We advised the colonies and the colonization Society that it would be well for them to sever relations and for the Liberian people to set up an independent government. And so an independent government was established in 1847. The Liberians made a Declaration of Independence in which they told why they were over yonder; they adopted a constitution patterned far too closely after our own; they elected a president and two houses of congress; they appointed judges of a supreme court; they launched a Republic on the west coast of Africa, patterned after our Republic, conducted by Christian English-speaking, black Americans. We lost the chance in 1847 to take a definite firm stand in favor of human rights as against British trade.

One might have thought that *we* would be the first nation on the globe to recognize that struggling Republic, patterned after our ideal, trained by us, instructed in all details by us and begun by us. Nothing of the kind. The first nation to recognize the Liberian Republic was her old enemy, Great Britain, who in 1848 acknowledged her government and began to pay harbor dues and customs duties; 1849 came and 1850, and 1851, and 1852, and 1853, and 1854, 1855 and other and more years and still the United States failed to give recognition. France recognized Liberia and the German cities and Belgium and Denmark recognized it, but the United States forgot the republic which it started on the west coast of Africa. Why? Because they hated to think, in those days, of 1847 and 1850, of a black representative in Washington to represent a negro republic. For fifteen years the Liberian Republic, recognized by the leading countries of Europe, went on its way toward progress unrecognized by us, and only in 1862, when we had a man in the chair at Washington who cared little for public opinion based upon race prejudice, the United States government tardily recognized the Liberian Republic. What a splendid chance was lost. What an opportunity it was to aid that young country in its first step, along the difficult path of international affairs.

You remember that the Liberian coast extended six hundred miles from the Sierra Leone line on the west to the French territory on the east. At the western end of the line there were settled some British traders. One man, named Harris, had the same feeling toward the negro government that some of his predecessors had, and when he found that he was to be controlled, as a trader should be, by the government in whose territory he operated, his rage knew no

bounds and he picked a quarrel with Liberia. He refused to do this and he refused to do that; he fomented disturbance among the natives of the district in which he was operating; things went from bad to worse. He had the Sierra Leone government in his favor and behind it loomed large the power of the great empire that rules the seas. It was an uneven battle. What a splendid opportunity it was for our mighty nation to aid the weak brother! Finally Harris roused his natives to attack the natives who were loyal to the government; they were badly beaten by the Liberian forces and the neighbors whom they had attempted to destroy, and in rage at their defeat they turned against the white man, who had started them upon their disloyal path and destroyed his trading-house. That was a nice condition of things. Harris put in a claim of damages against the Liberian government when it was his own allies who, in their disappointed rage, had done the damage; there was a show of force; it looked like war between the great empire and the republic of a few black men. The Liberians made an appeal to the United States. It happened that we had a commodore along that western coast at the moment named Shufeldt. Commodore Shufeldt was asked to intervene in their behalf and aid them in this struggle with selfish British interests. Finally it was agreed that Shufeldt should hear the case and decide it. He was asked by the two parties to be an arbitrator. The case was presented and the damages which Harris claimed, six thousand pounds, were cut down to three hundred pounds. That is about the usual way in which demands are scaled when the difficulty of a powerful nation and a weak one come to be submitted to jurisdiction by thoughtful men. Then the British, with that love of fair play which is so characteristic of them in all sports, refused to pay attention to the decision of the umpire upon whom they had agreed and whose verdict they were bound to recognize. They had behind them the power of the Sierra Leone government and the umpire's decision was thrown over and the opinion of the American was flouted by the trader and his friends. About this time the situation became so bad that it was thought best that something should be said officially to Great Britain. So in 1880, Mr. Everett, the Secretary of State at that time, informed Mr. Hopkins, our minister, that the United States was not averse to having the great powers know that they publicly recognized the special relation which existed between them and Liberia, and that they were prepared to take every proper step to maintain this. But such proclamations on the part of the United States government have rarely carried the value of the paper on which they were written, and it was so in this case of 1880. After the quarrel with Harris had been going on twenty years, after Commodore Shufeldt was invited to make a decision and his decision had been thrown overboard, after this statement made in 1880, the British government in 1883, by force of arms seized all the territory along that coast down to the mouth of the Mano River, and it has been British territory ever since. The story that I have given you of all this trouble is almost in the precise words of an exceedingly prejudiced British authority, Sir Harry Johnston. It is the way that it struck him, a Britisher with no personal sentiment. Another chance had been lost for the United States to take a definite position before the world and to aid the Liberian Republic.

Of course you understand that failure to assert our rights and do our duty had its effect upon all waiting, listening, watching nations. If such a thing could occur between Liberia and Great Britain without action by the United States, it could also occur between other nations and Liberia. Liberia has other besides British neighbors. On her east lie interests of France. When France saw how little our special interest in Liberia amounted to; when she saw that it took many years for us to recognize the Black Republic; when she saw that at the establishment of the Republic we cut quite loose; when she saw that our statement made to Britain had no force; she naturally queried why should she not join the game? She joined the game and began to press on the east, just as Great Britain had been pressing on the west. Her pressure became threatening. In 1879 she approached the Liberian Republic and suggested that it would be much better for it to come under French protection. *Then* we made a fuss. "On the reported offer of French protection to Liberia the American Minister at Paris was instructed to make inquiries on the subject and he was reminded in his instructions that when it was considered that the United States had founded and fostered the nucleus of native representative government on the African shores, and that Liberia, so created, had afforded a field of emigration and enterprise for the emancipated Africans of America who had not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, it was evident that the United States government must feel a peculiar interest in any apparent movement to divert the independent political life of Liberia for the aggrandizement of a great Continental Power, which already had a foothold of actual trading possession on the neighboring coast." That seems definite but there is no great force in it. France decided that there were other ways besides accepting Liberia under protection for securing her territory and, seeing that the United States had stated that she could not with pleasure see a change in the political status of Liberia, tried another method and began crowding and crowding. By 1883 the French claimed a stretch of something like one hundred and fifty miles of coast which for years had been on every map of Liberia. One hundred and fifty miles of coast stretched back into the country robbed Liberia of thousands of square miles of her choicest land. And our statement was before the French; they had had time to think it over. They did not take over a protectorate, no; but they announced that they should seize land. We told the French ministry—Mr. Frelinghuysen was our representative at that time—we told the French ministry that "while Liberia was not a colony of the United States, it began its independent career as an offshoot of this country, which bore to it a quasi-parental relationship. This authorized the United States to offer its good offices in any contest between Liberia and a foreign state. A refusal to give the United States an opportunity to be heard for this purpose would make an unfavorable impression on the minds of the Government and the people of the United States." No such opportunity was given just the same. No; these little pronouncements, which we send out, are so polite, so diplomatic, so wishy-washy if you please, that nobody pays any

attention to them. No nation is so weak that it pays attention to our utterances. France was not a weak power; she was one of the great nations of the world; she paid no attention to our statement. Great Britain did not altogether approve of so much land being taken from Liberia upon the east; she spoke against it and this made more impression than our utterance and the French moderated their claims, but became more forcible in their demands regarding what they still claimed. In 1887 we saw fit to speak again and said that our relations with the Republic had not changed and that we still felt justified in employing our good offices on her behalf. At this time the little black republic made the following appeal: "We appeal to all the civilized nations of the world. Consider, we pray you, the situation. Having been carried away into slavery, and, by the blessing of God, returned from exile to our fatherland, are we now to be robbed of our rightful inheritance? Is there not to be a foot of land in Africa, that the African, whether civilized or savage, can call his own? It has been asserted that the race is not capable of self-government and the eyes of many are watching the progress of Liberia with a view to determining that question. We only ask, in all fairness, to be allowed just what any other people would require—free scope for operation. Do not wrest our territory from us and hamper us in our operations, and then stigmatize the race with incapacity, because we do not work miracles. Give us a fair chance, and then if we utterly fail, we shall yield the point. We pray you, the civilized and Christian nations of the world, to use your influence in our behalf. We have no power to prevent this aggression on the part of the French government; but we know that we have right on our side, and are willing to have our claims to the territory in question examined. We do not consent to France's taking that portion of our territory lying between the Cavalla and San Pedro rivers; nor do we recognize its claim to points on our Grain Coast which, as shown above, our government has been in possession of so long. We protest, too, against that government's marking off narrow limits of interior land for us. We claim the right to extend as far interiorward as our necessities require. We are not foreigners; we are Africans and this is Africa. Such being the case, we have certain natural rights—God given rights—to this territory which no foreigners can have. We should have room enough, not only for our present population, but also to afford a home for our brethren in exile who may wish to return to their fatherland and help us to build up a negro nationality. We implore you, the civilized and Christian nations of the world, to use your influence to have these, our reasonable requirements secured to us." It was published broadcast over the world. It was an appeal to all the civilized nations of the world. But to what use? In 1892 thousands of square miles were seized by actual force and the United States had not been asked to exercise its good offices in behalf of its old colonial possession related to us by so many ties.

I could go on through the years. There is no end to the story. Since 1892 the series of injustices have continued right along. Today it seems to be a settled policy between France and Great Britain, "first I, then you; then I, then you." Today Great Britain takes a slice; tomorrow, France; the next day, Great Britain, and the next day, France; there is usually no shadow of justice in the claim; nothing but force and the demands of trade. In 1907 there was trouble with both the neighbors, on the west and on the east. Great Britain and France were demanding territory. The President of the Republic went to Europe in order to try to adjust the matter; things were discussed in London and in Paris and finally, in London, they said we will agree to nothing in the way of settlement of our question with you until you have settled with France. They wanted to see just what sized slice they must demand in order to maintain the balance; that was the point. And so the Liberian commission went to France to settle their quarrel with the French; when they reached there, the demand made was so humiliating that they could not stand it and as a last hope turned to the United States again. The commissioners consulted the American ambassador at Paris. They asked that the United States should assist Liberia and prevent her being robbed of so large a portion of her territory and should influence in bringing the French government to submit the whole matter in dispute to arbitration. Reasonable request; that they should submit the matter to arbitration! Ambassador White replied that he doubted whether the United States would aid Liberia in her crisis. He advised President Barclay to accept the treaty as offered, urging that if he failed to do so the French would make further encroachment and the Republic would meet with great loss. Isn't that a good excuse? Let them have it because if you don't, why, they will take more. And another chance lost to stand for principle.

A few years passed and again the crowding. In 1907, fearing that the two neighbors had decided to actually divide the Republic between them, Liberia again made an appeal to Washington. A commission of three from Liberia was sent to our capital city. They arrived during the last days of President Roosevelt's administration. They were well received. They were competent men. All who came into contact with them were impressed by their intelligence, their honesty, and the justness of their demands. Mr. Roosevelt himself was interested and insisted upon a return commission being appointed to go to Liberia and see what really was there and what might be done. In 1909 our commission went across the sea. They examined the whole Liberian situation. They presented, on their return in 1910, an official statement under the title of "Affairs in Liberia"; it was a really complete report, carefully made, well considered, full of interesting facts, presenting a story that should have caused the American nation to rise in outraged anger, demanding right and justice for those people. The commission in its report made six recommendations. The first one was that the United States government ought to take up the matter of boundary quarrels and aid Liberia in settling them; the second one was that we should assist Liberia in getting out of the rather serious financial situation in which it was at the moment. The other recommendations are not for the moment important to us. Liberia has had two loans from Great Britain and both of them have been outrageous. She was, in 1909, almost a bankrupt nation. She could hardly keep up the interest of her loans. It was suggested that we should aid her in getting out of her financial difficulties.

The report really did do some good to Liberia. Our government, since 1910, has really done something for the Republic. What did we do about the matter of boundaries? Absolutely nothing. We stated that we were sorry these injustices had been done; but we advised that they be let go. On that occasion I illustrated our position by a figure. In answer to Liberia's appeal for justice, we said: "Little brother, they have taken your shoes and your hat; we are sorry for you; but be thankful that they have left your jacket and your trousers. Don't try to get back your shoes and hat because if you do, they might get torn in the struggle." Do you see? That was our answer. That was how we helped Liberia settle her disputes. It is past; it is too bad; it is unjust, but don't say anything; put up with it. What vigorous help we gave our offspring. And what more will we do, when the big neighbors lay their hands upon the trousers and jacket?

As regards the second recommendation we did something. The debts of Liberia amounted to something near one million and a half of dollars; the urgent creditor was England. What was wanted was that these old obligations should be met and new arrangements made for handling Liberia's finances. The United States raised a million and a half of dollars for Liberia at New York banks; bonds were issued and we made an arrangement for securing the loan. It was a rather weak arrangement. Remember the amount. It was not large. The affair was really a little family matter. There were Liberia and our government, and the New York bankers; it was easy to secure the loan because there was plenty of money going through the Liberian customs houses at that moment; the banks of New York could have taken over the matter without any trouble at all. There was no reason for consulting other nations. It was in no sense an international affair. But we arranged for an international commission. Four receivers were appointed. The chief receiver was American, but a French, German and an English receiver was also appointed, and the customs business of Liberia has to be done by four men instead of one and the Liberian government is paying four receivers handsome salaries; she is now running the chance of getting into difficulty at any time with four different nations instead of dealing with one over a paltry million and a half of dollars; yet the million and a half of dollars was actually supplied by New York banks.

Why give Germans and French and English a chance to meddle in Liberian affairs? The matter only concerned the United States and Liberia. The true reason for the arrangement was that in those days we loved to figure in international politics as a world power. Meantime receivers from three foreign nations sit in Liberian customs houses and draw salaries three times as large as they could have drawn if they remained at home. Liberia was paying the bills and she is paying them yet.

Now we come down to the present hour. At this moment is there anything we should be doing? Are there problems and questions in Liberia today? Are there such things now in that Republic, as Liberia has faced before? Yes, there are three dreadful daners facing the black republic. There is first the old, old, old question of difficulty with its neighbors and they have struck upon a brand new idea, which will, if carried through, enable them to divide what is left of the black republic. It is connected with the war now raging. Notice that the principal reason of the present great world war is simply the sacredness of British trade. Sacredness of British trade is the one thing that has thrown millions into arms today. All has to yield to it. When Liberia gets in its way, Liberia has to go; when China threatens British trade in opium, China has to go; when it is a Burmese king who wants to hold the powers of the nation handed down to him by ancestors, he has to go, if he stands in the way of British trade; sacredness of British trade cost Spain her greatness; it cost Holland her greatness; and France, and the United States. Well the great war now threatens the Liberian republic. In the paper the other morning, we read that the allies claim that Liberia has infringed neutrality. Think of that. Liberia has infringed neutrality! How? Why, there is a German cable, that runs from Monrovia across to South America, and the allies say that that cable has been used to the advantage of Germany in the present war, and Liberia must be dealt with, and seriously. Do you know that there is also a wireless station at Monrovia? It belongs to France. The German cable connects with South America and how it is going to connect with anything else under the present conditions is inconceivable; but the wireless station, up there on the hill at Monrovia, is in direct connection with a chain of wireless stations that covers the whole of the vast French Empire in Africa. Whether messages sent by German cable can be used is doubtful, but it is absolutely certain that messages can be sent today anywhere by that French wireless. It may be true that Liberia is unable to prevent misuse of the cable or the wireless; but the outcry by the allies is a mere excuse for putting through the final division of the country. The great chance for the allies to deal harshly with the black republic and to rend jacket and trousers, leaving half of each in the hands of France and England, has come.

In the next place, they are starving today in Liberia, starving. When I say starving I mean that they lack food to eat. Doesn't that seem an impossible situation? How is it conceivable that Liberia in Africa, in the tropics, should be starving for food? In Liberia they never have done as their friends would like, in reference to agriculture. They do not work the soil. From the first settlement down to the present time, every friend that they have ever had has said: "Why don't you work your fields? Why don't you develop agriculture?" Well, they have not done it. They do not raise rice, yet their country is well adapted to rice. They import fish from Norway and Sweden, yet there are fish in Liberian waters. They have not made their own sugar and yet the climate is suited to the cane. Everything comes from the outside world, because they have always lived on and by trade. I have found fault with them for not developing their agriculture, but who can blame them? If they do not care to work the fields, labor which, in their minds, has been the mark of slavery and bondage, they will not do it; that is all. It has been easy to gain wealth by trade; why labor then? So today they are starving because they have not worked their fields. Within the last day or so, there was an appeal in the newspapers direct from Liberia, saying: Send us ships of food for we are

starving, and we will send you in return the trade stuffs that have made so many fortunes.

Lastly, Liberia today is facing serious financial difficulties. Everything was going splendidly until the war. Obligations of the government were met and there was surplus. Then came the war, and ships stopped and the customs houses might as well be closed. The government has now no income. Since early in the Fall officials have been on half pay and during these last few months on *no* pay, and the bankers in New York receive no interest. If ever there was need of a moratorium, now is the time and Liberia the place for it. I am told that we have taken the delay in meeting interest seriously and that we think that something should be done to make Liberia pay. In letters I have recently received, I am told that we asked London whether she would object if we were strenuous in dealing with the Republic. Curious is it not that we ask England? It is reported that she replied: "Go ahead, but use no sentiment." The reply sounds plausible. The secret of national success as proved by England is to use no sentiment.

Here then, is Liberia's three-fold crisis. There is danger of the black man's republic being wiped off of the map under the pretense of infringement of neutrality. A nation starving for food begs for supplies, for which she offers rich repayment. A struggling Republic is unable to meet its debts, though amply able, when the war is ended, to resume its normal condition. In this crisis, they ask us for our help and sympathy. Shall we help? Or will we, as so often in the past, fail Liberia, our daughter nation, our one colony, in her hour of need?

A School-Teacher's Victory

On a transatlantic liner, during a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, there was a dapper little fellow from London whose unlimited conceit made him anything but popular with his fellow passengers. He was so ready of wit that he usually had the best of it in repartee. Each time, of course, he became more conceited than before. It was a bright Brooklyn school teacher who finally wrought his downfall.

One day, in a sheltered spot on the deck, some of the passengers were passing the time in playing a game of quotations. As they sat in a semicircle, each in turn gave a quotation—the first quotation beginning with "A," the second with "B," and so on. The special point was to give a quotation suggested in some way by the preceding one or by the person who had given it. Chance brought the Brooklyn school teacher seventh in line, next to the young man from London. When the young man's turn came, he looked around with a superior smile and quoted:

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

There was an instant's hesitation; then the clear, level tones of the young teacher were heard:

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

The roar of laughter that followed broke up the game. For the rest of the voyage the dapper young man thought more and talked less.

Youth's Companion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VIII.
II. Corinthians

For God loveth a cheerful giver. ix:7.

Our lesson is Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians as we have it in our New Testament, written perhaps six or eight months later than the first letter, possibly from some point in Macedonia.

We will follow the findings of Professor Bacon of Yale, who probably has said about the last word as to the make-up of these Epistles. He has worked out the probable tracing of the letters which on both sides of the correspondence clearly have been lost.

Last week we left Paul in Ephesus. From there he went to Cesarea and on to Jerusalem, where he left the collection. He had started back on the third journey, again through northern Asia Minor, over the hills and far away; came to Troas again and was sorely disappointed not to find Titus there, who evidently had been sent to see how the Christians were getting along at Ephesus and Corinth.

Instead of meeting Titus with brave words he met gossipers, who told of quarreling among themselves and that there had arisen bitter opposition to Paul. Here we have the sad and too familiar story of a pastor finding his own flock rejecting him, quarreling and misinterpreting, harking on the weaknesses and not the strength of the man; his mistakes and not his virtues. While under this strain he wrote a third letter which Bacon very ingeniously suspects he has discovered in the last three chapters of the so-called second letter. In reading it you will see how pertinent is the suggestion. Beginning with the fourteenth verse of the sixth chapter to the first verse of the seventh chapter is a disconnected chapter, which he suspects is a fragment of the very first letter he ever wrote, implied in the first letter as we now have it. It is a section which seems to be entirely foreign to the context, thrown in and difficult to account for.

Here again we must remember the time element. At least two hundred and fifty years elapsed from the time these letters were written to the time when they were codified and canonized into a "scripture," into a "Holy Bible," into the "Word of God." Before that they had been gathered together for pastoral and tract uses. Doubtless poor Paul had been dead several years before the writing of the historical material now the Book of Acts, perhaps twenty years elapsed without printing, without newspapers before the historian of Acts handled them. These manuscripts and the rich literature of the Apocrypha is simply the flotsam and jetsam of three hundred years.

In this lost first letter Paul warns the Corinthians against heathen influence. He says: "We are a temple of the Living God. That is what God meant when he said, quoting from Leviticus:

"I will dwell among them, and walk among them;
And I will be their God, and they shall be my people."
Therefore "Come out from among the nations,
And separate yourselves from them," says the Lord,
"And touch nothing impure;
And I will welcome you;
And I will be a father to you,
And you shall be my sons and daughters,"
Says the Lord, the Ruler of all.

With these promises, dear friends, let us purify ourselves from everything that pollutes, either body or spirit, and, in deepest reverence for God, aim at perfect holiness."

This is evidently a misplaced or rescued fragment of a lost letter.

What Professor Bacon calls the Third Letter is found in the last three chapters in the second letter to the Corinthians in our Bible. Here we have a most pathetic revelation of a man tired and sick and lonely, misrepresented and misinterpreted. Titus had not come and Paul stooped to justify himself. He struck back, for which he was probably sorry afterward. In the tenth chapter he asserts his authority, which they had impugned, and speaks in self-defense, taking refuge behind the editorial "we," to which he had a right, because there was always a little band of them, Sosthenes, Titus and Timothy. Paul was sensitive about a salary. He had told "God's Good News" without payment, accepting from other churches that he might serve them, for, he said, "our Brothers, on coming from Macedonia, supplied my needs." We find that he was quite willing to accept help from the church at Philippi because they gave in the right spirit, but he would not take help from the luxurious, ease loving Corinthians, who perhaps were talking about cutting down expenses. Further on he gives a terrible catalogue of his suffering: toil, imprisonment, floggings—often at death's door. "Five times I received at the hands of the Jews forty lashes all but one." Under a humane provision in the Jewish regulations no man should receive more than forty lashes—for a minor offence, perhaps—and in order not to overstep this limit the administrator stopped at the thirty-ninth lash.

Three times I was beaten with rods. Once I was stoned. Three times I was shipwrecked. I have spent a whole day and night in the deep. My journeys have been many. I have been through dangers of rivers, dangers from robbers, dangers from my own people, dangers from the Gentiles, dangers in towns, dangers in the country, dangers on the sea, dangers from false Brothers. I have been through toil and hardship; I have passed many a sleepless night; I have endured hunger and thirst; I have often been without food; I have known cold and nakedness. And, not to speak of other things, there is my daily burden of anxiety about all the churches.

The mystic character of Paul will require another lesson. He was given to visions. Of course the materialistic philosopher would say that he had disordered nerves and was subject to epilepsy. After speaking of such experiences he writes:

Most gladly, then, will I boast all the more of my weaknesses, so that the strength of the Christ may overshadow me. That is why I delight in weakness, ill-treatment, hardships, persecution and difficulties, when borne for Christ. For, when I am weak, then it is that I am strong!

There is no manuscript extant of this that is earlier than the fifth century. The Sinaitic manuscript dates somewhere in the fifth century and by that time the priests and cardinals had had their conventions, had voted on what was the word of God and what was not, and it had become the "Canon," the rule of faith and practice. Remove it from the instruments of criticism and appreciation that goes with such letters and you take away from it its life and enjoyment. Imagine the letters of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine telescoped with snatches of the Declaration of Independence, representing in two thousand years the inspired foundation of the American Republic and you have something of a parallel.

These were quoted and cited by the earlier Fathers, Clement and Justin Martyn and others, and when the priests began to organize the church they felt the need of some supplement to the Old Testament, as there came a time when there were more Gentiles than Jews in the new movement. When Paul had been dead long enough, his writings were accepted as the revelation of the Almighty.

Now read the first nine chapters of II Corinthians, or, perhaps Paul's fourth Epistle, and see how sweet and gentle, how grateful and tender and sympathetic is Paul. Titus had come back with a rather hopeful report. He says: "Things are not so bad as they were." One of Paul's enemies had turned to him and was working for him might and main. Paul writes with thanksgiving and encouragement: "It is true that we have our full share of the sufferings of Christ, but also our full share of consolation." "This treasure we have in earthly vessels, that its all-prevailing power may be seen to come from God. . . . Though pressed on every side we are never hemmed in; though perplexed, never driven to despair; though pursued, never abandoned; though struck down, never killed."

We see how at this time Judaism was beginning to spread among the thoughtful people of Rome and Greece. The work done in Alexandria had been spreading. Philo was beginning to be felt, and the reason so many women were openly interested in the God thought of Judaism was that they were not subject to the rules and regulations applicable to men and were more free in fraternizing with the Jews.

The four letters contained in I and II Corinthians as we have them in our Bible, according to Professor Bacon, may be tabulated as follows:

First Letter—II Cor. vi:14-vii:1.
Second Letter—I Cor. entire.
Third Letter—II Cor. x-xiii.
Fourth Letter—II Cor. i-ix.

---

(1) What is the subject Paul discusses in last three chapters?

(2) Give reasons for the confusion of writings of this period.

(3) Read chapter eleven for an account of Paul's sufferings.

(4) What is the tone of the greater part of this epistle?

THE DAY—THE WAY.

Not for one single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know—
Who gives the day
Will show the way
So I securely go.

—*John Oxenham.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MAN vs. THE MONEY

A two million dollar order for war shells turned down—this was the newspaper story. A Mr. Clarence H. Howard, president of the Commonwealth Steel Company of Granite City, Ill., so it was said, had refused such an order because he happened to have certain convictions concerning war. It was worth verifying. We wrote to Granite City and Mr. Howard's secretary sends us an interview between Mr. Howard and a reporter which we are authorized to regard as substantially correct. The order came indirectly. No pressure was brought to bear urging the manufacture of shells, but Mr. Howard makes the statement:

"All my life I have been working for the better protection of life. It would not be consistent to manufacture devices for the destruction of life. I do not believe in warfare, and I, for one, will not further warfare. I don't care what others are doing and I have not criticized others. They can do as they like, but I don't want any gain that comes from bullets."

"I'll put it another way," said Mr. Howard. "If every person in the world were to apply the Golden Rule, the war would stop in a minute. You are not living up to the Golden Rule when you kill people. This war is insane—a disgrace to humanity. We should live to do good in this world, and it is not doing good to shoot and kill."

All this strange lack of conformity to ordinary business methods, this unwillingness to share in any gain that comes from the violation of a deep conviction, finds its explanation, an explanation so simple that a child can understand it, in the fact that Mr. Howard's plant is known in the West as "The Golden Rule Plant." Known as such, and the honest effort is really made to have it true to its reputation. Of course a man believing in the Golden Rule couldn't make shells to blow his fellows to pieces in any such war as this. Among steel manufacturers one cannot help wondering why Mr. Howard's seems so singular a case. Has the clever idea never struck him that he might make millions out of armor plate, shells and other similar devices and then use the millions to advance the cause of peace?

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

Every man, citizen, officer, politician, journalist, forger of armor plate, who discusses international episodes in terms of war, is a menace to his country's welfare.

It is not the great navy as a navy which is likely to menace peace. It is a great navy conjured up by those who have something to gain by its operations. Let the navy be as strong as its naval experts can convince a commission of statesmen that it ought to be. We are not afraid of an efficient army which keeps its place. Only treat us fairly and speak to us in our interest as a people and in ours alone.

Why not establish a permanent non-partisan, non-military Council of Peace? We spend now some $290,000,000 a year on "preparedness for war," of course without getting it, though coming once or twice dangerously near it.

Let us in addition spend one per cent of this amount, on preparedness for peace. It is an experiment worth trying.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MARCH 25, 1915 Number 4

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Invocation for a Planting

Spirit of the seed
Bless the hand that sows,
And when you are freed
Rise a rose.

To another birth
Waken now and smile.
Grace our bit of earth
A brief while.

In your little life haply we may know
God's joy when He watched His first flower grow.
Child of changing forms, shall I pass like you
Into something strange, beautiful and new?

—*Pauline Florence Brower.*

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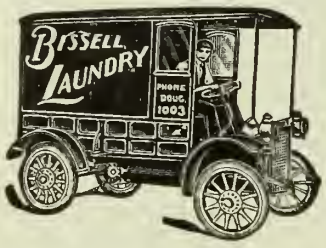

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1915. Number 4

THE EPITAPH.

Write on my grave when I am dead,
Whatever road I trod
That I admired and honored
The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
The greatest and the least,
Each day with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat
Which takes the lowest place
I gave him grace when I did eat
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed
That else must waste and die,
With sun and stars replenishèd
And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Brimmed that immortal cup;
And when I went by fields and trees
My heart was lifted up.

Lay me in the green grass and write
Upon the daisied sod
That still I praised with all my might
The wondrous works of God.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

It is very instructive and interesting to compare the Constructive Peace platforms as published in the *Survey* in March 6th, to find wherein they agree and wherein they differ. Four are from Europe, six from various Peace Parties in the United States, all stand for some form of disarmament. All but two, and those American, stand for the right of the inhabitants of the territory to decide by whom they shall be governed. No indemnities where indemnities are mentioned, and in all an appeal to democracy, the right of the people to decide the questions of war.

O. C. S.

Is the Ontario Board of Censors in Canada doing well to prohibit Moving War Pictures? They are justified in the fear that such revelations as the camera gives of actual battle scenes and hospital experience will tend to discourage enlistment, but would that be a very bad thing? The United States finds it a difficult matter to raise its army and navy, even at its present low maximum. The young men of the United States are not drawn to the idleness or at least to the non-productivity of the camp and the training ship. Life on pacific lines has too many attractions. Perhaps, after all, war will cease because individuals will become too intelligent to be fooled by the glamour of the parade, and the false glory of battlefields, and the treacherous, narrow inspirations of patriotism that nourishes a love of country banded by a hate of all rival countries.

What a touching revelation of human nature, a forcible demonstration that life and art strike deeper than the prejudices of patriotism, and the supposed hatreds of the battlefield, is indicated in this item of news by a foreign correspondent of a London paper. He tells of how a Welsh soldier with a vibrant voice and a soul back of it brought about a temporary truce during the fighting near Dixmude in this way:

It was a miserable night. A heavy rain had filled the trenches knee-deep with half-frozen mud. There was no sound except the "plop" of a German bullet against the earth of the parapet and the crack of a British rifle in return.

We were unprepared for any break in the dull misery of our routine when out of the darkness came a voice. It was a merry Welsh ballad called "Hob y deri dando," sung in as fine a voice as one could hear on the stage. It was the cheeriest sound I ever heard. At the end a round of applause came down the trenches. But, imagine our surprise, to hear clapping and calls for more, in good English, from the German trenches. Thereupon the gallant Welshman gave us "Mintra Gwen."

Meantime we realized that not a shot had been fired by either side during the song. We had forgotten all about war. So a bargain was struck with the Germans that if the Welshman would give us another song, neither side would fire any more until daylight.

The third song was "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." It was perhaps the first time the Welsh national anthem was ever heard on this dismal Flemish morass.

The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in the Chinese Cabinet has written a new national anthem for Republican China. The music to which it is set is said to have an "Oriental flavor." It is much to be hoped that it may gain popularity, and that it may become indeed a "national hymn." The following free translation is of more than literary value. It reveals the perennial element in the teaching of Confucius and Mencius. It reflects a poltical economy that does not stop with the raising of bread and bartering of goods. Where is the poet who will put in fitting rhythm the heart of this hymn set to international music, that will challenge the enthusiasm of an international intimacy with "Republican China."

Her majestic mountains and superb landscapes
Witness the greatness of China.
Chosen home of the oldest civilization.
The Emperors have effaced themselves and restored the throne to the people.
To the people belongs the supreme power.
Long have Confucius and Mencius taught this;
In the time of Yao and of Shun was it proclaimed.

The people comprise the five races, and the five races are indissoluble.
Thus united, China is invincible.
We must develop the wealth of the land, foster agriculture and industry.
Redress wrongs and make our people happy.
Education and civilization are the great works of the day.
We must all be equal in fact as well as in name.
For did not Confucius and Mencius teach absolute social equality?

There has recently been much discussion of the very serious problem of the unemployed. All sorts of remedies have been proposed. It has been very earnestly contended by some that the problem would disappear if the policy of "single tax" were everywhere adopted. Others as earnestly claim that "socialism" would remove the difficulty. There are some who argue that what we need are more "trade schools." Some help might be found in all these directions. But the advocates of all such remedies make two mistakes: They discuss the social problem without due regard to the inevitable limitation of human nature. They assume that man is essentially perfect and that the world's evils are all due to vicious organization: Change the methods and all would be heavenly,—obviously an error. Again, all these advocates deal in generalities. They never show how their remedies would surely abolish specific evils. For example: Last year in the city of of Boston there were 60,000 arrests for drunkenness! This gigantic Drink-Curse means vast industrial, domestic and human inefficiency. There will necessarily be much unemployment as long as there is so much drinking. Unfortunately nearly all our social reformers ignore this greatest element in the problem which they discuss. Any scheme of social regeneration which ignores drink and leaves the saloon undestroyed is doomed to failure.

J. H. C.

A friend reports our most notorious evangelist as recently saying, with eyes flaming and voice vibrant with anger: "I wish that I were Almighty God for a time that I might give deniers of Jesus' deity a dose of hell-fire!" The pity of it! Not simply that such things are said, but that they are endured and approved by intelligent Christians. It is hard to understand how a disciple of Jesus can use such language. Has he never read the Master's rebuke: Call me not good, for God only is good? Has he never read the last prayer of Jesus: Father, forgive them for they know not what they do? Has he never read Paul's test of a Christian: If ye have not the spirit of Christ ye are not him? It is a sad fact that the bitterest controversies of Christians have raged about the dogma of Jesus' deity. Those who have shed the blood of heretics have been those who have claimed him to be God. There is no blood on the hands of those who have loved him as human. What a terrible misrepresentation of the Gospel of Jesus, who never asked anyone to prove his love by hating those who believe differently about him. The spirit of the revivalist is the spirit of the Inquisition: the spirit that has made Belgium an ash-heap spattered with innocent blood. He may count his "converts" by the thousand, but to what has he converted them? Such pitiful blasphemy sets back the cause of brotherhood in religion more than a generation.

J. H. C.

Helping the "Fatherland"

For the German people as a body, a great many Americans have a very keen sympathy. It is felt that they have been most wofully deceived and most unwisely led. Other nations have been misrepresented. They have been taught to hate where there was no occasion for hatred. They have been made to feel that their national existence was in danger when such was not the case. They have been led to believe that their own welfare demanded the overthrow of their neighbors. All this has been profoundly vicious and the whole world is now plunged in most terrible destruction and suffering because of their mistake.

The grave question now before us is: What can be done to make the common people of the Fatherland see themselves as others see them; to look at their own situation from a new and higher viewpoint; to realize how the world regards them and some of their ideals and policies? This is a difficult but most important task. And it is just here that sensible and high-minded German-Americans might do their kinsmen in Europe immense service. A few voices are already heard among us that point the way in this direction. Conspicuous among them Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who has recently been eloquently pleading for a return to the older and nobler Germany; to the Germany that did represent the real piety, true culture, and broad humanity. It would be well for all of us, and especially for Germans in the homeland, if many more German-Americans would speak out with similar wisdom and emphasis. The most patriotic thing that our German neighbors here could do, would be to try to call their friends across the sea back to their best selves by personal correspondence and press articles, by private and public speech.

Another thing would help in the same direction: Let German-Americans band together and do something large and practial in relieving the terrible distress in Belgium. The country is in ruins and millions suffer. If we leave out all reference to neutrality and atrocity, it nevertheless stands true that the havoc and woe are due to the German invasion. The universal condemnation of the world is evident. The best service that Germans in our midst can ren-

der the Fatherland is to show in the most substantial ways possible, by all manner of gifts,—money, food, and clothing,—magnanimity and humanity to those perishing foes. What splendid proof of applied Christianity that would be? How such generous actions on the part of German-Americans for the Belgians would prove that their "culture" is more than skin deep and goes into the very heart? Every such contribution to mitigate the misery of Belgium would win the applause of the world and such things would do more to make the name "German" glorious than a dozen land or naval victories!

In view of these facts, it is a great pity that German papers in the Fatherland should passionately exhort the German-Americans among us to follow an exactly opposite course; that is, to organize (enlisting the Irish to help them!) a political propaganda here in order to compel our politicians to comply with the behests of Berlin. But nothing could be more unfortunate for Germany. This threat of coercion, this proposal that our German neighbors use their ballots to club our political leaders into obeying the Kaiser,—this would kindle deep resentment among us. America would make short work of such a movement. The mere suggestion shows how our friends across the sea have lost their heads. It reveals a most unfortunate misconception of the real world situation. This alone proves how much Germans need to be liberated from vicious and injurious delusions; one might almost say, an insane state of mind. It would be a very great thing for the nations if German-Americans would render this immense service to the Fatherland.

J. H. C.

Editorial Wanderings
III.

The "Editorial Wanderings" reported in the last issue of UNITY ended at Los Angeles. A night ride in the upper chamber of a Pullman hostelry (for traffic is heavy) brought me to Berkeley and presently to the hospitable companionship of my old friend and whilom fellow traveler, the incomparable Frederick L. Hosmer. As pastor emeritus of the Church of Berkeley it was his business to shepherd his younger colleague, for his seniority of three years gave to him patriarchal authority, which he promptly exercised. It was Saturday morning and there was a long, radiant day, with the near beauty of the blooming campus of the State University, the far beauty of the Golden Gate, and the night radiance on the horizon that bespoke the glory of the unvisited Panama Exposition.

Sunday morning, February 14th, it was my privilege to preach to a "full house," some of whom remembered the visit of seven years ago, and as usual there were those present who harked back to the older acquaintance in Chicago, and the earlier pastorate in Janesville, Wis. Sunday evening it was my pleasure to meet the faculty of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry in the home of the daughters of my dear friend R. L. Herbert, of blessed memory to the earlier readers of UNITY. Miss Edith, who was for several years the efficient librarian of the Cambridge Divinity School, at Harvard, is now Mrs. Long, her husband is a member of the faculty at Berkeley, and homing with her is her sister Susan, remembered and beloved so among her father's old parishioners of Geneva, Illinois, and Denver, Colorado.

Monday morning there was an informal talk to the students and teachers of the Pacific School for the Ministry, which now claims an enrollment of twelve students, Dean Wilbur and Professor Morgan being resident teachers. The school is so co-ordinated with the adjoining schools for the ministry, and the University of California, that the students have profited by the larger corps of teachers in these institutions.

It is proven that schools representing this one department of education are not hopefully on the increase. Even the popular "orthodox denominations" are compelled to be satisfied with barely holding their own in their training schools for ministers. In view of this fact, twelve students enrolled, seven graduates in the field and at work, approved plans for a new building, and in addition to the faculty, speaks well for the diligence of Dean Wilbur, and the energy and hopefulness of the Pacific constituency of the Unitarian cause.

Monday night the editor delivered a piece of his Peace message to a goodly audience of students and professors in California Hall of the University of California. Next day he was off for the Leland Stanford University, and found the Chancellor, David Starr Jordan, busy with the final touches on a book, one more and, of course, the best on that account, in the series of publications issued by the American Unitarian Association. When this volume, entitled "War and Greed," sees the light of day, there will be available to the student of the greatest question of the present time the latest word in the most condensed form concerning the horrible atrocities now being perpetrated against civilization in Europe, and the half-hearted concessions to the God of War, made by many men and women, too, of this Republic.

War is the child of Aristocracy. The ill-favored bastard of Monarchy. Its foe is Democracy, and the hope of all Peace workers lies in the root principles of Democracy, and the application of international problems.

There was an afternoon ride in the Chancellor's

new auto with an old friend of my ancient campaign days way back in the 70's from Lawrence, Kansas, and the wife of UNITY's friend, everybody's friend, Professor Carruth. The professor could not go riding because he must meet his classes in poetry, the class that is not studying the poets, but emulating them, mastering the art of verse making. It is the theory of Professor Carruth that while there are few poets, everybody can learn to master the trick of writing verse, and in this mastery acquire the highest appreciation of the works of the masters.

Of course it was like "carrying coals to Newcastle" for me to speak on peace at the Leland Stanford University, where the highest academic ability is centered upon this problem. Where already within a week Madame Pethic-Lawrence and Gustav Schwan had been heard, yet under the auspices of the "Cosmopolitan Club," an organization which has for its motto, "Above the Nations is Humanity," a goodly audience was gathered. Dr. Jordan presided, while the Editor of UNITY gave not his lecture on Peace, but sample bricks from the same.

Wednesday morning he enjoyed again the delightful ride from Palo Alto to Berkeley, with the blooming orchards, the poppy decorated fields, the balmy air, its hint of Exposition beauty just out of sight, and the ride on the bay, all of which was a delightful prelude to the one o'clock talk with the pupils and teachers of the Alameda High School. The welcome was warm on the part of some who remembered the visit of seven years ago, mothers whose memories and enthusiasm were intertwined with the friends and workers at the Lincoln Centre, and further back. Six or seven hundred students crowded the too meager hall, perhaps a hundred pupils stood, and the thirty-five minute talk asked for ended in an hour or more of joyful exchange of thought which ripened into enthusiasm and love.

And now it is Friday morning, with the Oakland High School expecting me at one p. m., where I am to be directed by the efficient secretary of the California Peace Society and agent to the American Peace Association, Robert C. Root.

The sun is still shining, and between lectures the editor is resting, snatching the opportunity now and then to bring up his correspondence, renew old acquaintances, measure time by heart beats, forget the gray hairs, and look toward Chicago. But I must not anticipate prospective wanderings. With greetings to the loved readers of UNITY. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Berkeley, March 18, 1915.

Toward the Peace That Shall Last

Society has probably never before been self-conscious enough to note carefully the subtle reactions of war, inevitably disastrous to the humane instincts which have been asserting themselves in the social order.

Whatever the outcome of the conflict, the people of the New World are concerned that certain things in the civilization of Europe and in each of the warring countries, shall not perish.

Though the United States must, as a non-combatant nation, maintain a neutral attitude, so much is at stake in both war and reconstruction, that on the day when, as President Wilson has said, the nations of Europe come together for settlement, Americans should, as freemen and democrats and peace lovers, express themselves in some affirmative way.

This statement of principles is the outgrowth of meetings through which some of those who deal with the social fabric sought in humbleness and quiet to clarify their minds and make ready to act in concert.

FOREWORD.

Soon after the outbreak of the war, a number of men and women met at the Henry Street Settlement in New York, to consider its effects not only in the belligerent countries but in the neutral countries as well.

At a second conference in midwinter, there was abundant confirmation of the forecasts made six months before, of retardation to those movements for the progress of mankind which had been gaining impetus in all lands. All over the world are appearing the proper and expected signs of a throwback.

It was felt to be a duty to break silence and voice convictions. The following, as individuals, found common footing in this declaration.

Jane Addams, Head Resident, Hull House, Chicago.

Emily G. Balch, Professor of Political and Social Science, Wellesley.

Edward T. Devine, Director New York School of Philanthropy, New York.

John Palmer Gavit, Managing Editor *Evening Post,* New York.

John Haynes Holmes, Pastor Church of the Messiah, New York.

Hamilton Holt, Editor *The Independent,* New York.

Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, New York.

William I. Hull, Professor of History, Swarthmore.

Florence Kelley, Secretary National Consumers' League, New York.

Paul U. Kellogg, Editor *The Survey,* New York.

William Kent, Member of Congress from California.

Samuel McCune Lindsay, Professor of Social Legislation, Columbia University.

Julian W. Mack, Judge United States Circuit Court, Chicago.

George W. Nasmyth, Director World Peace Foundation, Boston.

Graham Taylor, Director Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, Chicago.

Lillian D. Wald, Head Resident Henry Street (The Nurses) Settlement, New York.

Mornay Williams, Chairman New York Child Labor Commission, New York.

Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi Free Synagogue, New York.

The initiative of the meetings, and the purpose in the minds of those who called them, was expressed in a letter of invitation, from which the paragraphs on the cover of this pamphlet are taken. It was issued in the names of Jane Addams, Lillian D. Wald and Paul U. Kellogg.

An informal committee has been organized with Miss Wald as chairman.

At every stage of warfare in the past, men and women in all nations have endeavored to abate and lessen it. Their repeated endeavors have been answered by repeated wars, until the present war in Europe completes the works of death, desolation and tyranny.

In spite of this, these protests against war are destined to succeed; as once before in the history of the race, the sentiment of pity, of respect for human life, called a halt to senseless slaughter.

There came a time in the history of the Greek and Jewish people when a few set their faces against *human sacrifice as a religious rite* of their highest faith,—bound up, like our wars, with old fealties and solemn customs and with their most desperate fears. Humble men and women, out of sheer affection for their kind, revolted. In face of persecution and ridicule, they warned their countrymen that in pouring human blood upon altars to the gods, they wrought upon their kind more irreparable wrong than any evil against which they sought to forefend. Finally, there came to be enough people with courage and pity sufficient to carry a generation with them; and human sacrifice became a thing of the past.

It took the human race many centuries to rid itself of human sacrifice; during many centuries more it relapsed again and again in periods of national despair. So we have fallen back into warfare, and perhaps will fall back again and again, until in self-pity, in self-defense, in self-assertion of the right of life, not as hitherto, a few, but the *whole people of the world,* will brook this thing no longer.

OUR RIGHT TO PROTEST.

By that opportunity, now ours as never before, to weigh the case against war and to draw the counts from burning words spoken by those who protest and who are of all peoples—*we make single judgment and complete indictment.*

By that good fortune which has placed us outside the conflict; by that ill-fortune by which the belligerent and his rights have heretofore strode the world; by mine-strewn channels, and by international codes which offer scant redress—*we speak as people of a neutral nation.*

By the unemployed of our water fronts, and the augmented misery of our cities; by the financial depression which has curtailed our school building and crippled our works of good-will; by the sluicing of human impulse among us from channels of social development to the back-eddies of salvage and relief—*we have a right to speak.*

By the hot anger and civil strife that we have known; by our pride, vain-glory and covetousness; by the struggles we have made for national integrity and defence of our hearthstones; by our consciousness that every instinct and motive and ideal at work in this war, however lofty or however base, has had some counterpart in our national history and our current life—*we can speak a common language.*

By that comradeship among nations which has made for mutual understanding; by those inventions which have bound us in communication and put the horrors of war at our doors; by the mechanical contrivances which multiply and intensify those horrors; by the quickening human sympathies which have made us sensitive to the hurts of others—*we can speak as fellow victims of this great oppression.*

By our heritage from each embattled nation; by our debt to them for language and faiths and social institutions; for science, scholarship, and invention; by the broken and desolated hearts that will come to us when the war ends; by our kinships and our unfeigned friendships—*we can speak as brothers.*

By all these things, we hold the present opportunity for conscience-searching and constructive action to be an especial charge upon us; upon the newcomers among us from the fatherlands; and upon the joint youth of all the peoples of the two Americas.

WHAT WAR HAS DONE AND IS DOING—ITS BLIGHTS.

War has brought low our conception of the *preciousness of human life* as slavery brought low our conception of human liberty.

It has benumbed our growing sense of the *nurture of life;* and at a time when we were challenging Reichstag, Parliament and Congress with the needlessness of an infant mortality and child labor, it entrenches a million youths with cold and fever and impending death.

It has thwarted the chance of our times toward the *fulfilment of life,* and scattered like burst shrapnel the hands of the sculptors and the violinists, the limbs of the hurdlers and the swimmers, the sensitive muscles of the mechanics and the weavers, the throats of the singers and the interpreters, the eyes of the astronomers and the melters—every skilled and prescient part of the human body, every type of craft and competence of the human mind.

It has set back our promptings toward the *conservation of life;* and in a decade when England and France and Russia, Germany and Austria and Belgium, have been working out social insurance against the hazards of peace, it throws back upon the world an unnumbered company of the widowed and the fatherless, and of aged parents left bereft and destitute.

It has blocked our way toward *the ascent of life,* and in a century which has seen the beginnings of effort to upbuild the common stock, has cut off from parenthood the strong, the courageous and the high-spirited.

ITS INJURIES.

It has in its development of armaments, pitted human flesh against machinery.

It has wrested the power of self-defense from the hands of freemen who wielded lance and sword and scythe, and has set them as machine-tenders to do the bidding of their masters.

It has brought strange men to the door-sills of peaceful people; men like their own men, bearing no grudges one against another; men snatched away from their fields and villages where their fathers lie

buried, to kill and burn and destroy till this other people are driven from their homes of a thousand years or sit abject and broken.

It has stripped farms and ruined self-sustaining communities, and poured into a bewildered march for succor, the crippled and aged and bedridden; the little children and the women great with child unborn.

It has set vast areas at the task of rehabilitating economic gains won through centuries of struggle and sacrifice; and not until then will they be free to think not merely of living, but of better life.

It has razed the flowing lines in which the art and aspiration of earlier generations expressed themselves, and has thus waged war upon the dead.

It has tortured and twisted the whole social fabric of the living.

It has burdened our children and our children's children with a staggering load of debt.

It has inundated the lowlands of the world's economy with penury and suffering unreckonable, hopelessly depressing standards of living already much too low.

It has rent and trampled upon the network of world co-operation in trade and craftsmanship which had made all men fellow-workers.

It has whetted a lust among neutral nations to profit by furnishing the means to prolong its struggles.

It has blasted our new internationalism in the protection of working women and children.

It has distracted our minds with the business of destruction and stayed the forward reach of the builders among men.

It has conscripted physician and surgeon, summoning them from research and the prolongation of life to the patchwork of its wreckage.

It has sucked into its blood and mire our most recent conquests over the elements—over electricity and air and the depths of ocean, and has prostituted our prowess in engineering, chemistry and technology to the service of terror and injury.

It has bent our achievements in transportation into runways, so that neither volcanoes nor earthquakes, nor the rat-holes of famine, but only the plagues can match the war in unbounded disaster.

ITS WRONGS.

It has in its compulsory service made patriotism a shell, empty of liberty.

It has set up the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

It has substituted arbitrary authority and the morals of foot-loose men who escape identity in the common uniform, for the play of individual conscience, and that social pressure which in household and village, in neighborhood and state, makes for individual responsibility, for decency and fair play.

It has battened on apathy, unintelligence and helplessness such as surrender the judgment and volition of nations into a few hands; and has nullified rights and securities, such as are of inestimable value to the people and formidable to tyrants only.

It has threatened the results of a hundred martyrdoms and revolutions and put in jeopardy those free governments which make possible still newer social conquests.

It has crushed under iron heels the uprisings of civilization itself.

ITS EVILS.

It has turned the towers of art and science into new Babels, so that our philosophers and men of letters, our physicists and geographers, our economists and biologists and dramatists, speak in strange tongues, and to hate each other has become a holy thing among them.

It has made were-wolves of neighboring peoples, in the imaginations of each other.

It has set faithful against faithful, priest against priest, prayers against prayers for that success of one army which means slaughter of both.

It has put its stamp upon growing boys and girls and taught them to hate other children who have chanced to be born on the other side of some man-made boundary.

It has massed and exploded the causes of strife, fostering religious antagonisms and racial hates, inbreeding with the ugliest strains of commercialism, perverting to its purposes the increase of over-dense populations and their natural yearning for new opportunities for enterprise and livelihood.

It has not only shattered men's breasts, but loosened the black fury of their hearts; so that in rape, and cruelty, and rage, we have ancient brutishness trailing at the heels of all armies.

It has found a world of friends and neighbors, and substituted a world of outlanders and aliens and enemies.

It has burned itself into men's souls as an evil fact of life, to be accepted along with every other good and evil; instead of what it is,—a survival of barbarism which can and should be ended.

It has violated the finer sensibilities of the race and weakened our claim upon them for the betterment of the conditions under which people live.

It has given the lie to the teachings of missionaries and educators, and will stay civilization in the uttermost parts of the earth.

It has lessened the number of those who feel the joys and sorrows of all people as their own.

It has strangled truth and paralyzed the power and wish to face it, and has set up monstrous and irreconcilable myths of self-justification.

It has mutilated the human spirit.

It has become a thing which passeth all understanding.

STRIKING HANDS.

We have heard the call from overseas of those who have appealed to men and women of good-will in all nations to join with them in throwing off this tyranny upon life.

We must go further; we must throw open a peace which shall be other than a shadow of old wars and a prelude to new. We do more than plead with men to stay their hands from killing. We hail living men. As peace lovers we are charged with the sanctity of human life; as democrats and freemen we are charged with its sovereignty.

By the eight million natives of the warring states living among us without malice or assault one upon another, let us leave the occasions of fighting no longer for idle war boards to decide.

By the blow our forbears struck at barbarism when they took vengeance out of private hands, let us wrest the manufacture of armaments and deadly weapons

from the gun-mongers and powder-makers who gain by it.

By those electric currents that have cut the ground from under the old service of diplomacy, and spread the new intelligence, let us put the ban upon intrigue and secret treaties.

For we hold that not soldiers, nor profit-takers, nor diplomats, but the people who suffer and bear the brunt of war, should determine whether war must be; that with ample time for investigation and publicity of every cause and meaning, with recourse to every avenue for mediation and settlement abroad, war should come only by the slow process of self-willing among men and women who solemnly publish and declare it to be a last and sole resort.

With our treatied borderland, 3,000 miles in length without fort or trench from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which has helped weld us for a century of unbroken peace with our neighbors to the north, we would spread faith not in entrenched camps but in open boundaries.

With the pacts of our written constitution before us which bind our own sovereign states in amity, we are convinced that treaty making may be lifted to a new and inviolable estate, and lay the foundations for that world organization which for all time shall make for peace upon earth and good-will among men.

With our experience in lesser conflicts in industrial life, which have none the less embraced groups as large as armies, have torn passions, and rasped endurance to the uttermost, we can bear testimony that at the end of such strife as cleave to the heart of things, men are disposed to lay the framework of their relations in larger molds than those which broke beneath them.

With our ninety million people drawn from Alpine and Mediterranean, Danubean, Baltic and Slavic stocks; with a culture blended from these different affluents, we hold that progress lies in the predominance of none; and that the civilization of each nation needs to be refreshed by that cross-breeding with the genius and the type of other human groups; that blending which began on the coast lands and islands of the Aegean Sea where European civilization first drew its sources from the Euphrates and the Nile.

With memories of the typranny which provoked our revolution, with the travail still upon us by which we in our turn have paid for the enslavement of a people, with the bitterness only now assuaged which marked our period of mistrust and reconstruction, we bear witness that boundaries should be set where not force, but justice and consanguinity direct; and that, however boundaries fail, liberty and the flowering-out of native cultures should be secure.

With our fair challenge to the spirit of the East and to the chivalry of the West in standing for the open door in China when that empire, now turned republic, was threatened by dismemberment, we call for the freeing of the ports of every ocean from special privilege based on territorial claims, throwing them open with equal chance to all who by their ability and energy can serve new regions to their mutual benefit.

With the faith we have kept with Cuba, the regard we have shown for the integrity of Mexico and our preparations for the independence of the Philippine Islands, we urge the framing of a common colonial policy which shall put down the predatory exploitation that has embroiled the West and oppressed the East, and shall stand for an opportunity for each latent and backward race to build up according to its own genius.

By our full century of ruthless waste of forest, ore and fuel; by the vision which has come to us in these later days of conserving to the permanent uses of the people the water power and natural wealth of our public domain, we propose the laying down of a planetary policy of conservation.

By that tedium and monotony of life and labor for vast companies of people, which when war drums sound, goads the field worker to forsake his harvest and the wage-earner to leap from his bench, we hold that the ways of peace should be so cast as to make stirring appeal to the heroic qualities in men and give common utterance to the rhythm and beauty of national feeling.

By the joy of our people in the conquest of a continent; by the rousing of all Europe, when the great navigators threw open the new Indies and the New World, we stand for such a scheming-out of our joint existence that the achieving instincts among men, not as one nation against another, nor as one class against another, but as one generation after another, shall have freedom to come into their own.

THE WORLD GOES BY.

Sun-rise and moon-rise,
    And lure of earth and sky;
Sun-rise and moon-rise
    And echoes that reply;
With hours between to sigh in,
To laugh in and to cry in—
To dream in—and to die in
    And so the world goes by!

Sun-set and moon-set
    And bird and butterfly;
Sun-set and moon-set
    And shadows dim which lie;
And happy days and drear days,
And bitter days and dear days,
And cloudy days and clear days—
    And so the world goes by!

Sun-shine and star-shine
    And hopes unborn that cry:
Sun-shine and star shine,
    And dreams that will not die,
With flight of rook and swallow,
And songs we fain would follow
Loud-flung from hill and hollow—
    And so the world goes by!

Day-light and gray-light,
    And wonder in the sky;
Day-light and gray-light,
    And wings wherewith to fly;
And loss and death to grieve us
And frowning Fates to weave us
A shroud when breath shall leave us,—
    And so the world goes by!

Oak-leaf and ivy-leaf,
    And laurel leaf and all;
And hero wreath and angel wreath
    And something waxing small,
And base thoughts and holy thoughts
    And silence—after all!

Green-leaf and red-leaf,
    And rainbow-banded sky;
Spring home leaf and autumn leaf
    And flowers that droop and die;
And birthday and bridal days
    And none to tell us why!

—Springfield Republican. *—Arthur Goodenough.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Diary:

April 4, 1871. I leave Oswego for Washington; Dr. S. G. Howe and President White of Cornell having telegraphed me to come. April 5. We reach New York (Mrs. Walter's) the evening of that day. Next day we went to Washington. We left Washington the next Tuesday and reached Philadelphia (Chapman Biddle's) that evening. We left there the following Thursday for New York. We reached home 19th April.

THE SAN DOMINGO SCHEME.

The summons to Washington was in connection with President Grant's project of annexing Dominica to the United States. It will be remembered that the treaty providing for annexation which had been negotiated by the President's Secretary, Gen. Orville E. Babcock, had, through the determined opposition of Senator Sumner, been defeated in the Senate (June 30, 1870). The question of annexation involved a radical departure from all precedents connected with the territorial expansion of the United States, a fact which aroused a strong opposition. But over and above such ground of objection, the plan was malodorous by reason of allegations of a mixing-up with speculative and stock-jobbing interests. An element of decided bitterness was injected into the controversy on this account. Mr. Sumner, as head of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was the storm center. Feeling very strongly over the matter, he expressed his convictions with his accustomed emphasis. Over the appointment of a second committee to visit the Island, which the President had asked, one of the longest and most acrimonious debates in the history of the Senate had taken place on the 21st of the preceding December, the session lasting all night. In this debate Mr. Sumner had been characteristically outspoken, and in return had been sharply attacked by various supporters of the President's plan, notably Senator Conkling. The Resolution providing for the appointment of the commission went through, President Andrew D. White and Dr. Samuel G. Howe being members of it.

The commissioners had returned and reported; and the final struggle over the project was on. Mr. Smith was sent for to come to Washington, as a friend both of the President and Senator Sumner, and one who was deeply interested in the welfare of the Island.

Mr. Smith was, however, unalterably opposed to annexation. The ground of his objection to the plan was a purely humanitarian one. He held that the true policy of the United States should be that of the strong neighbor, who, without any ulterior designs, enacts the part of protector, adviser and helper of a weak party. The climate of the West India islands was particularly adapted to the negroes who composed so large a proportion of their inhabitants, and he desired to have the black race enjoy the opportunity of developing there without interference of others. The United States, he hoped, might assure protection to Hayti, and lend the people friendly aid. Beyond this, he would have our country keep hands off. Senator Sumner cherished some such desire in his own mind also. In the course of the long debate in the Senate, to which allusion has been made, Mr. Sumner made this statement:

> Senators know well, at least there are Senators who know that a darling idea of mine, entertained for years, has been a protectorate in the Gulf to be maintained by the great Republic. That idea was in my mind when the President was with me. I did not develop it, for a very good reason. I reserved to myself the consideration of the question whether on the papers that should be presented anything of that kind could be wrought out. This was my idea. But the moment I examined the papers, and especially when I became acquainted with the machinations of Baez and his confederates, the case was too clear. I saw that there was but one side to it, and from that moment I have had but one opinion. I saw clearly that the idea which I had at heart would not be established by the President's treaties, and then their real character was too apparent.

A Washington newspaper, referring to Gerrit Smith's presence at the Capital, says: "President Grant, who in the course of a long interview today, endeavored without success to impress his own views upon Gerrit Smith, will have another conference with him today on the same subject." The second conference resulted like the first. In spite of his confidence in the President's motives, which was never shaken, Mr. Smith held firm to his convictions. He appears to have used his good offices as a friend to both parties to the controversy, towards bringing about a resumption of cordial relations between them. But the breach between President and Senator was beyond healing. The same newspaper from which a quotation already has been made, states: "Mr. Smith also had talks with Sumner, Conkling and other radical leaders, counseling harmony and conciliation. It does not, however, appear that he has succeeded in his efforts to bring about a better state of feeling."

One of the most deplorable results of the San Domingo effort on the part of the President was the retirement of Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar from the Cabinet. As Attorney General he had opposed the measure so far as his influence went, taking practically the same view of it that was held by Senator Sumner. He was known as one of the very ablest jurists in the United States, and a man of unbending rectitude; but he was sacrified to please certain of the unprincipled supporters of the Administration.[1]

The Diary:

May 30, 1871. I attended the decoration of the soldiers' graves.

July 8. A. Bronson Alcott and William Lloyd Garrison arrive. July 10. They leave.

September 22. I went to Canastota and brought up Chief Justice Chase this p. m. This evening Mrs. Governor Sprague and her sister, Mrs. Hoyt, arrive. September 23. This Saturday evening Gov. Sprague and Mr. Hoyt arrive. Mr. Schenck came also last evening. Sunday I took Chief Justice Chase to the Methodist Church. September 25. I took to Cazenovia the Chief Justice and Mrs. Sprague and Gen. Cochran. We all dined at Gen. Ledyard's. Soon after we left them, Gov. Sprague and Mr. Hoyt left for their homes.

This visit from the Chief Justice, with his daughters and sons-in-law, makes appropriate the insertion of a letter, written more than nine years before, by Mr. Chase, at the time Secretary of the Treasury, which shows the affectionate regard in which Mr. Smith was held by the daughters (as well as by the father). The

1. For a full account of events connected with Judge Hoar's retirement from the Cabinet, the reader is referred to the volume, E. R. Hoar: A Memoir. By Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson. Pp. 206 et seq.

letter acknowledges a photographic likeness of Mr. Smith, sent in the Secretary's care for a friend stationed at Port Royal.

Washington, March 31, 1862.

My Dear Friend:

The counterfeit presentment, the only thing counterfeit connected with your name, has gone toward Port Royal and will in due time reach our friend, Miss W.

I send you two of myself and ask in return two for my girls, with the sweetest note to each you can write.

Cordially as ever,

S. P. Chase.

Hon. G. Smith.

March 6, 1872. I this day complete my 75th year, but I feel that I am not yet born again.

GERRIT SMITH AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1872.

To Andrew D. White:

Babylon, Long Island, May 18, 1872.

President White:

My Dear Friend: I see the great honor done me by the State Convention held at Elmira. Truly do I regard it a great honor. I am here with my sick wife, and for several reasons it is quite doubtful whether I shall get to Philadelphia. You, my alternate, will, I trust, not fail to be there. The country cannot yet afford to have the Democratic party come into power. But the success of either the Cincinnati or the Baltimore conventions will be the success of that party. The Philadelphia Convention will doubtless nominate President Grant. The anti-slavery battle is not yet fought out, and until it is, we shall need Grant's continued leadership.

With great regard, yours,

Gerrit Smith.

The Diary:

June 5, 6 and 7. We attended the National Republican Convention in Philadelphia.

Gerrit Smith was the hero of the Convention. No other delegate was greeted with such an ovation, and to none was shown such a mingling of reverence, affection and respect. All the newspaper correspondents sent glowing accounts to their respective journals, of the tributes of applause, and then of eager, listening silence, that greeted him when he rose to speak. We choose, for reproduction, a report of the scene from the pen of a Western delegate, Hon. Samuel M. Clark of Keokuk, Iowa, editor of the *Keokuk Gate City*.

GERRIT SMITH AT PHILADELPHIA.

The most interesting and gratifying incident of the day, or indeed of the entire convention, was the grand ovation given Gerrit Smith. He was the head of the New York delegation. Sitting near the stand, in the front seat of the dress circle, he soon attracted attention. And immediately upon the dispatch of the preliminaries, in a moment's lull of business, somebody started the cry for Gerrit Smith. Immediately it was taken up, and all over the immense building arose such a din of imperious clamor as is seldom heard. The aged and infirm hero was taken to the stand. The mild eye of the veteran of abolitionism at once kindled and moistened as he bowed his stalwart form in recognition of the reception that he was having. For it was such a reception as no other man had. Delegates and audience sprang to their feet and for several minutes there was a perfect whirlwind of applause that made the hall ring again. It was a grand ovation. And when there was silence, Gerrit Smith said never a word of himself, or of his services to human freedom. He spoke only of the need the country had of the Republican party, and especially of Grant. He noticed that the great good that his administration had been to the country as to its business interests and material prosperity. But for himself, he said he cared very little for dollars and cents. What he wanted was an honest administration, that stood as the guaranty of human rights and of the protection of the colored man and every other man in the land.

Mr. Smith's voice is not strong, but he was fully heard, for the great audience kept perfect silence.

When he was done the tumult of applause again broke forth, and subsided only to break out again as the fine band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." And as Gov. Oglesby, the colored orator, Lynch, and others followed and paid grateful eulogies to him, which evoked at every allusion spontaneous and ringing applause, the old man sat with blushes upon his cheeks, and an occasional drop of tears that did not misbecome his grand manhood. Ah! it was a grand ovation; worth living Gerrit Smith's arduous life to receive, right there, in Philadelphia, where in the earlier days of Smith's life and work the pro-slavery mob had torn down Liberty Hall because it was devoted to Freedom, Free Labor and Free Speech. He was treated with the same consideration throughout the Convention. Upon the second day, after a protracted session, the Convention and the crowd had grown weary, impatient of speech-making and anxious for the nominations to be made. Much confusion prevailed and some of the best speakers in the party had been shouted down on the ground that they couldn't be heard. At this time Gerrit Smith rose to speak. The uproar recommenced, but as soon as the word went through the house who it was, the most complete silence prevailed. His voice was so low that only a dozen or so could hear him. The greater part of the audience could not even hear his voice. But they saw that he was speaking and perfect order prevailed until he took his seat. The President of the Convention and orators like Emory Storrs of Chicago had failed to secure quiet, but consideration for Gerrit Smith stilled the tumult in a moment.

MR. SMITH AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

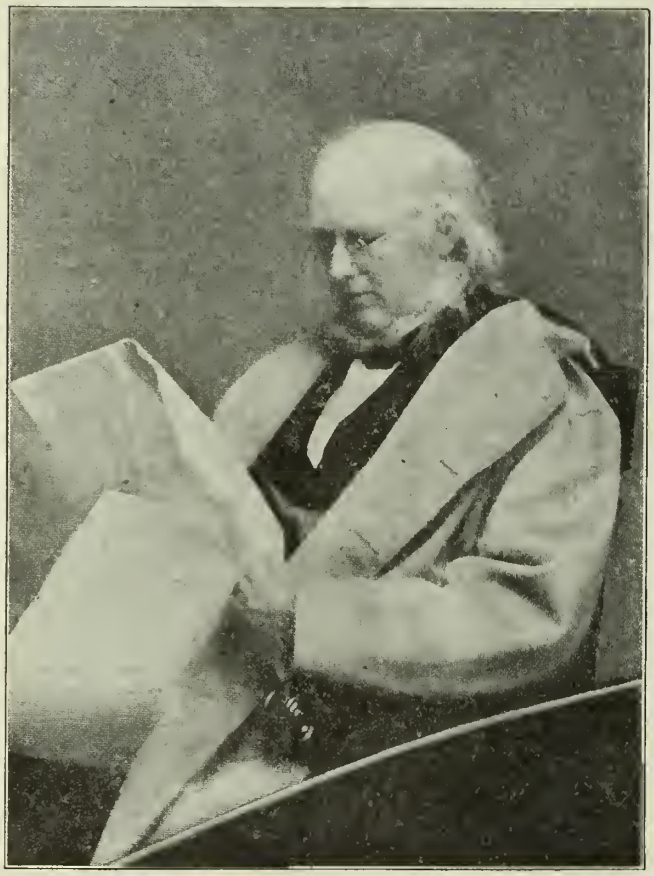
In 1868, when some talk was indulged in of putting Chief Justice Chase in nomination for the Presidency, on the Democratic ticket, Gerrit Smith expressed some confidence in the party. Had Mr. Chase been nominated he would have taken it as a proclamation that the party had really been "converted" from its old attitude of subserviency to an aristocratic, oligarchic South, and would, most likely, have supported its candidate. Chase might well have been named by the Democrats, for in the ante-war years, in matters aside from slavery, that distinguished man had always held to Democratic principles. But with Gov. Seymour as the candidate, a man of "gentle nature, bland manners and persuasive lips," though he was, to quote Mr. Smith's characterization of him, it seemed to the venerable anti-slavery champion that the Democratic party was serving notice upon the country that the old leaders still lead, and old policies, so far as possible, might be anticipated in case of his election.

We have seen with what energy Mr. Smith threw himself into the canvass for Grant and Colfax in the campaign of 1868. For a man without a party he was a staunch upholder of the administration during the years that followed. The San Domingo affair was the only incident in which he strongly opposed the President. In that he went so far as to say that the President "attaches disproportionate importance to its (the nation's) material prosperity." He pointed out certain perils which would be in danger of following a successful issue of the project, among them "the not improbable union of other nations to resist our insatiable appetite for territory and power."[2] But with the collapse of the San Domingo business the single serious objection to the policy of President Grant was removed.

When Horace Greeley was nominated by the coalition of Liberal Republicans and Democrats, Gerrit Smith saw some of his oldest and firmest friends and associates throwing the weight of their influence in behalf of the new party platform and candidates. He was besought to do so by these friends, particularly by Charles Sumner. Mr. Greeley himself, assuming the

2. Letter to Hon. J. C. Churchill, M. C., Dec. 22, 1870.

privilege of a lifelong intimacy, recalled to his mind the favor shown by him to the Democratic party four years previously, when Chase was suggested as its possible candidate. But Mr. Smith would not be moved. To Mr. Sumner's allegations of the abounding corruption of the administration he made no answer. He believed in Sumner, honored and loved him, but in his eyes the Democratic party was the contemptuous foe of the black man, and the Republican President, with whatever faults, had shown himself the black man's friend. The black man's interests out-



HORACE GREELEY.
One of his latest portraits.
(Taken from the Photographic History of the Civil War. Copyrighted by the Review of Reviews Company.)

weighed every other, and turning from Greeley, his comrade in many a hard fought battle for reform, his companion in the brave business of bailing the imprisoned head of the Lost Cause, he spoke and wrote and exerted all his influence for Grant's re-election. He did, however, pay a noble tribute to Horace Greeley in the very letter in which he explains why he will not give him his vote:

"Great is my respect for Mr. Greeley," he writes. "Often have I spent an hour or two in listening to his instructive conversation—instructive on whatever subject. For he is one of the few men who knows everything. And his conversation was as pure as it was enlightening. Now and then I see that he is called a passionate and profane man, and, most absurdly, a 'free lover.' In none of my numerous interviews with him has he been other than well tempered, chaste and free from profanity. Moreover, in all these interviews his deep and broad benevolence, his warm desire for the elevation and happiness of the human family, was conspicuous. . . . He always contended for the right of the colored men of our own State to the ballot. He was always for doing them full justice. Never did he fail to oppose the extension of slavery.

This amounts to a fairly good certificate of character for Mr. Greeley, and it was written with that fullheartedness which always characterized Mr. Smith's praise. Judging, however, by his activity in the campaign, he put aside any natural regrets that he may have had at the attitude toward Mr. Greeley's candidacy to which he had found himself driven by an impervious conscience. He warned Republicans not to be misled by the name of the party, Liberal Republican, which, he averred, was the ancient Democratic party and no other, carrying all its sins unrepented of. And he warned colored voters not to be drawn to the support of a ticket headed by Horace Greeley, because Greeley had been nominated for no other purpose than to gain votes by false pretenses.

When the votes were counted Mr. Smith was jubilant over the result.

There are few incidents in American political history sadder than the last days of Horace Greeley. He was deserving of a better fate than befell him. Conscientious throughout his whole political career, he was never more firmly held by a sense of duty than when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency. And it is time now that history should do him justice and recognize the fact that the Greeley campaign was more influential in uniting a disunited country on a basis of good-will than any other event that succeeded the Civil War. The proposition that North and South "Shake hands across the bloody chasm," jeered at and condemned as unpatriotic, as it was, was an utterance that might well have aroused the hearty response of every patriotic mind. It is the lasting glory of the great editor's fame that he, who never flinched from condemning the South when she was in the wrong, led the way in the burial of animosities and in rendering justice to her when she was misjudged, mistreated and oppressed. His last service to his country cannot suffer by comparison with that of any former period of his life. But he died broken-hearted, and one of the many sorrows which helped to crush him was the misunderstanding and opposition of his lifetime friend and comrade in the good fight of Humanity, Gerrit Smith.

The Diary:

August 23, 1872. Edmonia Lewis (artist) of Rome, Italy, comes to take the first steps toward putting my statue in marble. I am surprised and not pleased by it. September 3. Edmonia leaves us.

Mr. Smith's disinclination to a statue (a project conceived by his friends) prevailed. Miss Lewis made a stay of some days at Peterboro, as the Diary shows, and during her visit made a plaster cast of the clasped right hands of Mr. Smith and his wife. Later, in her studio in Rome, the artist carved the hands in marble. They are now among the family memorials at Peterboro.

December 19. Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Miss Emily Faithfull and Miss Pattison (both from England) arrive. December 29. Miss Faithfull speaks in Evans Hall. January 5, 1873. She speaks again in Evans Hall. January 15. Miss Faithfull and Miss Pattison leave us for our daughter's in Geneva.

Emily Faithfull, the noted and very practical English philanthropist and advocate of enlarged industrial opportunities for women, after her visit at the home of Col. and Mrs. Miller at Geneva, was invited to New York, where in February she was a guest at a

reception given in her honor in Steinway Hall. Representative women, journalists, authors, artists, teachers and workers in various fields made up the audience. Miss Faithfull made a notable address on the subject of greater opportunities of self-supporting industry for her sex.

March 6, 1873. I this day complete my 76th year and yet, as I feel, my heart is not yet right in the sight of God.

Certainly Mr. Smith had the humility of the saints!

My Library—No. XXIII.

Generally speaking, there is no class of books that has ever come to My Library, that has proven more useful or in the end more interesting, than those which require one to puzzle over them more than once, and literally to climb step by step to their unique altitude as best he may—often there to wait for some time before the peculiar psychical enlargement necessary for their correct understanding and full appreciation is realized. For the possession of such books, one ought not only to pray earnestly, but when possessed to give one's self up to such an importunate devotion as will eventually bring to light all the hidden virtues they may contain. Even if finally there comes not complete satisfaction as to the contents of the volumes themselves, there is none the less never an unsatisfactory growth of mind for him who devotedly undertakes such a conquest, although the extraordinary energizing and persistence necessary for ultimate achievement may be for the time being wearisome.

Among the volumes of this class are notoriously to be counted those of the late Walter Pater. Although I had had some forty and five years of good reading when I purchased his "Greek Studies," and soon after his "Marius the Epicurean," I was not yet sufficiently prepared to read them easily or with anything like the full comprehension their due. Even with the simpler of his works, I had the trouble that his biographer, Arthur C. Benson, expresses himself as having had with Pater's essay on "Style:" "It is indeed so elaborate," says he, "so carefully wrought, it disdains so solemnly the devices that bring lucidity, the way-posts and milestones of the road, that in reading it one is apt to lose the sense of its structure, and not to realize what a simple case he is presenting." This I found to be the case also with "Marius," and likewise with all of Pater's books, so far as my first reading of them went. It was a good deal like one's first attempts to read French or German, which require not only the closest attention, but frequent stops for reference and recollection. Disdaining "the devices that bring lucidity" may be suitable for readers who already have the requisite light; but for the commoner it only means that all too discouraging effort must be put forth, and often more than once, before anything like the author's real meaning can be discovered.

Notwithstanding all his careful complexity, however, Pater is surely worth the effort—every word. Thus the evolution of Marius "through various stages of philosophy to the threshold of Christianity," is through so fine a presentation of the expansion of a rich intellectual and religious nature, that it is worth following closely to the very end. Undoubtedly, too, one finds in it so much of Pater himself, that one quite feels oneself in touch with two minds rather than one. So too may one feel this more or less, as one peruses the beautiful study, "The Child in the House," or "that strange, fanciful story," "Uthwart." In both these, the author's own spirit, while thoroughly mixed with that of the subject, is yet so universalized as to be autobiographical in a still larger, if less definite, sense. And I imagine this to be the case with all that he wrote. For the more one reads the more fully does one realize the one Presence which could only have come from this particular personality.

If reading Walter Pater was a difficult task at first, the joy of doing it more readily now is a reward that undoubtedly will grow with increase of familiarity. Although I thus far have only seen his beauties here and there, I confidently expect to find all the rest pretty nearly as beautiful, as it will be solid, I am sure, and consequently a treasure-trove to be valued accordingly.

Of course I shall now put myself irrevocably outside the pale of every wise man's commendation, when, with blushings never so pronounced, I acknowledge that none other than John Ruskin has been almost entirely neglected thus far, in spite of the fact that an imposing array of his volumes has for many years been before me, and likewise in spite of my general liking for all that I have ever read of his, to say nothing of the delicious encouragement derived from reading Collingwood's "Life." When, a few years since, I heard the Reverend Dwight Hillis lecture upon Ruskin, and had caught some of his own enthusiastic respect and admiration, I promised myself a prompt and most thorough reading of every word that Ruskin had written, even if only out of respect to a duty I owed myself in common with everyone who recognizes the great need and usefulness of intelligent notions and good influences in this perplexing, heavily-burdened life. Surely, I have always, so far as I know, been ready freely to subscribe to what the University of Oxford said to Ruskin, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: "You have helped," said the address, "many to find in life more happiness than they thought it held. . . . you have taught many to see the wealth of beauty in nature and in art, prizing the remembrance of it; . . . you have encouraged many to keep a good heart through dark days;" and also I can freely acknowledge with Canon Rawnsley, that

> He gave us eyes, for we were blind,
> He bade us know and hear;
> By him the wonder of the mind
> Of God, on earth was clear,

and feel that every word is truth; for have I not read all about "The King's Treasure," and "Of the Queen's Garden," and many noble, inspiring words about "Work" and "Traffic" and "War," in the unrivalled "Crown of Wild Olive?" and heartily approved? Have I not also dipped somewhat into "Modern Painters," and "The Stones of Venice," and been instructed and edified at every venture? Nevertheless, it still remains for me to read even these with anything like deserving care, and, as for the rest of Ruskin, to read him at all!

SMITH BAKER.

(To be continued.)

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been a marked figure in the field of social progress and reform since 1890, when her famous evolutionary poem, "Similar Cases," attracted attention throughout the reading world. Mrs. Gilman spoke to an interested audience at All Souls Church, Chicago, on Sunday, March 14th, on her way to the Pacific Coast. Earnest, human, practical, reverent, she wakes her hearers up and sets their brains working. Mrs. Gilman will be in Chicago again from May 10 to 22, and as this is an opportunity of which many might wish to avail themselves, we print below her lecture courses. She may be addressed until May 10 care of Miss Vivian Pearce, 4615 Irving Street, San Francisco; until May 22 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

FOUR COURSES OF SIX DISCUSSION LECTURES.

I. THE LARGER FEMINISM—
1. The Biological Base.
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5. Motherhood—Personal and Social.
6. The Normal Woman and the Coming World.

II. STUDIES IN MASCULISM—
1. Our Male Civilization.
2. Its Influence on Women.
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4. On Business, Government, Warfare.
5. On Education, Art, Literature.
6. On Ethics, Religion, Progress.

III. BRAIN TRAINING—
1. Our Brains and What Ails Them.
2. The Years that Cripple Us.
3. What Schools Should be.
4. Specialization, Its Use and Danger.
5. Feeling, Thinking and Doing.
6. Social Parentage.

IV. WAR AND THE WORLD HOPE—
1. What Humanity is For.
2. War, Waste, and Social Economy.
3. The Life We Have a Right to.
4. Where the Women Come in.
5. How to Make World Citizens.
6. Old Religions and New Hopes.

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General Topics—
1. Our Brains and What Ails Them.
2. The Wicked Waste of Housework.
3. War and Women.
4. The Meaning of Feminism.
5. The Dress of Women.
6. A Place for Babies.
7. A Reasonable Socialism.
8. Common Sense and Equal Suffrage.
9. America's Place Today.
10. Men, Women and People.
11. Social Ethics.
12. World Federation.

Mrs. Gilman has also prepared a single lecture based on the subject matter of the course on "War, and the World Hope."

NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

In a previous number the editor spoke of a visit to the Frances Parker School at San Diego, and the memorial flag raising as the opening exercises, the children singing the following revised version of "America," made by Chicago's tireless worker, Mary E. McDowell of the University Settlement.

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Dear land of thee we sing
Our hearts our hands we bring.
Thee let us serve;
Let us the cities rear
And without slavish fear
Build here a Nation dear
In freedom's name.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break.
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

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Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her good, so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every home within her boundaries be a place fit to grow the best kind of men and women to rule over her.

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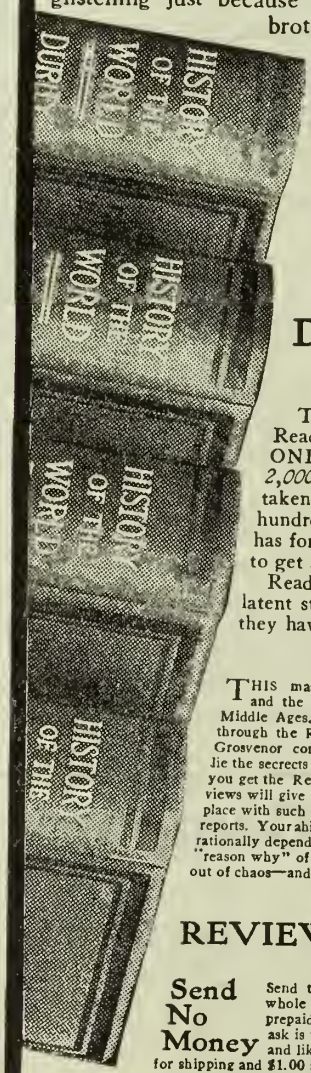

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Easter

✠

The years drift over Calvary like rain:
Yet still the vision of the Christ is there,
As constant as the stars, and wondrous fair:
But on the war-vexed sea and gory plain
Behold again the sweet Christ-spirit slain,
Rejected as of old, and crucified,
The brutal spear of hate thrust through its side,
And underneath a dark and shameful stain.

Lo, every year of all the drift has brought
Its nature miracles with promise fraught,
Its hope of immortality, reborn;
But now we wait a widened Easter Morn:
God's sure recurrent grace in His Great Plan,
The resurrection of the Christ in man.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915. Number 5

JUST BEFORE.

Though he that ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole, long, gusty life-time through,
Be gone a while before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore,
Your friend to you—

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with a right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by hedge and hill,
That self-same, arduous way—
That self-same upland, hopeful way,
That you and he, through many a doubtful day,
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend.
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on strong heart! the while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake?
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake
Waits on a stile.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Scribner's, December, 1902.
Written in 1872.

The opponents of restrictive temperance legislation have long been loud in their claims that all such laws really increase the use of liquors. But the New York *Times* for March 2 reported that the day before the stocks of Distillers Securities fell 5½ points (the lowest since 1902). The explanation of the notable decline is found in the dispatches from Idaho and Colorado which report the legislative successes of prohibition in those states. Thus, "the pocket-nerve" shows that the liquor business is seriously hurt by restrictive laws. The fact that brewers and distillers fear the effect of such laws upon their business, both destroys the common argument of saloon sympathizers and provides welcome encouragement to temperance workers.

J. H. C.

Recently a class of undergraduates in Harvard University debated the question hotly for some time whether beer should be served at class meetings. At the end of the discussion the vote was a tie—75 to 75. Under all the circumstances the result was most encouraging. The debate itself was a hopeful sign and the vote a promise of better things as soon as this stronghold of ultra conservatism is fully informed by the facts commonly known outside those classic shadows. The time will soon come when the world will marvel that in the year 1915 students of a great university should even debate such a plain question. But we must be patient. One advocate of the abolition of beer certainly struck a false note when he argued that they better drop the use of beer so as to make Harvard more popular in the Southern states! This appeal to mere policy is not worthy argument from the lips of a college student.

J. H. C.

Observations and inquiries in England during a sojourn there of six months last year led the writer to the following conclusions respecting the important matter of Drink: (1) The laws regulating the sale of liquors are being made more and more stringent as the years pass. A wholesome public opinion compels this advance in temperance legislation and officials enforce these laws more than in the past. (2) Experience shows with increasing clearness that such restrictive laws are effective and powerful aids to sobriety. (3) Among the people in the slums the gains for temperance have, as a rule, been slight. (4) The progress of abstinence among the robust middle classes, the higher ranks of the workers, has been most encouraging in recent years. (5) In social and university circles there have been gains, but they have been slight. At great dinners and festivals drinking is common, though complete intoxication is far more rare than formerly. At a notable dinner of the Fellows of Cambridge University last May, the liquors served were many and freely used. However, even in such circles many may be found who admit the foolishness of the custom, and report that they drink less than formerly. Everywhere the influence of the doctors (many, not all) against drinking is much in evidence: a hopeful sign.

J. H. C.

The Hague is at this moment, and indeed has been during almost the whole time since the war began, the center of very energetic and varied international activities. The Dutch Peace Party itself is very large and active, and it is reinforced by many leading peace workers who have taken refuge in Holland from the

various warring countries, and they are constantly sending out to all peoples, documents of high interest, relating to the constructive peace measures which should follow the war. Next month there is to be held at The Hague an important convention of women, representing not only the neutral nations, but some of the warring nations, to promote efforts for an early peace; and our American Woman's Peace Party is to be well represented at this convention. Perhaps the most important committee now working at The Hague is that in behalf of "The European Federation," which it pronounces the only solution of the issues presented by the war. The pamphlets sent out by this committee, those which have come to this country being printed in English, are of great interest, urging that only in some sort of federation or concert of Europe is there a remedy for the prevailing anarchy, in which each nation acts as a law unto itself. These men propose to push their doctrine everywhere while the war lasts.

Their doctrine is in accord on this point with every one of the dozen or more constructive peace programs which have been published by different groups in the United States and Europe, but the Dutch committee is pushing by far the most systematic propaganda in Europe upon the matter. By interesting coincidence, we see at this very time the founding of a "United States of Europe Society" here in our own country. Charles H. Ingersoll, of New York, is its president, and among its sponsors are such important educational leaders as President Eliot, President Butler and President Jordan. It is holding public meetings; and its statement of principles is not unlike that of the Dutch committee.

President Butler recently published an article advocating "The United States of Europe" as a necessity for the solution of the present problems. Of course this suggestion is not new. Victor Hugo urged it eloquently sixty years ago. Sir Max Waechter, in England, has been carrying on a systematic campaign for the project for the last ten years. Alfred H. Fried, the eminent German international thinker, has been pleading for a Pan-European Bureau, corresponding somewhat to our Pan-American Bureau at Washington. But the whole idea is suddenly taking a practical significance far greater than ever before, and the simultaneous appearance of these two definite organizations for its promotion, at The Hague and in New York, are noteworthy. E. D. M.

The Gentlestate

President Thwing of Western Reserve University suggests that what the world needs is "gentlestates," corresponding to gentlemen within states themselves, and he has some pregnant things to say about what international life would be if the states should become gentlestates, as in our current life many men happily have become gentlemen. His demand reminds us of Howell's old discussion of what our common life and the relations of the various elements and classes in it would become if it could once be pervaded by the spirit which is reflected in good manners and the usages of good society. President Thwing urges that gentlestates would treat enemies as if they were to become friends, would never use giant strength like giants, not be political bullies watchful for insults and concerned by small irritations, would respect the rights of other states, make few demands, and have no occasion for defence.

At this time, when we are celebrating the centennial of peace between Great Britain and the United States, we cannot help thinking that these two nations exactly realize President Thwing's definition by their usage and attitude on the Canadian frontier. What the two nations concluded to do in the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817 was henceforth to act like gentlemen. The long frontier was to be left as unguarded as the line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. No more suspicion or glowering at each other; no more garrisons or gunboats, or pistols in the hip-pocket. The result of the brave and prophetic policy thus adopted by the two gentlestates has been that their frontier has for a century been the safest frontier in the world; just as every gentleman walking upon Tremont Street is safe, and every brigand is always in danger, though his pockets be full of pistols, and indeed precisely on that account. The question which the present crisis is urging imperatively upon all nations is, how soon will they learn to act like gentlemen, and so be safe. President Thwing is to be thanked for his new word, and it is for statesmen pressing measures for the reconstruction of the world following the war to create the new thing to match the new word.

Carl Schurz, at the International Arbitration Conference in Washington in 1896, said something which ought always to be remembered by his fellow countrymen and by his German friends and other men on the other side of the ocean. We hear much, he said, of the necessity of elaborate fortifications. He would not discuss how far these were desirable, and he was confident that our strongest, most trustworthy and infinitely cheapest defence would consist in "Fort Justice," "Fort Good Sense," "Fort Self-Respect," "Fort Good Will," and, if international differences really do arise, "Fort Arbitration." In a word, he would have our states become gentlestates, and would have all other states become the same.

Edwin D. Mead.

Editorial Wanderings

IV.

Eleven hundred boys and girls of the Berkeley High School, radiant, smiling, buoyant, alive every inch of them, constituted the great audience on Friday morning last. It was a suitable prelude to a flying visit to the Panama Exposition. The gates of the future indeed "stand wide open" for such boys and girls, and the glimpse of the Golden Gate secured in transit from Berkeley to the Fair Grounds suggested the great future that awaits this country where there is no longer a West to go to. Whichever way they turn, it is to the East. The "Near East," with its starting point at Boston, is less enigmatical than the "Far East," where shines the star of Japan and the crescent moon of China.

The Editor of UNITY is an expert on expositions, having caught a glimpse of all of them from the Columbian to the Panama exhibit. Each one in certain respects improves on the other. Each one profiting by the success of preceding shows, and determining to outrival them, and not to make the same mistakes. We suspect that the architectural and artistic councils of this exposition appear more prominent and more effective than at any previous exposition. Evidently they have outgrown a "Woman's Building." Here the enfranchised woman takes her place where she belongs, along side of her brother, man. The great foyer in the California Building, sixty feet square, is decorated by Miss Florence Lundgren, and the "Fountain of Youth" in the Tower of Jewels was daintily shaped by the hand of Mrs. Edith Woodman Buroughs, and so the catalogue runs on. The Young Woman's Christian Association Building was designed by a woman. The "Pioneer Mother" in California has a monument everywhere in this land that began as man's land,—and that man armed with pistols and bowie knives, spurred and equipped with the heavy tools of the miner's camp,—is now emphatically woman's country fragrant with flowers touched with quiet beauty. And this garden exposition is illuminated with the soft reflected light of a million candle power.

Two things conspire with the artists to make this scene one of surpassing beauty. The climate that fills every inch with flowers and softens every line with shrubbery and trees in tropical luxuriance. It is indeed a wonderful sight! The walls are not of cold granite, but of growing green breaking ever into blossom.

The second triumph breaks out in the night, the added skill in the use of the magic electric light. No more is the eye distressed by the glare of the incandescent lamp, but hidden streams of color radiate in every direction, playing with the shades of elf land.

The grounds are large enough to hold more than one pair of feet can compass, or one mind can comprehend, but not so large as to bring despair. There are curious devices to lessen the fatigue which always tends to modify the enthusiasm of the exposition goer. The "Inside Inn," a modern hotel with up-to-date equipment and conveniences, enables the visitor to avoid the rush and pressure of "getting back to the hotel" after a hard day's sight seeing, and the queer creepy little toy trains, drawn by toy autos, quietly worm their way around, picking you up anywhere, dropping you anywhere, going so slowly that there is no danger of their running over anyone, and built so low that if you fall off you will fall only six inches, and if you fall in you are still on the grounds. Then there are little basket electricettes that you can run yourself. They go no faster than a walk, but they do the walking for you.

Perhaps the best part of the exposition is the outside; certainly it was only the outside that could receive the attention of "ye editor," who had but twenty-four hours to give to this marvelous show. But the inside is not wanting in attraction. The fine art galleries, while apparently wanting in celebrated "masterpieces," are well filled with respectable pictures by artists of note very well worth study. Among state and territorial buildings, Canada clearly carries off the popular vote. Decorated with its products of the field and garden, pictures made of grasses and seeds, showing the delicacy of touch and the diligence that rivals the artists of Japan. It perhaps alone of the exhibits is fully installed.

The Illinois Building is notable by the very full and instructive Lincolniana. This is divided into sections, such as "His Fore-Elders;" "Landed in Indiana;" "The Lincoln and Douglas Debate;" "Lincoln as a Lawyer;" "Lincoln the President," etc., etc. This exhibit of photographs, autobiographies and documents should find permanent lodgment in some fire proof building, preferably at Springfield, but somewhere that will be tenderly cared for, for the instruction and guidance of unborn generations.

It was heart breaking to notice the vacant spaces reserved but unoccupied by the great exhibitors of Europe. Germany, England, France and Russia have their spaces, but they are not here in this high festive civilization. They are too busy in wickedly cutting each others' throats. Heaven forgive them for the unwarranted vandalism, the unspeakable indignity to the future.

Chicago had its "Midway," St. Louis had its "Pike." San Francisco has its "Zone," with its noise and its tawdry illumination. But here is the wonderfully realistic reproduction and exhibition of the Panama Canal, the heart-breaking story of the last Antarctic search for the pole, the triumphant but tragic

expedition of Captain Scott into the Antarctic desolation. Here is a reproduction of the camp and scenes of the old "forty-niners," and here is the *aeroscope* that lifts you two hundred and sixty feet in the air, with its mighty steel arm.

Our visit to the grounds was made interesting and memorable by two interviews. One with the publicist and journalist, Kawakami, whose latest work on "Asia at Your Door" commends itself to the student of contemporary internationalism, and the other was with Mr. James Barr, Director of Congresses in connection with the Panama Exposition. Already over four hundred different conferences and associations have been booked to meet in and around San Francisco during the season of 1915. Science, Art, Economics, Education and State Craft are to be represented by innumerable gatherings. Religion, too, is represented in Sections. The denominations will be busy; "Schisms" will be emphasized, but alas as yet no climax of this great world's symposium is arranged for. Here as nowhere else, now as never before, is opportunity to demonstrate the "Fellowship of Nations," where each pacific power or rather the pacific elements in all the Powers of the world, ought to be invited to bear testimony to the profound things in life. What the Parliament of Religion did for Chicago, put the permanent crown on a passing show, "The Fellowship of the Nations" might do, ought to do, for San Francisco. Director Barr sees the opportunity, would be glad to lend his co-operation. Is there a body of men in San Francisco, or out of it, or rather a combination of residents and non-residents, believers in Universal Religion, who are equal to this high task? And thus minister to the pacification that waits for no armistice and needs no diplomacy.

Friday evening and Saturday were mighty exposition days, but I was back in Berkeley for Saturday night. Sunday morning another home service with my brother Hosmer by my side in the well-filled beautiful auditorium of the Berkeley Unitarian Church. Sunday night the trip across the Bay found friend Hosmer and myself at the First Unitarian Church, where now C. S. S. Dutton, upon whose shoulders fell the prophetic mantle of John Chadwick Works. A fair audience listened to the address on "Peace, not War, the School of Heroism." Then Mr. Dutton joined the pilgrims from Berkeley, gossiped about things past, present and prospective in a moonlight ride across the Bay.

And now it is Monday. There is a lecture booked for Oakland tonight, a talk to the students of the Pacific Theological School of Congregational fellowship tomorrow morning; then over the hills and far away toward Reno. But that is another story to be continued in our next.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Berkeley, March 22, 1915.

Flowers and Faces

One of my favorite occupations when riding in the street car, or when in any company unknown to me, is to study the faces and classify the individuals after my own rule, which is the close resemblance I find between human beings and flowers. Some flowers are much more beautiful than others—but lacking in fragrance. So it is with people. Some blossoms are pale and inconspicuous, but so fragrant we could find them in the dark, if we needed them. (Do not the most fragrant lives touch us in our darkest hours?) Some flowers are brilliant in hue and very decorative, in the garden: the brilliant scarlet or pink geranium, the multi-colored lantana or the poinsettia; but we do not choose any of these to send to our sick friends, or to give us pleasure from our desk or table in a quiet hour. In glancing down the aisle of a street car I see in the faces and apparel of the passengers a tea-rose of a woman, delicate and faintly fragrant, one whom you can be sure ministers to humanity's every need within her reach. Then there is the American Beauty rose woman—brilliant, heavy in fragrance, expensive; one who revels in luxury at any cost, except that of her own labor or self-denial; beautiful to look at, hard to live with. The lily of the valley and the dear fragrant little English violet are here also and how charming and refreshing they are, although almost overpowered by the many-colored but oppressive lantana. (Some human lantanæ unconsciously render their presence known and disliked, though clad in fine apparel.) But soon we discover the offensive plant and pass as far as possible from it, but hastily stoop to catch the fragrance of the other flowers that lure us, the violets, the sturdy, unobtrusive mignonette and lemon-verbena, and the charming and pervasive heliotrope. How the fragrance of a sweet life greets and attracts us. Just as we recall some lovely old-fashioned garden in which we strolled at night, and caught the fragrance from the lemon-verbena or rose-geranium which we could not see, so we recall the fragrance of some lives that have touched ours in passing in the garden when the dew was on the leaves.

M. B. P.

The editor of *Current Items of Interest* has been granted permission by Mr. Daniel Smiley, of Lake Mohonk, to conduct an experiment designed to increase the bird life at that widely known resort in the mountains of eastern New York. Bird boxes of the Berlepsch pattern are being erected about the place and elaborate measures of every modern device will be used to make it as attractive to birds as it is to human beings. The undertaking is being financed by bird lovers who make Lake Mohonk their summer home.

The Rise of the Working Class

By ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY

Century Co. $1.30

At a time when the flames of Ludlow have barely ceased to smoulder, when the poignant question of the unemployed agitates every city council, and the press is teeming with reports of the dramatic—not to say tragic—hearings of the Federal Industrial Commission, it is interesting to consider one of the books upon industrial conditions published during the last six months: "The Rise of the Working Class," by Algernon S. Crapsey.

The book is a stimulating and extremely readable study of our modern social and industrial régime, so replete with quotable sentences, vivid phrases and spirit-lifting visions of a new and more human order, that one is tempted to quote endlessly from it. It is written with a calmness, a restraint, a freedom from bitterness which must have been a difficult attainment for one who feels the wrongs of the world's workers as a poignant personal sorrow. It is characterized also by a refreshing and almost naïve acceptance of the new, and a real eagerness to see its values and to rejoice in its displacement of the old. It is indeed unusual that a writer of middle age should rejoice even in the knowledge that children no longer are subject to their parents, and should feel assured that "the loss of home and school authority has inestimable advantages" by which "humanity will be the gainer by at least ten years in every generation," since "we can never again have that home which in old times stamped the young with the family stamp."

Nowhere save in the first chapter is the method academic, and there it is unavoidable since this first chapter contains a closely packed and comprehensive survey of man's social progress from the cave time until the present. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Morgan's "Ancient Society" and De Coulanges' "Ancient City" for the data for this summary, and differs from the usually accepted order of development in that he believes the tribe to have preceded the family, and the family the state, rather than that the family was the first group and the tribe a development of it. This view would seem to coincide with that reign of the Matriarchate so firmly emphasized by Lester F. Ward, and so vividly developed by Charlotte Perkins Gilman in her "Woman and Economics" and "Man-Made World."

Dr. Crapsey traces through several chapters the effect upon the home, upon the husband, the wife, the children, of the removal of industry from the home into the factory. From her earlier condition of menial service in the home for which the wife received whatever monetary reward the husband chose to give her, she is revolting and is becoming able to earn her living outside the home. Hence the power and responsibility of the man over his household is rapidly decreasing, the children being more and more freed from his dominion by the laws of the state regarding health and education, and by their entrance into commercial life. This break-up of the family the author considers "the salient fact of modern life." As the father's power has been lessened, the mother's has been increased. For the first time in history she is free to choose her own mate, limited somewhat by the boundaries of her class. This new freedom of woman entails the necessity of their being taught the facts of sex and of maternity, and that they shall be trained in economics, and it places upon the state the burden of the care of motherhood—even of a motherhood not now sanctioned by our laws.

In two remarkable chapters, "The Out-Family Woman" and "The Revolt of the Parasites," Dr. Crapsey takes up more in detail the condition of women in the modern world. The first is a masterly and sympathetic study of two groups—those who today from lonely tenement lodging places go forth to labor in our shops and factories, unshielded by a family life about them; and those women, significantly termed among the Greeks, *free* women, who through all the ages have, outside the marriage bond, been the counsellors, the priestesses, the companions, the slaves, or the victims, of mankind. With a simplicity and power of phrasing which reminds one of Lecky's famous passage on the same subject, the life of the out-family woman is traced from the days of the primitive tribal family through the time of Greece and Rome and of the Middle Ages to the present day. Her danger to society and society's brutal cruelty to her are sympathetically set forth.

With equal sympathy the cause of the young women in the industrial field is pictured, their solitude and loneliness, their enforced celibacy due to the inadequate income of the men they might marry, the ever threatening menace of the pursuing male, the absence of all social life and of refreshing forms of recreation. One feasible solution of their difficulty is dismissed with what seems insufficient consideration, the possibility of a marriage in which both husband and wife are wage earners, in which the woman who has attained skill and ability and a good position in her chosen work or profession remains economically independent by continuing that work after marriage. The plan is proving feasible even with our present imperfectly socialized living conditions, save for the few years in which the woman is caring for young children. It seems curious that the author who so earnestly advocates a state support of motherhood and urges the need for all work to be congenial and enjoyable to the worker does not consider more seriously this plan which lifts from the shoulders of women the housework which is to many a hopeless drudgery, and makes possible that companionship of man and wife which the author so covets in place of the present celibacy of the working-girl, and which the present wage-system, he declares, renders impossible in so many instances if both are to live on the wages of the husband.

Under heading of the "Revolt of the Parasites" Dr. Crapsey expresses his opinion that the present militant movement of women in England is a valid martyrdom, a prophesy as of a new religion, an important part of the greater movement of all women toward freedom. This larger movement, starting when first the privilege of higher education was secured by women less than a century ago, and continuing through the earlier demands for "woman's rights" to the now rapidly succeeding movement for equal suffrage, is in all its manifestations a logical result of woman's earlier occupations being taken from her hands into the factory. It is also a "natural

reaction of woman against her age-long suppression. She is avenging herself and her sex of the injuries, the insolences, the degradations which the male has heaped upon her during these many centuries." The helpless parasitism of the women of the wealthy classes will be their own destruction. "No parasitic class can long endure." "Parasitism and industrial slavery are combining to overthrow the present system and to establish a new world in which men and women shall be upon the same plane, each owning himself or herself, and working with the other for mutual benefit, neither subject to the other but combining to form a partnership in which all the forces of life, male and female, freed from unnatural conventions and restraints, shall put forth their utmost energy to build a human nature acceptable to the gods, and create a world in which that human nature can live decently, joyously, lovingly. The revolt of the parasites is a good sign of the times. If they die in their efforts, they will still be the saviors of the race."

In the "Revolt of the Workers" modern industrial conditions are shown to violate the four essential qualities of real work—that it must be enjoyable and interesting, self directed, useful, and that it must not be exhausting or monotonous. "When a man ceases to control what he does and is altogether under the direction of the will of another, he ceases to be a man. He is no longer a worker, he is simply worked." This violation of the essential nature of work, and, as a final and most potent factor, the unequal distribution of the products of labor, are the chief causes of the present industrial discontent.

One remedy suggested is the establishment of co-operative industries, similar to those now so successfully operated in certain parts of Europe, of which the employed shall be the owners, and the foremen and other officers shall be elected by the workers. Another remedy is the complete enfranchisement of the worker, which "must be accomplished by the workers themselves. No mere reform enacted by the class at present in control can be more than palliative, and even these little betterments had best be left undone if they are to delay at all the revolution in the industrial system which is necessary if the workman is to be freed."

"The employing class complain that the working class does not appreciate what is done for it. The answer is that no man appreciates what is done for him until he has lost the power of doing for himself. No man desires to receive as a charity what is his right." This is the reason why the workers amid extensive systems of "welfare work" are as rebellious, if not more so, than they are in other places. "The slave can never be emancipated. He must free himself."

Passing to the more general phases of our modern life, Dr. Crapsey exposes the weakness of our present competitive system of production and distribution or exchange, its thwarting of the inventor and of the tendency toward beauty and individuality of taste, and finds the remedy in "the public control of the market, both in production and consumption, of all the business of providing food, clothing and shelter for the public," and instances as the kind of thing we may expect from such a system when the incentive of service to the people has supplanted the incentive of monetary gain, the invention of the Babcock Milk Test, which its inventor refused to patent because, since he did it as a part of his duty as a paid employe of the state of Wisconsin, he felt it belonged to the public.

Of the philosophy, the religion, the morality and the politics of the working man, we read: "His religion is the religion of the evolutionist; his God the Force in whose presence every atom of his working life is spent—with which he is working to accomplish common tasks; without which he is nothing—allied with which Power he has the strength of a Universe. . . He holds that God is worshipped in every honest thought, in every true stroke of work, in every act of social justice, and that by these the world of man is perfected. . . . In his judgment, the great error of current theology is that it has made the doctrine of Incarnation historic instead of cosmic. The saying 'God is in Christ' is to him not untrue, but insufficient. He asserts that God is in man."

The morality of the working class, as taught it by the master class, is a slave morality. The virtues of obedience, of humility, of thrift, in a slave class are of benefit only to its masters. "The thrift of the subject class adds only to the wealth of the master class. . . . The contentedness of the poor with poverty is the cause of poverty." The morality evolved by the working class itself will not include charity, for it will do away with the need for charity; nor thrift, "for community insurance against old age and sickness and unemployment will take the place of the saving instinct." Its morality will be community morality; "it will insist on temperance because the working man knows that is a public duty. . . . They will call no man master upon earth because they find the seat of mastership in their own souls. They will be ready to conform to all beneficent laws necessary to the perfection of human existence but they must understand them. They will no longer render unthinking obedience nor will they shed their brothers' blood at the command of a superior."

"The only safety for a socialized community is that it shall be democratic. . . . Discussion of public affairs day by day—the right to elect and recall public officials, the right to vote directly on all public questions, the subordination of the leader. . . . these represent fundamental thinking upon the social problem."

The philosophy of the working class is based upon history; whether it is called idealistic or materialistic depends upon one's definition of those words. All systems of philosophy are imperfect—mere attempts of man to explain as best he can the world in which he finds himself. Economic Determinism, like Darwin's law of species, or La Place's nebular theory, is but a statement of conditions as they exist. It is open to the individual mind to choose his own explanation of the causes which lie beyond these conditions.

In closing the book, the coming age is viewed as one in which the necessary stage of the dominance of private property rights will give way to the succeeding era of the preponderance of human rights, the sacrifice of the weak to the strong being no longer a necessary part of civilization. "The rise of the working class to self-consciousness is putting the existing order in peril. . . . The spirit of humanity which is abroad, making for brotherhood, is compel-

ling those who have to consider the condition of those who have not."

Three methods are defined by which the socialization of property may be brought about: Confiscation —the method used by Lincoln in freeing the slaves, which at one stroke of the pen confiscated over a billion dollars' worth of legally owned property; the method by which the French nobility and clergy lost their lands; a method, however, which should now only be made necessary by too long-delayed change in present conditions. The better methods of appropriation through taxation, through duplication as in the establishment of the parcels post system by the government, and of compensation for property taken over, as now obtains where municipalities take over the utility corporations in their borders or the state governments establish forest reserves, will more likely and preferably prevail.

"The significant fact of present-day history is the rise of the working-class from the condition of degradation under which it has throughout the civilized era been compelled to live, to the control of the social, the political and the religious life of the world. Upon the wisdom of this class the future depends. To the work of educating the future masters of the world the energies of the world are now and must be directed. . . . Society can have no place for the drone or the parasite. It will demand that every man and woman shall be in the true sense of the word a working-man and a working-woman; that each shall give to society as much as he takes from society."

SUSAN M. QUACKENBUSH.

My Library XXIII.

(Continued)

When I try to account for never having become better acquainted with this widely accepted author, it seems to me that I have always regarded him as such a finished product, so full of all manner of the good things that I delight in, that I have instinctively kept him almost sacredly for some very choice hour —an hour not many times to come in one's lifetime, perhaps. Certainly I would not bring to his fine elucidation of beauty and goodness anything that is in the least crude or blind. My lamp must be trimmed and burning as never before, it has seemed, and does seem even now, as I glance at his volumes once more, and feel myself appropriating somewhat of his romantic æstheticism, simply by so doing. Some day, I trust, Ruskin's wonderful mind and mine, so much less wonderful, shall come into closer acquaintance; else my best aspiration of lifting myself to the height sincerely promised for so long a time, will ignominiously fail, even as it deserves to fail.

I open another author at random, and, child-like, let the first words under my eye tell its quality. "There is a sort of quiet enjoyment of Nature in the classical portraits," they say. "Theocritus and Virgil evidently liked country life, and they mention different kinds of trees and shrubs, and a few flowers, with a tranquil contentment that occasionally becomes affectionate." On every page I find something as good or better. I open another volume by the same author in the same way and read, "Men choose a course of action; women choose an adviser." This proves to be only like all the rest of the book. A third volume says: "With our intellectual growth has come an irrepressible anxiety to possess the highest truth attainable by us." And so on I might go with all the rest of this author's writings, and seldom if ever be disappointed with what I found. The first volume was named "The Sylvan Year," the second was "Human Intercourse," and the third, "The Intellectual Life," all by Philip Gilbert Hamilton, an author I fear I must introduce as a stranger to this present generation, but one read and much liked by very many not more than, say, thirty years ago. Indeed, who of us would then have prophesied that Hamilton's books would so soon be lost sight of, and apparently be of so little use to those who had read them. Did I say "little use"? Ah, no one could read any one or more of them without being truly furnished with better thoughts and better feelings than before; and it seems almost inconceivable that, having once read them, he should not have been remembered gratefully and recommended earnestly to every new-comer. Ruskin naturally suggests Hamilton; but of the two the latter is pre-eminently the more useful and entertaining for the ordinary reader, I am sure. Right notions of life come from his every page, instruction in high arts, revelations of nature, fellowship of a true soul, are experienced everywhere. No one's pages so teem with things that ought to sink deeply in everyone's being. As a handman in the service of the Highest, Hamilton excels in usefulness and clarification and pleasure. Certainly his "Intellectual Life" should be read and liked by the apostles of sanity hereafter, as heretofore.

Says Mr. Leslie Stephen in his "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," "the great author must have a people behind him; utter both what he really thinks and feels and what is thought and felt most profoundly by his contemporaries." Were I to try to explain why I have found Mr. Stephen's own books, "Hours in a Library," and "Studies of a Biographer," as well as the others, always so attractive, I should have to make appropriate use of this same sentence. Always when I go to them, I seem to be taken confidentially in hand, by a comprehending, authentic authority, and led step by step, not along a straight-mannered path, but in a most systematic ramble into all of the fellowship, the neighborhood, the home, the work-shop of the author or subject discovered, that the commoner has any right to enter. For instance, how can one get nearer to Oliver Wendell Holmes' novel "Elsie Venner," than through his account of personal experience? "The book makes me read it," says Stephen, "whenever I take it up, and yet I am never satisfied. Perhaps it is that I want more rattlesnakes; I want to have the thrill which my ancestors felt when they told legends of were-wolves," etc.; after which account it is easy enough to understand his subsequent estimation of the author: "The fact is simply, I suppose, Holmes had not the essential quality of being an inspired novelist. He did not get fairly absorbed in his story and feel as though he were watching, instead of contriving the situation." Generally speaking, there is no one upon whom one can place more dependence for local color, for detail that is profitable, and for the intimacy that is not vulgar, than Leslie Stephen. From one of his "Hours" or "Studies" one always arises with the feeling that one has been in the best of com-

pany, and so rightly there that one need never apologize for anything one has either seen or heard or failed to see or hear. The boon of such a writer to one like myself is, that, when knowledge grows, self-respect does not decline. There is a cleanliness about Leslie Stephen, a clear sky lightening him, a true vision of everything that is worth looking at, a vivid way of reporting what he has sensed and considered and concluded, that I am literally compelled again and again to return to him for the clarification and furnishing that I so often and so profoundly need. My Library would be truly as incomplete without him, especially with respect to English literary history, as my own sources of proper guidance along its many and devious paths would be inadequate.

I liked Matthew Arnold's "Essays" when I first read them. They suggested a deliberation in thinking and a carefulness of expression that was corrective of the hurry more or less indulged in by almost everyone else. The topics discussed were rather new to me, at least some of them, and the force with which Arnold "put things" drove home. The reading of "Literature and Dogma" restored the Old Testament to a favor that I had before thought impossible. "St. Paul and Protestantism" and his other "Religious Essays" cleared away much that had seemed but theological rubbish and confusion; "Essays in Criticism" with "Culture and Anarchy" opened vistas of possibility not before recognized. And what a delight were the papers on Joubert, as well as other People—George Sand, Heine, Spinoza, and especially the two de Guérins, Maurice and Eugénie. The personality of the latter is made so vivid, that the whole field of the mystical life seems truly before one. "Celtic Literature" and "Homer" were opened up afresh and inspiringly, and "God and the Bible" prove to be quite a portion of "the true light," for me, at least. If some of his "Poems" seemed severe and pessimistic, none the less was the instruction of others pointed and applicable, as in "Self-Dependence," where, for instance,

> Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery,

seemed to be good doctrine, and was to be proven equally good practice. Perhaps there never was such a series of letters written by a celebrity as those which Matthew Arnold wrote to his family. So chaste were they, so devoted, so companionable, that one could never question the author's loyalty or love; but never a word of the usual "gush," and but few of the usual "sentiment," does one anywhere find. Manly, circumspect, appropriate, trustworthy is their ring everywhere, and one reads them only to grow likewise in every such goodly direction. However, when Arnold came to America, and set himself "resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to intelligence," and in consequence arrived at a conviction that made him bold enough to say, "One of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not," I began to think him a little infallible, to say the least. And then when he presumed to say, "But I go further, and say that I do not place him (Emerson) among the great writers, the great men of letters," as a native-born Yankee-American, I began to feel that the pedestal of still another "great one" was about tottering to his irrevocable fall.

But the conclusion was rather just, after all. Emerson was indeed philosophic, had admirable insight, gave us abundant precious truths, and we all now point as never before in Arnold's affirmation respecting Emerson's temper, which he declares was the "secret of his effect." "It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper," says Arnold, "wherewith these (insight and truth) are indissolubly joined"; "in which they work, and have their being"; and in this, we all discovered the real truth about Emerson more and more as we re-read him. Hear Emerson himself, as he says, "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?" So, after all, Matthew Arnold did not really fail to contribute his mite to the acclaim which we would accord Emerson, while none the less helping us to see why we should remain always as before most unreserved lovers of him.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

IX.
Epistle to the Romans

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. xii:21.

The Book of Romans is the battleground of the theologian, the favorite scripture of the doctrinaire. Augustine, Calvin, orthodox theologians everywhere find their favorite hunting ground in this book. Though we may not understand or agree with it everywhere, still it is full of red blood and charming interest.

In our last lesson Paul was in Philippi, somewhat cheered, having met Timothy with good news, and while among those friends who thoroughly understood him, he wrote that cheerful letter found in the first nine chapters in the so-called second letter to the Corinthians.

While resting two or three months with his old friends at Corinth, Paul dreams big dreams. A most unconquerable missionary, he literally had put Christianity on the map of Asia and was putting it on the map of Macedonia and Greece. He had dreams of going to Spain, the end of the world. Rome, as the capital of the then known world, was only a way station to him. His second dream was less inspiring. Trouble was fomenting in Jerusalem between the Judaic-Christians and the Greeko-Christians, between those who still wanted to keep up the Jewish interest and those who were on the outside and did not want to enter through the Jewish door. Paul was the arch

heretic, not to the Jews but to the Judaized Christians. He was the man who tore down the Jewish barbed wire fence, let the Jews out and let the world in.

The churches in Asia had been taking up collections to be sent to the poor in Jerusalem, the war impoverished section of Syria. Paul decided to carry this charity fund to Jerusalem and from there go to Rome. So we have in the Epistle to the Romans a letter written to people Paul had never seen, an advance letter, which naturally assumed the shape of what we would call a tract. There were two clear motives in the writing of this. One was the missionary's natural desire to pave his way, and the other to anticipate the issue sure to come between the Jewish Christians and the Gentiles, and save the latter from being discouraged by the Judaizers.

It is an intellectual and theological exercise to understand the first eleven chapters of Romans, written to prepare the way for a sojourn in a strange city where there would be a constituency waiting for him, one part of which was rooted in Greek mythology and philosophy, and the other in Hebrew traditions. These chapters setting forth Paul's theology are more nearly Calvinistic than Unitarian. He first shows that Greek theology had proved inadequate to the needs of the people,—was too formal and superficial. This part of his message was specific, clear and incisive and very acceptable to the Jews. But he goes on to prove that Judaism was as inadequate as Greek philosophy. Neither were saving the world. That which can save is the Gospel of the Christ—the new message. Here we find the words "justification," "atonement," "reconciliation," which Augustine and Calvin worked into cast iron creeds to be found in all the churches, and which start out with the idea that Paul was speaking for the Almighty. To Paul, Christ was a supernatural being, a link between earth and heaven, a bringer into the world of a new régime. Christ had made his first visit and laid the foundations, grandly ethical, and then disappears only for a while. He is to come again on the clouds as a messenger of the Eternal, to burn out a world of sin as once before in Noah's time it was drowned out. Then out of the chosen few left, the new Kingdom is to be built. Paul's masterly statement of all this will be found in these first eleven chapters.

If we accept this as "infallible scripture," "divine revelation," "the word of God" through Paul to man, in a sinful world, we are driven to another alternative at which orthodoxy has flinched. If we accept a part, we must believe the rest, and the fulfillment has not yet come. The new Kingdom has not yet been established, although a remnant of Christians still looking for the "Second Coming" are represented by the Seventh Day Adventists, the Millerites and Zionites, etc., etc.

Paul wrote to a prospective constituency made up of Jews and Gentiles who had become interested in the story of the Nazarene. They had good reason to wish for a new order of things, as conditions in Rome were about as bad as could be. Greek philosophy and the Torah of the Hebrews were unequal to the exigencies of the case. Paul united in himself and his message the intellectual and the philosophical with moral potency and earnestness. As a philosopher he was profound, but he was not equal to the modernities. He would have been dreadfully startled over a Darwin or Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, Theodore Parker or Channing, or any philosopher who believed in the essential integrity of all men, that however providence is to be interpreted, it must be made large enough to hold us all.

In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters Paul emphasizes the necessity of enriching the spiritual life by putting all this philosophy into practice. He urges the value of devotion, of morality, of brotherliness. It is all splendidly stated.

> I entreat you, then, Brothers, by the mercies of God, to offer your bodies as a living and holy sacrifice, acceptable to God, for this is your rational worship. Do not conform to the fashion of this world; but be transformed by the complete change that has come over your minds, so that you may discern what God's will is—all that is good, acceptable and perfect.

He tells the Jews that their law rightly interpreted would cover all this.

In the thirteenth chapter Paul again breaks into this new thought. "The night is almost gone; the day is near." Meaning the day of the second coming.

He pleads for those whose faith is weak. "One man's faith permits of his eating food of all kinds" —some perhaps have been raised to the Kosher diet. They want to join the new movement but do not want to break the old ties. There is an insolence of radicalism that rejoices in being free, but it is possible that some good things may be lost on the way.

We have a bit of interesting textual criticism concerning the last chapter—my favorite chapter in Romans. A list of perhaps thirty-six names of individuals who stand out as a revelation of the heart life of this tired, hard working missionary. It has been the perplexity of the commentators as to how Paul knew these people in Rome where he had never been. It necessitated the theory of a migration,—the whole church must have gone to live in Rome. But the newer explanation and the more satisfactory is that what we have here is a survival of some tracts and letters which perhaps floated around for two hundred years from hand to hand until at last the Christian movement was strong enough to preserve them. This list of names then becomes some fragment of another letter, perhaps written to the old parish friends at Ephesus and elsewhere.

If we do have a hard time with the theology of Paul, if he has led us into intricacies which we cannot follow, remember that the philosophy of two thousand years ago represents the wisdom or lack of wisdom of intellectual conditions absolutely gone. What we can understand is the irresistible power of a great love, shining through the words of this open-hearted representative of a great idea, this man with the world conquering ideal. Paul has never had his due, he has been overshadowed on the one hand by the more brilliant story of the Nazarene, who formulated the ideal, and on the other handicapped by a lot of lumbering theology which has furnished material for whole libraries of books, and dry as dust at that.

When we are big enough, wise enough and kind enough we will be able to fathom the power and see that the secret of it in the last analysis lies in the sincerity of the one who holds it and in the hunger of the human heart for something better. "Joseph Smith," the Mormon prophet, may have been a humbug, but hundreds of thousands of souls took him at his best and believed in him. The world has more

use for an enthusiastic Mormon than a cold, formal, superficial Unitarian.

(1) Where had Paul planned to journey?

(2) What were Paul's motives in writing this letter to the Romans?

(3) What is the theme of the first eleven chapters of the Epistle?

(4) What great theologians took this book as the foundation for rigid creeds?

(5) What do you consider the motive in Paul's life?

High Farming at Elmwood

For many years there lived in this neighborhood a farmer whose chief interest seemed to center in trees and flowers. His farm buildings were somewhat shabby, and his farming was somewhat careless and sometimes belated, but his old-fashioned flower garden was a bower of delight and his tree planting was always done at the right moment. He made it a practice to plant fruit trees along the fences that divided his fields, and along the roadside fences, and when his attention was called, as it frequently was, to the fact that passers-by helped themselves to most of the wayside fruit, his reply was that he had expected it. The roadside trees took up but little of his land, and he was glad to be able to provide a little fruit for those who had none.

My generous-hearted neighbor carried on his farm for many years without adding greatly to his savings, yet I doubt if there was another man in the community so generally esteemed or one who was more intelligent and entertaining. For with his love of flowers and trees went a fondness for books, and for a long time he was almost the only regular subscriber in our neighborhood to the leading magazines, while his library, though small, was selected with the insight of a scholar, and doubtless cost him much more every year than his clothing. He was a public benefactor, and as I came to know him better I came to have a better appreciation of the spirit that animated "Johnny Appleseed," that eccentric philanthropist, half tramp and half mystic, who more than a century ago traveled through the wilderness of western Pennsylvania and Ohio, planting apple-seeds wherever they were likely to grow, and thus blessing generations then unborn. I imagine that both "Johnny Appleseed" and my tree-plainting neighbor were animated by something of the spirit which moved our great tender-hearted Lincoln to say that he always plucked up a thorn and planted a rose wherever he thought a rose would grow.

My mind reverted to these things when I read in the "Farmers' Problems" in the January number of the *Farm Journal* a suggestion of the enormous amount of land wasted in fence rows, and I recalled that I was struck, when in Ohio and Illinois last year, by the enormous waste of land involved in the exceedingly wide roads that prevail in those states, some of them being as much as 100 feet in width when less than a third of that space would be ample for all purposes.

I have since been much gratified to learn that there is in Ohio a movement looking to the reclamation of this enormous waste and more than waste, since the wide roadsides are the self-propagating grounds for all sorts of noxious and troublesome weeds. It has been suggested by one writer that these roadsides be planted to apple trees, the yield from the fruit to be used for the improvement and maintenance of the highways. I do not recall the exact figures it was presumed could be raised in the state by this means in twenty years, but my recollection is that the estimate exceeded half a billion dollars. While it seems to me that there is a sort of "Mulberry Sellers" optimism about these figures, I like the idea, and hope it will be carried out, thereby affording, like the poet's vine, fruit in season "and in the summer, shade."

The roads in our section of the country are not unduly wide and therefore do not lend themselves to official tree planting, but I have often thought that farm owners might well improve their properties by planting nut and fruit trees along the fence rows abutting on the road, without loss or disadvantage to themselves, and for the comfort of the public in summer, or at least that part of it that goes afoot. There are few things more grateful on a blistering summer day than a shaded highway. I have a row of chestnut trees along one roadside and a row of Kieffer pears along another, and while the blight threatens the chestnuts, I have already had several crops of nuts and an abundance of pears, and while the public may have helped itself I cannot see that my crops are sensibly diminished. And anyhow, who would want Kieffer pears in the autumn?

I am afraid that few of us ever consider the landless, those unfortunates who cannot hope to possess for their very own a bit of soil wherein to plant things. It vexes us sorely when we see trespassers crossing our fields or lurking about our orchards, and yet there is in the mind of every healthy boy an instinct to gather fruit and nuts, and this instinct is just as strong in the ownerless as in those whose fathers possess the land.

To provide for this, Harriet long ago set apart certain trees and dedicated them to the landless children of the neighborhood, subject to certain rules and regulations that are seldom infringed. Sometimes I am disposed to be a little impatient with this arrangement when some obstreperous little "shaver" breaks out of bounds, but Harriet at such times says: "Jacob, don't forget that you were once a boy, and possibly none too good."

"He who tenderly saves a tree,
All in a night of God-sent dream,
He shall list to a hermit-thrush
Deep in the forest, by mountain stream,
With friendly branches that lean and shade,
All in a woodland that he has made.
Oh, the peace of the trees!"

Farm Journal. *Jacob Riggle.*

HEAVEN.

To work with useful labor long
As happy birds pour forth their song,
To guard from all debasing strife
The sacred lives of child and wife,
And in this toil of brain or hand
As I pass on to higher land,
To wake to thought some minds too slow
Or plant a flower where weeds did grow.

To breathe the fragrance of the grass
Thrown by the light winds as they pass,
To see at dusk the rose gleams on the golden bars,
And watch the lighting of the candles of the stars,
And enter free of fear or care
Those worlds of truth spread everywhere.

—James G. Townsend.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—There must be a whole human being at work to get permanently good results in any field of action.

MON.—In every vocation the meaning of the work is less in the thing done than in the growth of the man through the doing.

TUES.—Art is a way of life for the artist, for his world and for the afterworld.

WED.—The one supreme fine art is the art of living.

THURS.—It is work done cheerfully and loyally, to a high purpose through a succession of days that builds into the human spirit the noblest elements of culture.

FRI.—To see true one must be true.

SAT.—Knowledge is a root from which the flower of wisdom may or may not blossom; but only when the root is planted in the soil of sincerity may the flower bloom.

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

LULLABY.

Day is stealing down the west,
Tender, drowsy sounds are heard,
Closer now each downy bird
Creeps 'neath mother-wings to rest;
In the fading sky afar,
Kindled by some angel hand
Twinkling comes a tiny star—
Baby's guide to Sleepy Land.
Cooler, darker grows the air,
Eerie shadows haunt the room,
In the garden, through the gloom,
'Wildering bats and owlets fare;
But the lambs and birdies seem
Happy now at home to keep,
And a darling little dream
Smiles at baby in his sleep.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Masters of Fate

The things to learn are many,
But truer there is none
Than that the day is incomplete
Without my work well done.

What if I am not mighty?
What if I cannot run?
God's great blue day is incomplete
Without my work well done.

—*William C. Gannett.*

The above poem by Mr. Gannett will mean more to us when we know its origin. It is just possible that some sturdy boy or girl, reading the line, "What if I cannot run," may say, or think, "But I *can* run." I am sure every one of us will read the lines with hushed hearts, when we know that they were written for, and are used by, the little people in a Home for Crippled Children in the State of New York.

In England there is a society of hopeless cripples, young and old, which is called "The Guild of Poor Things." The name was chosen, one is sure, from a beautiful story by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, named "The Story of a Short Life." The boy Leonard, about whom the author writes, had been hurt in a runaway accident. He could go about only in a wheeled chair. One day he was wheeled into the music room in his home to see the work of the piano tuner. A piece of metal the tuner was using was mislaid, and he was feeling around for it. "There it is," said Leonard, "right before you on the carpet. Can't you see it?" "I cannot see at all, little master," answered the tuner; "I am blind. Will you get it for me?" Then Leonard explained that he could not leave his chair, for he was lame. The boy was surprised to hear that the blind man earned his living by tuning pianos. How brave it was of him, he thought, to do his work in spite of his loss of sight! The helpless child found out that a great many people who have been partly disabled learn to do various kinds of useful work. He admired, as we all do, the sturdy courage and strength which enabled these brave souls to do their work in spite of great obstacles. So he made a book in which he might write the story of every such hindered, crippled life which yet was able to give to God's great blue day his work well done. Leonard's father, who was an artist, decorated a cover for the book, and wanted to name it "Masters of Fate," from a line of Tennyson's: "Man is man, and master of his fate."

"That is father's name for it," said Leonard, "but I call it my 'Book of Poor Things.'"

Yet are they poor who conquer the ills of life? Strong and straight of soul are they, made so in part, as you and I may be, by a great thought, like that of the "Poor Things" poem which some of the crippled children in our land share with us today.

From the Beacon.

A BOY IN SPRING.

We've got so many things to do—the summer's near at hand,
And there are many things the teacher cannot understand;
We've got to organize the nine—the best nine of them all.
But if arithmetic is hard, how can we practice ball?
We take our books home every night—and when we ought to play
For practice in the field out there, we have to work away
To get our lessons done—so if we lose the summer game,
The teacher may not know, but she's the one who'll be to blame.

It's not so bad in winter time, but when the spring is near,
With schoolroom windows open wide, and you look out and hear
The songs of birds, and many sounds that boys all love so well,
It seems as if you could not bear to cipher, parse or spell.
And when you know your nine all need to practice every day,
How can you study as you should and think of every play
You ought to practice up to win the series when it ends,
And be a credit to your school and honor to your friends?

But teacher never has played ball; she never understands
That you must practice with the bat to carry out your plans;
And if you worry over sums that she gives you to do,
You cannot really practice well till studying is through,
And then its apt to be too dark—so noontime and recess
Are all the times you have to play; she doesn't know, I guess,
Or else she'd make the lesson short, and give you easy sums
That you could do in half an hour, when baseball practice comes.

—*James W. Foley.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FACTS THAT MUST BE FACED BY CHICAGO'S POVERTY SITUATION

A SERIOUS EMERGENCY.

"The next five or six weeks cover the critical period. If anything is to be done to really help the people who are going without food and fire, it must be done at once."—*Closing paragraph in Henry M. Hyde's article on "Unemployment" in the Tribune, Tuesday, February* 16, 1915.

"Since the policy of public works recommended by the Industrial Commission cannot in the nature of things be inaugurated at once, the burden of caring for the indigent must continue to fall on those agencies, both public and private, that have been so severely taxed this winter. Such organizations as the United Charities need generous support from the public to enable them to meet the deplorable situation."—*Excerpt from Editorial in Daily News,* February 12, 1915.

Statement by the Board of Directors of the United Charities of Chicago:

We know that the United Charities cannot face this "deplorable situation," as it has been rightly called, unaided. The organization represents you, the general public, in its work of prevention and amelioration. Without you and your help it is helpless.

Our comparatively small force of able workers, aided by over 1,000 volunteers, has borne a larger burden of caring for the poor of Chicago during the past year, than most of the public or private agencies, and it can be said that none who have come to us for help and really needed it, have gone away without it. Some mistakes have been made, but considering the mass of work accomplished, they are but few. Our workers are but human—they are overworked,—with the strain of meeting and helping wisely and constructively nearly 1,000 families a day that come to us for help in the past few months.

Here are ten salient facts. We must face them together—you and the United Charities:

1. The Industrial Commission has decided that to raise a large fund to employ men on emergency public work is undesirable.
2. Other work in regular industries has not opened up to any extent.
3. Families having savings have used them up and are joining the thousands of those already dependent, in their appeals for help.
4. Others who have had credit from grocers and butchers are being refused further time and these also are coming to us.
5. Landlords are carrying heavy burdens in unpaid rents—many are breaking financially under the strain. They end up by serving eviction notices to the families who thereupon appeal to us for help in moving or paying rent.
6. Families unable to keep up payments for homes on the installment plan are losing their homes and coming to us for food and fuel.
7. Families buying furniture on the installment plan and unable to keep up payments are having their possessions taken away from them.
8. All of these burdens have come down upon us in addition to the thousands of families who are normally on our hands for other reasons; widowhood, tuberculosis, other illnesses, accident, insanity, desertion and many other reasons.
9. We befriended 7,557 families in December, the largest monthly total in the organization's history. We expected a big drop in January but the total went down to only 7,158. Appeals for aid decreased but little in February.
10. While we are suffering from the backwash of the European War, the United Charities workers are doing the Red Cross work of peace—picking up the wounded, clothing the naked—keeping the wolves away from the doors of thousands.

Will you do less for those at home than you have done for those abroad?

Will those who unselfishly gave from comforts to provide necessities for aliens abroad fail to see and heed the misery at their own doorstep?

Will those who have not given to aliens abroad or to the poor at home give now to prevent further unnecessary suffering?

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There is much more to be said—harrowing details in individual cases,—but lack of space prevents. Funds for food and fuel—funds to enable us to continue our work of peace, to help us send more experienced workers to call on the poor in their homes; to give wise counsel and emergency help are needed most urgently—at once. What would happen if the thousand families a day that come to us were turned away?

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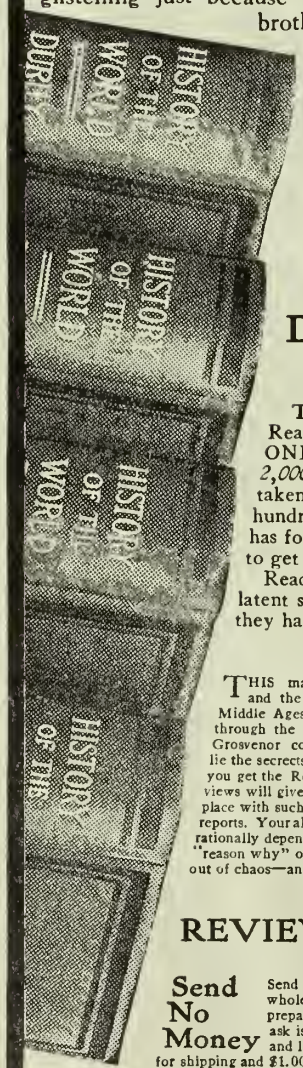

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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1915 Number 6

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A Thought for Easter

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Make me Charitable in Thought
Slow to Condemn, and May
My Heart and Soul be Free of
the Poison of Malice, Intolerance,
Bigotry and Hate. AMEN.

The Sunday Chicago Tribune —JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

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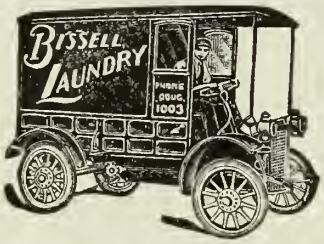

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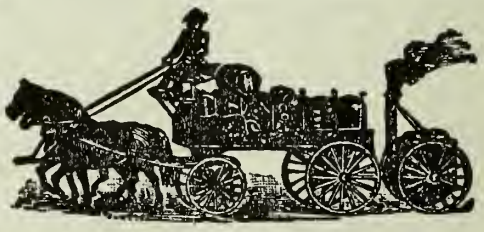

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1915 Number 6

THE BRAVE.

It is not in the desert lonely,
  Nor at the mast-head o'er the wave,
Nor with the climbing fire ascending,
  Imperiled life to save,
Nor on the battlefield, that only
  Are found the brave!

Ah, no! Unmarked, pain's passion-flowers,
  Through Night's intolerable deep,
They bind in silence; mutely praying,
  Enduring, not to keep
Their watchers wearying through the hours—
  But let them sleep.

Through all the winter chill, ere morning,
  O'er many a frozen trail, I wis,
Fighting their course, that waiting children
  Life's nurture may not miss—
Against the blast they journey, scorning
  Its bitter kiss.

From light-towers sending forth at even
  New hope, in place of old despair,
Toiling in mines, in factories toiling—
  But, ah! why seek, why care
To name them o'er? The brave, thank Heaven!
  Are everywhere!

Harper's Magazine. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

Life is so short in which to work, to love, to serve! So much precious time is spent in "getting ready" to live! Planning what is to be done. "Some time," always "some day," instead of *today*. Before we know it the babies we might have more enjoyed are grown up and *ours* no longer, and the people we sought to be with and the people we thought to be so happy and perhaps envied, have come and gone, and we perhaps in the same old state see at last that happiness is a relative term and ephemeral unless found within ourselves in the knowledge of performing each minutest duty of each day as it comes, living according to our own standard of what is meet and best for us, let our neighbor be ever so opulent, prodigal with our love for our neighbor as well as ourselves. Thus will we secure the much sought happiness by learning to discriminate between real and unnatural things and being as eager for spiritual as we are for material blessings. M. B. P.

Chicago has survived another social storm, an election "brain storm" indicated by a turbulent, noisy, extravagant display of hired enthusiasm, superficial loyalty and coarse devotion. Without attempting to analyze the causes that led to the "land-slide" that surprised everybody, it is fair to say that both leading candidates inherited vicious antecedents, were backed by selfish, partisan officials, and perhaps it is safe to say that each candidate honestly meant to surprise the howlers and shouters by giving a better administration than they wanted. Anyhow the post-election promises of the victorious candidate should be recorded and taken at their face value. He and the "shouters" will do well to remember that majorities count but little after election for the advancement of the community that trusts them. The old prophet of Israel was as right for today as he was for his own time when he trusted "the saving remnant." It is the minority of the brave men and women in Chicago and elsewhere, they who do not allow their consciences to be twisted by expediency arguments, or the sophistry of "the lesser of two evils" to affect their judgment or their vote that constitute the hope of the city. Those who stood by principle resisting the itching desire to be on the winning side, offer the best material for the new administration to conjure by.

When women far removed from the scene of conflict, unaffected by the passion that blinds the reason, use qualifying adjectives to describe the war they oppose, it is a sorry day for all lovers of peace. Why need the women trouble to say they are opposed to wars of conquest? No one since the time of Bismarck, or even Bismarck himself, has believed in wars of aggression. Could there be anything amusing in the horrible situation in Europe, it would be the eagerness with which each and all of the warring nations claim to be fighting merely in self defense. If a war is not in self defense, but against a weaker people, then we have but to recall the arguments so glibly used to justify our course in the Philippines, "the hand of the Lord has led us forth to carry the light of civilization to a people in darkness." It is self-defense or the hand of the Lord always, these days, that causes war, so our sisters might have saved their resolutions. As for peace, was there ever a peace without justice and righteousness from the standpoint of the strong? The peace we made and have kept with Mexico was claimed to be just, and probably the people of Texas and California welcomed the change, but who asked then or ever what the vanquished thought or think of the justice and righteousness of the case? Who is so wise as to say when peace is just and righteous, and when it isn't? No one, be she a member of every peace society in the country, is truly for peace till she takes her stand unqualifiedly against war first, last and all the time. And

there will come no end to war till women unite against war, war that means hell, no matter what qualifying adjective you put before it, and no matter by what race or nation it is waged. Women may honestly differ as to the wisdom of various means of ending war, but they cannot justify one kind of war while denouncing another kind, and do it in the name of peace. "He who is not with me is against me."

O. C. S.

The Easter season is no time to discuss the problem of immortality. Easter is a time to feel immortality, to live it. A few days ago the writer went to sleep in the land of roses. The air was full of the fragrance of the blooming orchards of California. He woke up on the high sides of the Sierras, having slept through some thirty miles of snow sheds and found himself in the white land, snow land, cold land of the mountains. But that chilly landscape was pierced and fretted on every hand by the protruding, stalwart green of the ever living pines. They shot through the snow to crest the sun-kissed mountain tops. So it is ever in the experience of the soul who goes searching for immortality. Mark Twain, who is misunderstood when classed only as an "American humorist," said, "I have never heard an argument for immortality that seems to me to carry conviction. I have never been able to formulate an argument that seemed to me to be worth anything as proof, and yet in spite of all this, I somehow expect to live again." This is the confession of a supremely frank and a superlatively independent man, and this is the point where most of us stand at Easter time. With the love of children and of church and the confidence of his people, that minister makes small use of the day who stoops by pulpit utterance to try to prove immortality, rather than to point to some of the grand "intimations" as Wordsworth would say. It is better to rest in the confidence of Mark Twain with a sense profound of something deeper than our reasoning, with an "intimation" that is more convincing than argument, something that through the snow clad mountains of our ignorance projects the ever green hope for continued life. The writer knows not which was the greater symbol of Easter hopes and faith—the ever green pines on the snow clad sides of the Sierras, or those other evergreens growing in the garden fields of California, the trees so rich in life that they bear at one time ripened fruit and fragrant blossoms. On the same bough hung luscious oranges and floral wreaths to grace a bride. This is a high symbol of the life we should try to live, striving for ripe fruit, glad to offer our contributions of failure or of triumph to the maturing of the same, but still ever creating new buds, breaking into fresh blossoms for a harvest that is to come further on. This is the Easter hope, and this is the Easter message to responsive souls!

Charles R. Henderson

Poor, indeed, is the university who does not afford at least one man who carries with him as he walks through the campus a spiritual atmosphere, a man whose personality enforces his words and instructs and inspires when he is silent. We love to think of Professor LaConte of the University of California, whose pedagogical department was geology, whose function was that of an unfrocked bishop of souls, the spiritual minister of the student body. We like the story of the Harvard undergraduate who took his father on a walk through the campus in the evening, and directed his walk into a side street and then pointed to the light in an upper window and said, "I love to walk around this way and look up at the window and know that the 'old man' is working in there." The 'old man' was the venerable and venerated Dr. Peabody, then President of the University.

Without any reflection upon the other members of the faculty, we believe we would be justified by faculty and students when we say that the University of Chicago has lost its "*pastor magnificus,*" the good man serene, a gentle shepherd of souls, a divinely commissioned guide of youth.

Professor Henderson was a man widely read and profoundly versed in some lines of sociological investigation and humanitarian helpfulness. But not on this account was he so much beloved and is he so tenderly remembered, but because his life was gentle as well as strong, cheerful as well as earnest, tender as well as brave.

If we mistake not, some traces of Lincoln blood coursed through his veins, an Indianan by birth and a "Hanks" by some affiliation of blood. Be that as it may, he was a priest after the order of Abraham Lincoln, a man whose devoutness was more expressed in terms of life than in terms of theology; a Baptist in his traditions, and no doubt he was loyal to the same, but he was bigger than any denomination and freer than any tradition. UNITY found in him a willing editorial contributor, and no man in the long list was more willing or more to be relied on in an emergency. How ready he was to help fill a gap caused by the "escape" of the senior editor! How kind he was to endorse when unity helped! How gentle he was to amend when to his mind it hindered the cause of brotherhood which to him reached from the man behind the bars to the man on the bench and the king on his throne. His last measure of strength was given to the unemployed, the "down and outs," but his was a ministry reaching the "Perishing Upper

Classes" as well, the chilly and chilling victims of over-prosperity.

His latest public position was that of President of the United Charities of Chicago, but that did not measure up to the proportions of the man. The present writer was not fully reconciled to the sacrifices of such high talent to such "repair-shop work." To him belonged the constructive work that creates the better state. Other men more commercial, "masters of finance" and "captains of industry," might have done the United Charity work as well, perhaps better. At least it was encumbent upon such to do it.

Dr. Henderson will be better and more fittingly remembered as the President of the International Prison Congress, the effective leader in the cause of the laboring child, the overworked woman, the underpaid girls and, on that account, his over-exposed sisters.

Charles R. Henderson was a saint of the new order, a shepherd of souls in truth and in deed! Much learning made him wise and earnest study made him kind. His religion ripened into patience, tenderness, courage and cheer.

It is fitting that these memorial words should come due at Easter time, for he, though dead, yet speaketh! A presence, dignified, charitable, cheerful and encouraging is still left on the campus of the University of Chicago, and it travels far, far beyond the outmost limits of this academic territory.

Professor Henderson's ministry is not ended. It has just begun. "Farewell and hail, good and dear brother!"

Editorial Wanderings

V.

My last was written Monday, March 22nd. That night the promised lecture in the Unitarian Church of Oakland was given on time to a goodly audience in an attractive auditorium, after a gracious introduction by our old friend, Rev. W. D. Simonds, whose achievements at Madison, Wisconsin, and Seattle, Washington, formed a fitting preparation for the larger and harder work at Oakland. I talked next morning before the Pacific Theological School, which when last visited seven years ago, welcomed me as a Congregational "school of the prophets," but since that time it has laid off even the gentle fetters of that elastic denomination. Another school which seven years ago had in charge the preparation of young men for the Christian denomination, has somehow been merged and now the school is sincerely trying to bring about a fusion at least of the so called Evangelical churches that will help to unite the divided forces and remove the irritating rivalries between men and organizations that seek the same ends and are sincerely devoted to the same cause.

There was one thing on the program for Tuesday not slated in my schedule. It was "Founders Day" at the University of California, a great red letter day in the annual calendar of this interesting institution. This year the day was marked by an address from the Vice-President of the United States. The great and beautiful Greek theatre, which seats somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand, was well filled though not crowded. There was the usual pomp and parade, academic men appearing in the many-colored paraphernalia that out-rivals even the high colors worn by the gentler sex. Preceding the address was a most instructive, encouraging and, I fear, exceptional display of private gifts, individual donations to a state institution. It took the scribe perhaps twenty minutes to fully list the benefactions that were stated in sums ranging all the way from one to four figures. Then came a most characteristic address from the playful, half humorous politician of Indianapolis. The speaker succeeded pretty well in steering between a stump speech and an academic address. While not profound, it was profitable and stimulating, not flippant, but oftentimes humorous. One might imagine Mr. Marshall as a lesser Mark Twain playing with his audience in order to present to it some wholesome truths.

As promised in the last letter, Tuesday night I bade goodbye to my friend Hosmer, my whilom fellow traveler of more than thirty-five years ago, taking the east bound train on the Southern Pacific. I woke up the next morning on the high reaches of the Sierras. Early in the day I arrived at Reno, and was welcomed to the home of Professor and Mrs. Boardman. To say that the gentle little wife of this professor was Elsa Leonard, daughter of Ellen T. Leonard, the guardian angel of UNITY in its infancy, the philosopher, guide, counselor and friend of the Editor, beloved and lamented, is to awaken tenderest memories among our older readers.

But the lecturer must push on. He was announced to speak at Carson City, the capital of Nevada, in the evening. Arrangements had been made to occupy the audience room of the High School, but two days before scarlet fever had broken out, the school had been closed and the Rev. Lloyd Thomas, rector of the Episcopal Church of the town, who was "deaconing" the peace lecturer, was able to do, with the consent of the Bishop of Nevada, what would scarcely be possible in the lenient middle West. The lecture was given from the pulpit of the Episcopal Church to a goodly company. The next day, Thursday, I was again back in Reno. At one o'clock I spoke to an enthusiastic high school in a modern building. In all the circuit of nearly six thousand miles the

grammar grade school house at Reno takes the premium. The building was a happy adaptation of the mission style of architecture to the latest pedagogical demands of a modern school house. In the evening a Men's Club of some sixty members lunched together and then the peace lecture was given up stairs in the Congregational Church. Friday at 9 a. m. I met the classes in the historical and sociological departments of the University in an hour's talk, and at eleven the whole student body and faculty listened to the peace lecture in the gymnasium auditorium. Friday night I had to break away from a pleasant dinner party at the Boardman's in order to take a train for Salt Lake City, where I arrived Saturday afternoon and I was at the heart of Mormondom. John Malick, the pastor of the Unitarian Church found hearty co-operation with the representatives of the Mormon Church in arranging for my peace lectures. I preached for Mr. Malick Sunday morning. At four o'clock the Assembly Hall in the Mormon Square was well filled. The President of the Mormon Society presided, a Mormon Bishop made the opening invocation, a Mormon Elder gave the benediction. Sunday night a very different constituency gathered in the Workingmen's Temple, where I spoke under the auspices of a "Liberal Club," largely made up of aggressive socialists, labor unions and I. W. W. men. It was a place bristling with belligerency, and my pacific word, while listened to with respect and courtesy for forty-five minutes, provoked most aggressive militant discussion.

Sunday afternoon the long distance telephone at Provo, thirty miles away, called me. The call came from a professor of the Brigham Young University, asking for a peace address in the institute of higher learning of Mormondom. Monday night I spoke in the Mormon Church to a large audience. Tuesday noon to the student body and professors an audience of over a thousand. In the afternoon there was another high school audience, and then came the ride through the Royal Gorge, and by way of the Santa Fe through Kansas City to Chicago, home on schedule time to conduct a Good Friday meeting in the evening and to lead in the Easter service of All Souls Church, the tenth anniversary of the occupancy of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and the thirty-second consecutive Easter service of All Souls Church. Many old friends joined with many new ones in making a service tender and inspiring.

I was gone thirty-two days, during which time I gave thirty-four or five lectures. With the single exception of the Browning address at San Diego, all my speaking centered around the peace problem and tried to carry the peace message. I was permitted to address some six universities and college constituencies, nine or ten high schools, I spoke in Congregational, Unitarian, Episcopal and Mormon houses of worship and a theosophical hall, and I was at home in all these places and was made to feel at home. They were all places where the profundities of morals and religion were not only welcome but identical with the aim and spirit of those who played the part of hosts, as well as the grateful guest. Perhaps next week, before the impressions fade, I may pick up some of the dropped stitches and gather them into another "Editorial Wandering."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

HIS TROPHY.

Scene: *An English Hospital. A Highlander with a German Helmet.*

"So you've brought back his helmet, Sandie, my man;
And you've killed him, I guess; it's a trophy you've won?"
"Na-a, na-a," replied Sandie, "that was na the plan;
The man was a friend, gin ye'll wait till I'm done.
I dressed his wound and he sorted mine,
No' a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither,
But I lookit at him and I kent him a brither;
An' I gin him my bonnet in token, ye ken;
He lauched, and he grippit my han'—an' then
He gied me his helmet, an' it cam tae my mind,
Here's a trophy, thought I, of a new-fangled kind.
I dressed his wound and he dressit mine,
No' a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither,
But tho' he was German, I kent him a brither."

—*H. J. Dawtrey.*

Magazine of the Free Religious Movement, Dundee, Scotland.

War, Hunger and Cold

Our three great curses are still "war, hunger and cold." There must be a steady increase of intelligence and of love for truth, beauty and courtesy, and as these qualities increase there will arise a new standard of ethics or morality. The individuality of selfishness will go down before the individuality of kindness. Men will feel a responsibility not only for their families, for their neighbors, their race, but for mankind, and they will be willing to sacrifice their time, their pleasure and their money for this ideal.

And then as intelligence grows, and this love of truth, beauty and courage increases, the sense of personal responsibility will deepen and the new ethics will be born. And those three giant wrongs will disappear—*war, hunger and cold.*

No man shall stand up merely to be food for powder, and every woman and every child shall have the loaf on the table, fire on the hearth and clothes to make them warm and beautiful.

James G. Townsend.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE. HIS CHARACTER. INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.

The Diary:

May 8. I receive my first intelligence of the death of my old and beloved friend, Chief Justice Chase, in a telegram from Gov. Sprague. May 9, Friday. I went to New York, accompanied by my son. Saturday, 10. I attended the funeral.

Among the more prominent leaders of the anti-slavery forces, Salmon P. Chase was conspicuous. Holding the Fugitive Slave laws, both the earlier, and that of 1850, to be unconstitutional, on the ground that, though the Constitution provided for the return of fugitives from labor, it added no grant of legislative powers to Congress in connection therewith, he placed his great legal learning and ability freely at the service of the poor, cowering refugees from bondage. So frequently did he appear in behalf of escaped slaves, that Kentucky slaveholders gave him the title of "Attorney General for the Niggers." Work of this kind he performed without recompense. And living, as he did, in Cincinnati, where it was by no means uncommon for free blacks to be kidnapped, taken across the river and sold; whereas, also, as in all the borders of Ohio, fugitives were frequently appearing, pursued by their masters or master's agents, opportunities were many for him to champion the cause of the oppressed and imperilled. It was the kind of work that none but a man governed by the strongest convictions of humanity would have undertaken. After defending the slave girl Matilda, in 1837, who had been brought into the state by her master, but whose return to slave territory was resisted, the remark was made, of Mr. Chase by an eminent citizen, "Mr. Chase is a promising young lawyer, but he has ruined himself by his action in this case!" It was not, from the point of view of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, so foolish a verdict. Of all causes, the cause of the slave was the most unpopular. The young lawyer, however, while not lacking in ambition, was more eager to help the helpless than to win plaudits and rewards for himself. Writing to Gerrit Smith under date of July 31, 1845, Mr. Chase refers to a certain pamphlet which he has sent through the mail to him, in connection with which he says:

"It contains an account of a case of considerable interest in a legal and anti-slavery view, and some proceedings growing out of it in which I had a personal, and I may add, a very pleasant interest: for *I would rather possess the smallest evidence of regard from the oppressed and the injured, than a gemmed ring from the Emperor Nicholas.*"

The author probably does not need to explain that the emphasis laid upon these words in the quotation from Mr. Chase's letter, is his, not Mr. Chase's. The fine and generous sentiment is no more than characteristic of the motives that ruled the great statesman's life. It was said of him, by Gov. Hoadley, that he "walked with God." That "the predominant element in his life. . . . was his striving after righteousness. Behind the dusky face of every black man he saw his Saviour, the divine Man." Gov. Hoadley refers the concluding passage of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, which was written by Mr. Chase, to "his habit of referring to divine guidance every act of his life." The passage reads, as the reader will remember: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the favorable judgment of all mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

After the destruction by a pro-slavery mob, of *The Philanthropist* (James G. Birney's paper) in Cincinnati, in 1836, Mr. Chase was engaged by Mr. Birney in the effort to bring the participators in the outrage to justice. Mr. Chase was himself the hero of a stirring incident in connection with that noted riot. The mob, not satisfied with wrecking the printing plant, had started after the editor. At this juncture Mr. Chase appeared on the scene and drove the rioters back, thus saving Mr. Birney from violence, if from nothing worse.

INTEREST IN CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Diary:

June 20, 1873. Cuban meeting in our hall. Ere the meeting closes, Gen. Thomas Jordan and Michael de Aldama arrive. After the meeting they dine with us and pass the night. Sunday, 22. They breakfast and dine with us and we send them to Canastota this evening.

Mr. Smith was a strong advocate of Cuban independence; and the Cuban Committee in New York found in him a generous financial contributor to their cause. The last year of his life witnessed much activity on his part in behalf of the long-suffering people of the beautiful island. He was very eager to have our Government recognize the Cuban Republic, and "Rescue Cuba Now!" as he put it, in capital letters. He organized public meetings in the attempt to arouse the popular mind to the horror of Spanish mis-rule in Cuba, and his pen was busied with communications to the press, and in the writing of appeals, in the form of letters to the public, which he scattered through the mails. It was a grief to him that the popular conscience was so indifferent to the demands of humanity in the matter. The fact that the Republic of Cuba had none but a fugitive existence, that it possessed no capital, no ports, no organization and no courts, was indeed, but a phantom government, seems not to have carried any weight with him. What his sympathetic heart felt was, that a people had suffered for centuries under oppression, that they were then enduring fresh campaigns of outrage and cruelty, with apparently no end in sight to the monstrous mis-rule, unless there were intervention by some nation, in the interest of justice and mercy. He was eager to have his own country act the part of the good Samaritan with Cuba; and precedents were matters of no consequence in his sight. But in case America failed to take the part of rescuer, he looked to Great Britain to do so.

It is hardly necessary to say that no atom of selfish national policy entered into Mr. Smith's plans for the saving of Cuba. It is a little remarkable that the exact attitude which, he declared, should be adopted by the nation that might intervene in the case of Cuba, was that which was carried out by the United States when, 25 years later, Cuban intervention became a reality. Said Gerrit Smith:

I would here say, that it is all important that this work be and be seen of all men to be entirely and sublimely dis-

interested. To this end, whatever nation shall have part in delivering Cuba should pledge itself in advance not to annex her to itself, nor to suffer such annexation, unless Cuba shall, after a period of say, 5 or 10 years, insist upon such annexation. No ulterior object should accompany the undertaking to make Cuba absolutely free and independent.

Let the reader, in his mind, pass the gap between December, 1873, and April, 1898. On the 19th, Senator Foraker's joint resolution, acknowledging the independence of Cuba, and demanding the relinquishment of Spanish authority on the island, was adopted by the National Congress. The Fourth Article in that Resolution reads like an echo of the words of Gerrit Smith, written nearly a quarter of a century before:

".....The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

SERVICES IN FREE CHURCH ABANDONED.

The Diary:

July 13, 1873. I take part in the Methodist Sunday School.

This brief entry seems important enough to transcribe. The attempt to maintain the Church of Peterboro had been definitely given up. Never abandoning his contention that the Christians of a place are the church of that place, that the spirit of sect is anti-Christian, and that the one and only business of Christianity is to translate the principles of Christ into conduct by bringing human beings into likeness to Him, he had at last found the labor involved in maintaining a church on such a basis too great. During all the years since the Free Church was organized, he had carried the main part of its burden, and it had been a considerable burden when added to his many other cares and labors. Realizing now that his own career must be, in the course of nature, near its earthly close, it seemed best to lay the particular burden down. For the months that remained, he worshipped with his good neighbors, the Methodists, taught in their Sunday School, and occasionally led in their meetings.

From the day of the establishment of the Church of Peterboro, its pulpit had been open to the proclamation of every phase of the social gospel. And the people of the little village had enjoyed such privileges as those of no other hamlet in the land had been permitted to enjoy, in the way of earnest discourse from men and women of eminence, light and leading. For, as the church had been free for the proclamation of every moral reform, so its pulpit had known no distinction of sex, with such as had been invited to minister in it.

Meantime great changes had come about in other churches of Protestant Christianity. The cause of the blacks, dear to Mr. Smith above any other, had been loyally espoused by evangelical Christianity; Temperance, which once found so precarious a footing in evangelical churches, was now finding its chief support and advocacy in them; and the rights of women had obtained a considerable standing in the same quarters. The Free Church could be closed, with the gratifying assurance that the great principles of reform for which it had stood, were to be carried forward by the ordinary and old-established institutions of religion.

The Diary:

Aug. 19, 1873. Gen. O. O. Howard and little son, Jamie, come this p. m. I attended the reception for Gen. Howard in our Hall. 24. Gen. Howard preaches this a. m. in the Hall. At one p. m. he and I spoke to the Sunday School. 25. Dear Gen. Howard and son leave us at 11 p. m.

Soon after, Gen. Emory and daughter come to take lunch with us.

Gen. Howard's interest in the blacks endeared him to Mr. Smith, as Mr. Smith's broad philanthropy endeared him to the General. The two were very firm friends. In a letter from the General to Mr. Smith, a little later than the date of his visit to Peterboro, he writes:

Your noble life has left a deep impression on me..... I hope God will bless you very richly during the remaining physically weary years of your pilgrimage.

In the same letter, referring to the work of Mrs. Mary Howard Schoolcraft, with the little outcasts of Washington, both sexes and colors, Gen. Howard says:

Like yourself, this woman, remarkable in mind and remaining strength, dares to help those whom men despise, adopts them as her own children and stamps them with Christ's image.

The Diary:

Sept. 22, 1873. Schuyler Colfax did me the honor to call upon me and spend three-quarters of an hour with me.

Oct. 12. Judge Boardman dines with us.

Jan. 3, 1874. Anniversary of my dear wife's and my marriage! I cannot be sufficiently grateful for this prolonging of our lives.

March 6. I am this day 77 years old. I thank my heavenly Father for preserving me so long upon the earth.

To a young friend, formerly of Peterboro, at the time teaching in Newburgh, whose mother had recently passed away:

Peterboro, March 9, 1874.

My dear Carrie:—

This is a very beautiful, very sweet and very welcome letter that I received from you this morning.

And so you remembered my birthday. It was very kind of you to do so. The young are apt to forget the old and worn-out. It is not strange that your precious mother remembered me on every return of my birthday, for she and I had long been warm friends. It touches my heart and wets my eyes to have you say, that she taught her children to remember it. Dear one—I hope to meet her in a higher and better world.

And so you have heard the Hampton Singers. I wish I could hear them. Their leader wrote me, proposing to bring them to my house, because, doubtless, I am a patron of the school. But I replied that Mrs. Smith and I were purposing to leave home soon on a journey for the improvement of my health, which has suffered much from vertigo for the last four months. (I am, I trust, daily regaining my health.)

Broken as my health is, I have within a few days written an article in behalf of our colored brethren, a copy of which I send you herewith.

Excuse my brevity. You know what quantities of letters the mails bring me.

My dear wife joins me in love for you and dear Nettie.

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

How beautiful the affectionate spirit which this letter manifests.

COURAGE.

One who always faced the peril and marched, eyes undimmed,
Never waiting sun to shine,
Never asking share in victory.
Or sure there would be victory,
Only sure that right would still be right,
As long as the beautiful orange stains
Upon the bosoms of yonder western clouds,
Illumine the sunsets of the eternal years.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

My Library—No. XXIV.

To those who have read the Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman, there must have come instructive thoughts as to the propriety of anyone so talented ever allowing himself to dissipate his energies at such a fearful rate as he usually did. Such plunging into enterprises for which he had inadequate endurance is seldom seen in literary aspirants. Whichever way he turned, he seemed bound to get himself cornered either by his trusted friends or by incalculable circumstances, and in such a way as seemingly to jeopradize either his health or his fortune, or both. Sometimes the outcome was entirely pitiful. Yet the courage and persistence of the man as well as author seldom if ever failed or even wilted. If the cause had always been worthy of this, the spectacle would have been magnificent. But it is a question whether so bright a man ought to have so poorly calculated his energies, or so unwisely devoted them to their own inevitable destruction.

In this, however, Stedman was by no means alone. Under the pitiless pressure of the Time-Spirit, many of his contemporaries in every walk of life did the very same thing, and it is so now with many who live after him. Impulsive, uncalculated waste of vital energy by choice men and women seems almost to be the rule. But to what purpose! Certainly not to the largest, happiest life; certainly not to the best work. And the pity of it is beyond computation.

Again, one wonders what Edmund Clarence Stedman would have accomplished, had he not for so many years been hindered by excessive work and strain not only, but by the notion that he was a victim of tuberculosis. As one reads of his breakdowns and standstills and dire apprehensions, especially with anything like professional insight, the question will arise, Why and to what end was it all for? Certainly a little more accurate diagnosis, a little more skilful advice and very much more common sense, would have saved his strength for much more of the work that his "Victorian Poets" and "American Poets," to say nothing of his own poetry and Anthologies of other's, show him to have been naturally capable of What the world has thus missed in original work, because of his stern devotion to making a living in the hardest of all tasks, that of Wall Street, is so regrettable that one hesitates not to say that such "sacrifices" are as criminal against the world as they are wasteful and painful to self.

Some of Stedman's poetry is entirely worthy; yet too often it seems forced in expression where the theme should have had spontaneity, and this not too carefully edited. The forcing of thought, or sentiment, or of a most perfect form, may not result in the *poetry* that an author intends. On the contrary, a free flow of meaning into almost a crudely imperfect form may invite and hold one satisfactorily. Stedman was entirely capable of thought, and had deep feeling, but one does not return to his poems so spontaneously or so frequently as to some others, because the workmanship of even his perfect form is so apt to be too obvious. Sometimes it even gives a hint of the weariness of the mind that conceived it. If it is well to alternate vocation with avocation, it certainly is not so well to have to force a crossing from one to the other too strenuously. A well-disciplined mind can do this, sometimes successfully; but the vital expense and danger of failure are always too great, nevertheless. What Stedman actually wrote belongs to My Library, beyond question; what he might have written leaves a gap to be forever inadequately filled.

One sees this when one turns to the work of his contemporary, John Watson Gilder. Here was a man, sensitized and refined in the extreme; with a nervous system always at plus tension; yet a plodder, nevertheless; and yet a medium of spontaneity, fine and vital, as well. As gentle and sweet as a mother-spirit's blessing is some of his work. Much of the rest is wise and companionable. There is no suggestion of fag anywhere; the life within flows out into fullness thereof, and awakens corresponding responsiveness. A gentlemanly poet, a lover of his kind, though at times seemingly very distant from them; his perception of the solid worth of Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and his love for his heroes, being not the least of his significant virtues.

All through many years there have appeared in various periodicals, sonnets chiefly, but at times other poetical "effusions," by James H. West. Reading these has always been like a sip of refreshing coolness in the midst of the overcharged warmth of everyday life. Now that they are collected into a volume, "Poems of Progress," one returns to them as to a sure balm for pretty nearly all the woes of life. Mr. West's love of nature and sure insight into her deepest and broadest meaning, his spiritual interpretation of life in all its aspects, his sensible optimism and unfailing hope, all make him a fellow-being in the higher walks of life, whose poems should be read and re-read until one's nature too is saturated through and through with his nobility and promise. That Mr. West has not only voiced much of the clearer and higher sentiment of today, but will appear in the future as its reliable interpreter, must be evident to all who feel the real trend of the passing moments, and premonish anything of the days to come. My Library, everybody's library, every reader's hand, should hold "Poems of Progress" in securest grasp and tenderest, sweetest appreciation. Hear him as he says:

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but transient.
Only the System of Man is unique and forever!
Man is the one, the eternal, the rightly, triumphant!
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries hasten,
All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision increases;
Man is himself of his future the master and builder;

Hearing this, let the heart grow strong, the head clear and previsional, and the determination to believe that,

Earth's old futilities pass quickly by,
And life on sudden takes eternal hue

for all those who learn to assuage

Through charm of inner eye and loving heart,
Earth's direst griefs in mind's rich overflow.

Nor should any of us neglect emphasis of this new and renewing world, the world that our poet so courageously affirms.

I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragment of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a god,

says William Ellery Leonard, in his "Vaunt of Man," a volume of poems without which even the "five-foot-shelf" would seem a little incomplete to me. If anyone doubts this, let him read for example his Sonnet, "For a Drudger," or "When Death Shall Come," of

"Lincoln." Here again is a man as well as a poet, expressing himself sparely, to be sure, but so well and to such goodly ends, none the less. He keeps up the currents of better thoughts started by earlier contacts with the masters, and adds a charm of his own to their higher elaboration. So long as such men as West and Leonard sing to us, we need never despair of poetry's being able to keep up with the universal unfolding no matter where it may tend. For their minds and hearts, all of science and of true thinking, all of high reading and fullest realization, are but material for the poet's most graceful expression; yet with all the old senuous imagery not neglected or superseded, as well.

So here we have a group of American poets, dead and living, that should be honored and read and believed in equally on many accounts with Longfellow and Whittier of earlier days. If not quite so impassioned, possibly, they yet are very sincere, very reliable, and very inspiring and otherwise helpful. They give us the Spirit as well as the form of modern life, and to them we ought not to inhibit heartiest response, much less forget that they are or have been in our midst.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in his book "Under the Trees," has this attractive sentence: "The silence of the deep woods is pregnant with mighty growths"; and then quotes Maurice de Guerin, whom he styles, "true poet and lover of Nature," as follows: "An innumerable generation actually hangs on the branches of all the trees, on the fibres of the most significant grasses, like babes on the mother's breast." It is always a satisfaction to have someone interpret the deeper meanings of nature for us, and when Mr. Mabie's volume, along with "My Study Fire," came to me as a birthday present many years ago, I felt that I had been given a most important help in this respect. All along my life I had found many a beautiful "island valley of Avilion."

> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,

in which I had from time to time been healed of many a "grievous wound"; but had always needed none the less someone to "Sing about the golden tree" so understandingly that I could enter into a closer companionship still, and thus be able the more satisfactorily to "weave for God the robe thou seest Him by."

Whenever Mr. Mabie writes of out-of-doors, he conveys the note of spirituality that only the pure in heart can sound. "There is this great consolation," he writes, "for those who cannot live continually in the Forest of Arden; that, having once proven one's citizenship there, one can return at will." Reading his books is a brave way of fitting oneself for this choice residenceship, and seeking his spirit is one of the surest ways of learning what to see and feel and do when once the entering upon it is made; and certainly it is well to find some place where one can truly say, "It matters little whether I have travelled or dreamed" a place, the "Forest of Arden," for instance, where "there is no clock," and where "every day men of great worth" resort, a place which if timeless, is yet most significantly alive!—a place like Prospero's enchanting island, the isle of

> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,
> where
> In dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
> I cried to dream again.

—the island where we would all be indeed fortunate, could we go once in a while and dream at will, and see the clouds open and all its incomparable riches drop, even though it were nothing at all, but a dream!

I remember that when a boy, I used to be awakened rather frequently from dreams which, if I could once again experience the like, I would journey to any spot known or imagined, near or remote, to enjoy their luscious worth. Next to these, however, are the occasional dreams of green fields and invigorating breezes and meadow and pasture land and rippling streams and woods with all their calm cheer, that are stirred by reading such matter as Walton and White and Thoreau and Van Dyke and Mabie have given us, and as nearly as possible in the spirit in which they were written. Dreaming thus and often enough, there is little danger, I opine, of one's ever becoming too denatured or too prosaic or too unspiritual for proper enjoyment of all the better aspects of life, both present and to come.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

I have received from Houghton & Mifflin the latest of Henry Sydnor Harrison's books, "Angela's Business." I do not think that I shall ever be able to say of any of this author's books that it is equal to "Queed." At least he has produced nothing since that remarkable book that in my judgment is worth the comparison. Compared with the bulk of novels, they all stand high. There is a great deal in "Angela's Business" that can be noted with high applause, but go back and read "Queed" if you have not yet done it.

Another book from the pen of Dean Hodges, of the Theological School connected with Harvard, reaches me, entitled "Faith and Social Service." This makes about one dozen volumes from the Dean, and every one of them emphatically good—I will not undertake to say which is best. This book discusses the new forces in religious evolution; indifference, doubt, poverty, labor, moral reform and the city. Not one of these lectures is a useless statement of common facts, or a dull comment—a little duller than newspaper editorials. The pages are not exactly brilliant, nor remarkably eloquent, but they come to the point, and shake hands with you on every page. When the Dean gets through he knows it, and he does not undertake to say something very wise when what he wants is simply to give us something readable. I like this book, and while I give away most of the religious literature that comes to me I put Dean Hodges on the shelf, near at hand. Like all the rest of his books, they are sent me from the Macmillans.

From Macmillans I have a book entitled "Getting a Wrong Start," supposed to be written as an autobiography. It is chock full of good things, and I recommend it as a preliminary dose to all young people. I think it much safer than De Quincy or Ruskin; and I specially recommend the closing passage. "It will all come out right, if you remain square, and simple, and sincere, and keep on trying." The author insists

that it is not necessary to be rich, but you will have succeeded in life only if you have kept your heart clean, and have not overdone yourself with freakish ambitions. He believes in woman, as companion, and essential to the full development of character. He believes in religion, but only as the development of the finer traits of character. Its sum and substance is unselfishness—"the doctrine of being able to help someone besides yourself." "Be willing to take advice as soul medicine." "Do not be peaking into yourself to find out what great things you are doomed to do, but go quietly ahead and do what your hands find to do, and with a clean conscience." The author makes but little difference between unselfishness and conscience and religion. There is a good, safe, healthy tone through the book, and while it expresses individuality, it tells a very general truth for all its readers.

From Houghton & Mifflin Co. I get another of Henry Herbert Knibbs' books; this time "Songs of the Outlands," consisting of ballads of the Hoboes and other verse. Here is a simple sample, and the book is rich on every page:

"I don't mind working to earn my bread;
And I'd just as soon keep straight;
But according to what the preacher said,
I'm a ram—and I've missed the gate.
But I'm jogging ahead, and jogging ahead,
And perhaps I'll find it, mate."

Not Browning to be sure, but well worth writing, every page of the book. E. P. Powell.

THE PERFECT DAY.

O Day, I love thee with my heart—
I fold thee dawn and twilight round about—
I croon and sing thee pæans;
And I move
To this one end, that thou shalt be
Blameless and unafraid in all thy ways
Clean from thy dawning to thy dewy eve.
From dark to greater dark,
From dawn till noon,
Morning and midnight and the hours between.

Day that hast brought me life
And taught me through slow pain
Of love and how to love;
Of life and how to live
Clean from thy earliest dawn,
Blameless and unafraid in all thy ways,
I bless thee, dawn and dark
Alike.

Thy midnight and thy morn
I bless.
The one has stars;
The other shines a sun;
And in between—
The dark.
And rain.
And wind.
And the stars and dawn
And thou, Day, again.
I bless thee and I sing
Pæans.

Harriet Lake-Burch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

X.
Philemon

Written Probably During Paul's Imprisonment at Rome, About 61 A. D.

Text: *Thy goodness should not be as of necessity, but of free will.* Verse 14.

Paul's letter to Philemon, only twenty-five verses long, is a gem in itself, but it has little theological significance. It throws no historical light upon the situation. It is simply a little human note from one friend to another, a window through which you will see far into the life and spirit of the times. Our chart shows this as one of the second group of Paul's letters. It stands on a very different basis from the first group we have been studying which are essentially unchallenged as genuine. They fit logically into the Paul story. There is much uncertainty concerning this second group. Many critics would pronounce them not Paul, but Pauline, as they represent the problems and spirit of the great missionary and that Philemon was written by Paul during his imprisonment in Rome we may accept with a fair degree of probability. In order to put this little gem in literature in its proper setting we must bring the story down to date.

As intimated in the epistle to the Romans, Paul did go to Jerusalem with his collection, did encounter the difficulties which he had foreseen, and so far as the buoyant, joyous missionary was concerned, his career was ended. For the historical setting of the letter read the last eight chapters in Acts, if possible, in the Twentieth Century New Testament version. Much of these interesting chapters have the appearance of being the diary of an eye witness, and from the use of the pronoun "we" it is believed that Luke is concerned with the authorship, as he was one of Paul's colleagues and companions much of the time. It is a charming bit of autobiography, a pathetic, tender, heart-breaking story that in the main commands the respect and confidence of the critics.

The details of Paul's voyage from Corinth are clearly set forth. He finally landed at Tyre, where friends, "fathers" of the new movement, knowing there was trouble in store for this radical who was making such a dent in Christianity that had been so respectable, begged him not to go farther. But Paul was not that kind of man. He went on to Cæsarea and from there to Jerusalem. At first he was kindly received. He turned over his "collection" and the Christians were apparently glad to see him. But the Jews who had resisted him, the Christianized Jews from Asia Minor, caught sight of the "pernicious mischief-maker from Tarsus" in the Temple. Their indignation grew, the

mob increased until Paul's life was in danger. The attitude of the Roman authorities was one of indifference politically. The quarrel meant nothing to them, and they seized Paul to protect him. He was brought to trial before the Sanhedrin, but matters were too turbulent to conduct it and he was retired to the Prætorium.

Then comes a personal touch. A young lad, son of a sister of Paul's, overheard a plot whereby a band of forty men were to seize him on his way to trial. The boy carried the news to the Roman governor who, knowing that the life of his prisoner was in jeopardy, started him off to Cæsarea under a guard, where he was able to turn him over to a stronger force. Felix was Roman ruler of that province and there Paul was safe in the hands of the Romans. Here again charges were preferred against him and a trial held with apparent dignity. Naturally the Roman authorities could not make anything of this trouble and he was remanded to prison for some more convenient day; evidently he became a favorite prisoner in the Roman citadel, where he remained for two years. When Festus, Felix's successor as governor, visited his domain in Jerusalem, the suggestion was made that if he wanted to work himself into the good graces of his people, he could do so by haling Paul to trial. There was much turmoil and excitement and the accusers asked that Paul be sent back to Jerusalem for trial. Paul, however, claimed his rights as a Roman citizen. He appealed to Cæsar, and Festus said he should go. Meanwhile King Agrippa visited the Governor and Festus drew his attention to Paul's case. Agrippa said he would hear Paul on his own behalf and Paul made the classic speech, so gracious, so polite, so convincing, which has given him the title of the first gentlemen. Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian," and Paul answered with this touch of grace and culture, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." After some delay Paul sailed. Encountering bad weather, Paul, level-headed and efficient on shipboard as on land, advised them to stop at an early port, but they kept on what proved a very stormy voyage. Arriving at Rome, Paul was delivered to the Prætorium Guard, the "swell" military guard, where he lived for two years, and here the story ends. Paul vanishes.

The chronology of the story is figured round the time that Festus supplanted Felix in Cæsarea. Roman history tells us that Festus died in 62, that in 64 the great fire occurred, which Nero was suspected of having instigated, and he, in order to cover some of his rascalities, accused the Christians of the incendiary act and started a wholesale persecution. Tradition has it that Paul went down as a martyr in that slaughter of Nero's. In an effort to give a logical place to the letters of Timothy and Titus, Paul was supposedly released and traveled as far as Spain, where he lived to be an old man. But we have no data to go by, except these chapters in the book of Acts which were probably written before the end came. Perhaps Luke did not live to finish the story.

Read this little letter written by Paul while in prison, probably enjoying the freedom of the city, but always chained to his guard, who as a member of a crack Roman regiment must have been a gentleman. And who must have found the little Jew prisoner interesting, as evidenced by the probability that Paul often converted his guards.

Before our war of the Rebellion this letter, regarded as the inspired word of God, was the stronghold and comfort of the religious slave owner. We do not care about the theology, but the humanity of it touches us. A servant who had run away from his master had come under the influence of this prisoner at Rome, and touched and influenced by him, became a convert to the new religion and a friend to this man in prison who sent him back to his master. A noble letter. What can we make of it?

Can we realize how this great life fades into obscurity? Later we will see how the man who led the opposition, thwarted Paul's schemes, inspired where he may not have led, became, according to the claims of the greatest exponents of Christianity, the cornerstone of the Christian Church. Peter is the "founder of Christianity" according to the Romish Church, and is the recognized viceregent under God of the hierarchy that traces itself back through an unbroken line of Popes to Christ himself. There is no church of Paul. There are some St. Paul cathedrals but no organization that claims him, no ecclesiasticism that rests on him. Yet he is the one man through whom Christianity got loose, escaped the trammels of any one race, escaped the burden of ceremonial limitations. There are no lines of demarkation so long as we stay on the spiritual and ethical grounds on which Paul insisted in all his letters. The ethics of the decalogue, the spirituality of the Beatitudes leave no ground on which to quarrel. The devoutness and worshipfulness, the theism of Jew and Gentile, of Israelite and Christian are one.

But the Jew as a separate race in the world, still burdened with a "divine mission," in religious "separateness" drawing around itself a theology and ceremonial, compelling those who would profit by the Christian scheme to come through their ceremonial door, was on the losing side. Dogmatism was as bad then as now and just as much bother to those who tried to preserve it.

Paul was the first Free Religionist, the first man who suffered and died for an interpretation of religion that was cosmopolitan.

The mysticism of Paul accounts for a lot of the theology which we do not accept. We are all mystics so far as we are religious. All of us have to confess that the best we can do is to use symbols. A diagram on a blackboard with A, B and C at angles is not geometry, but none of us can get very far with geometrical problems without the help of these signs which help the mind along. Not only creeds and doctrines but words themselves are signs on the board. So there is a sense in which all the ceremonial requirements of Jew and Christian are helpful and are in a sense true. The pity is when the symbol supplants the reality symbolized, when we hang on to the symbol as a finality. Universality in religion must have a large place for the past as well as of the present. The true Liberal is as much at home in St. Peters and in a Mosque where dervishes read the Koran, as in the fellowship of his own kindred or creed.

(1) Where was Philemon written?
(2) What comfort did slave-owners find in this epistle?
(3) Trace Paul's vicissitudes as found in last eight chapters of Acts.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The human will, the power to do, is the real end of the stress and struggle of the ages.

MON.—What we get we must earn, if it is to be really ours.

TUES.—To live effectively implies the belief that life is worth living, and no one who leads a worthy life has ever for a moment doubted this.

WED.—If every one did the very best he knew, most of the problems of human life would be already settled.

THURS.—It does not matter if the greatest thing for you to do be not in itself great. The best preparation for greatness comes in doing faithfully the little things that lie nearest. The nearest is the greatest in most human lives.

FRI.—The true optimism is the open-eyed faith that all is worth while, and that our own part in it is worth playing to the end.

SAT.—Wisdom is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing it. Religion is the heart impulse that turns toward the best and highest course of action.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Dear Father, hear us while we pray,
That through the hours of this one day
Our humble dwelling-place may be
Fast closed to all despondency.

Let sunshine find an entrance here,
To fill our hearts with wholesome cheer,
And grant us courage to express
A large, unflinching hopefulness.

Strengthen our hands, and help us find
The fountains that refresh the mind,
And may the faith by which we live
Have fragrance such as roses give.

Help us, dear God, this day, and make
New music in our souls awake—
Communicable songs that show
The glad companionship we know.

The Congregationalist. —*Stephen Tracy Livingston.*

A Dream by John Ruskin

In "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts"

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers, sweet grassy banks for rest, and smooth lawns for play, and pleasant streams and woods, and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while; but presently they separated themselves into parties, and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took the thing up practically, and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; there they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more. And so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them there had been provided every kind of indoors pleasure. There was music for them to dance to, and the library was open with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds, and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes and kaleidoscopes, and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more *practical* children that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs, and they set to work to pull them out. Presently the others who were reading or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and in a little while all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared that nothing was of any real consequence that afternoon except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books and the cakes and the micoscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book in the midst of the noise; but all the *practical* ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon—even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no; it was, "Who has most nails? I have fifty and you have a hundred; or, I have two and you have a thousand. I must have as many as you before I leave the house or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is—of children."

A RESOLUTION.

I am only one
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything
But still I can
do something.
And because I cannot
do everything
I will not refuse
to do something
That I can do.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....Edith Lackersteen

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SCIENCE AND THE RACE QUESTION.

By Professor Dr. Franz Boas, Chair of Anthropology, Columbia University.*

Everyone has to contend with the emotional feeling of differences between the races of mankind and the antipathies it generates. Our thinking and behavior are too often determined by emotion, and not by reason and truth. How do these racial antipathies arise? In ascertaining this, science can make its most important contribution to the question. We must look back over long eras in the history of civilization. In South Africa, for instance, we find the Bushmen. The attitude towards these by all the other negroes, Boers and Europeans, is that they are not human beings and should be killed on sight. This was obviously in very early times the attitude towards all neighbors. All who belong to other species of mankind are held to be dangerous enemies who must be pursued and made harmless. This condition of affairs did not last long, however. Gradually the groups of men increased in size, partly through intermarriage with neighboring tribes. But outside this larger community there was still the foreigner, feared and hated. Very slowly the idea disappeared that the foreigner was not human. It did not matter whether he belonged to one's own race or not. It was sufficient that he belonged to another community. This stamped him as an enemy. It did not matter either whether all the members of one's own group belonged to the same race or not, so that there was a community of interest among them. Thus gradually arose the peculiar feeling between one community and another which still persists, and leads to oft-repeated conflicts.

Yet there has been advance. At first the outsiders were absolute enemies, but gradually, while we cherish a different feeling for the members of our own political unit than for foreigners, we are more disposed to do the latter justice. In time to come many national antipathies now existing will disappear. But this antipathy is really not racial, it is social, bred of conflicting social, industrial, political, differences. The whole course of history shows us that in early times there was no feeling of racial antipathy as we now use the term, for the original political units or communities were made up often of various races.

In the Mohammedan world today the race hatreds of Christendom do not occur, because all Mohammedans, whether white or negro or whatever, are socially equal. In Hindu India there is marked antipathy between people of different castes, but as soon as they become Mohammedans this disappears or takes on a very different form, and becomes antipathy between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans, i. e., it is based on religion and not on race. Similar conditions exist in Mexico between the Spanish and Indian populations.

C. W. Wendte.

(To be continued next week)

*Summary of an address before the 5th Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, Philadelphia, March 23, 1915.

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Arbutus

"God is not just!" I dreamed in my despair.
I saw a flame-swept town, its beauties fair
Hurled earthward, standing desolate and bare.

With tearless, saddened eyes grown dim from yearning,
I saw old men and stricken women turning
To watch their homes, their hopes, their futures burning.

I woke and wandered forth. A jewel day
Of gladness soothed my soul and turned dismay
At far calamities to love of May.

I sat within a hollow tree, while showers
Of scented rain dimmed o'er the passing hours
And left me conscious of near fragrant flowers.

I saw dead leaves—brown, spotted, ugly things—
And rising from their death the flower that brings
Eternal promise of eternal springs.

Arbutus lives perennial, and the crust
Of measured years forms round its roots a dust
Prophetic of new life-times. God is just.

The Century —*Lorraine Roosevelt*

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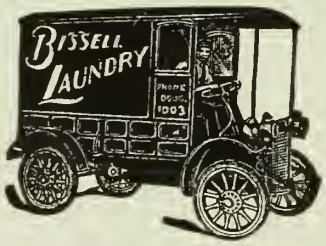

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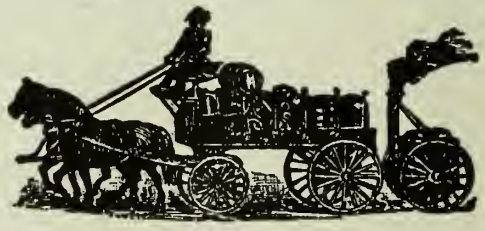

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915. Number 7

WILD DUCKS.

I heard the wild ducks passing in the night,
From shadowy skies their call came dimly down,
And the soft magic of their yearning flight
Swept the dull spaces of the sleeping town.

Into my chamber came the breath of spring,
Pregnant with promise from awakening buds;
Into my heart came fancies, billowing
With the glad rhythm of sun-loosened floods.

I saw the wind-blown crocus on the hills,
With the fresh starring of anemones,
Heard the thin laughter that the brown brook trills
Under the shelter of low-stooping trees.

A car clanged distantly. Across the way
A drowsy watchman waked with sudden fright.
On the dim court a soft enchantment lay.
I heard the wild ducks passing in the night.

—*Rose Henderson.*

In the death of F. Hopkinson Smith the country has lost one of the most versatile of men, an expert engineer and a charming novelist. He could build a light-house and then tell the story of its building in a way to thrill the souls of boys and of philosophers. It is through such men that sectional differences are ameliorated and social differences are forgotten.

One of the etymologies of the books given to the word "Amazon," is the Greek word for breast with the negative prefix, literally "without breast." This springs from the legend that the women warriors in that fabled, woman-governed country amputated their right breast that they might more effectively wield the bow and speed the arrow on the battlefield. When the majority of the Chicago Woman's Club refused to commit themselves to the unqualified condemnation of war and glorified under certain conditions the coarser heroism of the battlefield, did they not de-breast themselves, offering themselves in a battle line of fighting Amazons?

The City Club of Chicago is a club to be proud of, to be emulated. It realizes to an exceptional degree its educational responsibilities. It believes in the power of ideas and is not afraid to deal in ideals. Just now it is offering to its members and their friends a series of important discussions on "The War and Its Issues." Professor Kirchwey, of Columbia University Law School, has been talking upon "America and the War." Professor W. I. Hull, of Swarthmore College, perhaps the best informed man on the technicalities of the peace movement in America, has discussed "Adequate Armaments." Among other specialists, George Macauley Trevelyan, of London, is to speak on "The Balkan Question." The series is to be closed with a notable symposium led by Dr. John Dewey on, "What is Human Progress?" Let other cities go and do likewise. Let all clubs of various names and pretensions rise to this high standard. The club platform should be something more than practice ground in elocution and essay writing to amateurs, though this may be valuable. They should be educators of the public mind, directors and leaders of the public spirit. Would you measure the intelligence and vitality of a "Club," scrutinize its programs. Is it for show, amusement or for public weal and progress?

The land-slide at the Chicago election is still the subject of surprise and inspires much guessing by the politicians. Whatever the final analysis may point to, several things are quite apparent, viz.: The attempt to make votes by an appeal to pro-German enthusiasm failed; the circulars printed in German and carrying the German colors, proved a boomerang; it revealed the fact that Sweitzer is only a German by brevet, an Irishman by birth, but reared in the home of his German step-father. The attempt to awaken opposition by an appeal to religious prejudices may have been successful. The anti-catholic cry, it is to be feared, was more successful. One who claims to know, declares that only about 25 per cent of the Chicago voters are Catholics anyhow. Whatever menace of Catholic domination in Chicago politics may be, and we consider it very slight, the evils that will follow an anti-catholic crusade are much more serious. Let us have none of the Jew, the Catholic or the Methodist in politics that we may be freer to weigh the men, and women too, on their merits. Another disappointing disclosure follows the Chicago election. The women have not shown themselves much different from the men at election. They marched, they shouted, made inflammable speeches, hissed and sang in the political arenas very much as the men did, and then they voted man fashion and left the battle between independence and partisanship, Purity and Corruption, Lorimerism on the one hand and Sullivanism on the other, very much as it would have been had they not voted.

And now there is trouble about a lost letter of the irrepressible Roosevelt. He is said to have freed his mind in four closely typewritten pages in regard to the Woman's Peace Party. Miss Addams, acting in

the line of her duty as president of this organization, thought she was custodian of the letter and concluded it had better not be given to the public, more perhaps for the sake of Mr. Roosevelt's good name than in the interest of the peace cause. But, on examination, according to the *Chicago Tribune,* the letter has "disappeared from the files." Of course it would be lurid reading. The "Colonel" is never more happy than when in war paint, or at least when he wears the flaring sombrero of the rough-rider. Many years ago, when all the "big powers," our own included, were busy in getting ready for a war which they said would never happen if we only got good and ready, UNITY ventured the opinion that the two most pestiferous personalities in the public eye at that time were the militant Kaiser of Germany and the militant ex-President of the United States, and we believe the sequel has justified the statement. The United States's peacock naval parade, which has been well called a "gastronomic naval expedition around the world," did much to debauch cabinets, inflame the imaginations of youths on false lines and pervert the judgment of those who were guardians of the destiny of kingdoms and republics. We suspect that the suppressed letter printed without note or comment and widely circulated by the Carnegie Peace Foundation, would prove an effective Peace document.

Frightened by the prospect of a sane and more ethical constituency in the Chicago Council as a result of the last election, the expiring, old Council hurried through an iniquitous ordinance making all special permits granted for the selling of liquor to dance halls and other special gatherings good until three o'clock in the morning, while another ordinance compels the saloons, who pay $1,000 a year and, who are prohibited from selling to minors at any time, to close at one o'clock in the morning. The business injustice in this action is obvious, and the ethical iniquity ought to be as obvious. Why should alcoholic drinks be sold at any time at dance halls, where the majority of the patrons are unsophisticated boys and girls, probably the majority of them under twenty-one years of age? But the goulishness of this ordinance can be realized only by those who have studied the psychology of licentious lives. It is in the wee, small hours of the night that the safe-guards of modesty, prudence and self-respect break down as the accumulating fires of passion and the recklessness of youth swings forth into wild adventure. One hour after midnight is fraught with more dangers and witnesses more crime against property and person than the six hours before midnight. It is when decent folks are abed and the danger of detection and arrest are reduced to a minimum, that hitherto temperate young men and women venture the one more glass and swing off into the wild dance which in the early hours of the evening was shunned. Shame on the brazen alderman! There is reason to believe, with Alderman Merriam, that this defiance of decency will hasten the time when all liquor selling in dance halls will become illicit. Chicago must eventually succumb to the growing sanity of municipalities, the widening territory of the "Dry."

During a recent visit to California, the writer was privileged to listen to a charming paper read by that charming literary critic, Charles J. Woodberry, on "California in Literature," and the interesting discussion by the Berkeley Club following. One felt at the close of the meeting as though even Massachusetts must look well to her laurels, so long, so varied, so masterful was the list. Although it is a fact that most of these writers were born out of California and that they found their fame away from California, the fact still remains that it was Californian life, scenery and conditions that quickened their imagination and developed their genius. Brete Harte, Mark Twain, E. R. Sill, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, John Muir, Prof. LaConte, David Starr Jordan, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, seem to head the long and fascinating list. The similarity of climate, scenery and conditions between California and "sunny Greece in her palmiest days" was much dwelt upon and there was great discussion as to who first discovered the similarity. Be that as it may, there seems to be a "conspiracy of silence" on the part of the enthusiastic Californians as to the possibilities of the analogy being carried out to its gruesome end. The sunshine, the laughing brooks and snow-capped mountains did not save Greece from degeneracy. It collapsed largely from internal causes. Indolence, pride, economic injustice brought low her mental acuteness, high poesy, and profound philosophy; because they rested on a despised labor class to whom was denied social recognition and democratic rights. Let California see to it! Meanwhile, it is a source of congratulation not only to Californians but to all lovers of good literature, that Edwin Markham, who clearly is her non-resident poet laureate, has written a new book on "California the Wonderful," which may prove the largest, the most permanent and far-reaching "exhibit" of the Panama Exposition. This will carry California to the readers even though it fails to bring the readers to California.

UNITY bids "good speed" to the delegation of women now on the high seas on their way to The Hague. Never did a band of women rally to a more sacred cause. Never was a tribunal body burdened with more strenuous and deeper responsibilities. Never

were women confronted with a more serious task, and never did they more need the brotherly counsel of men who, like-minded with themselves, would enforce their message and share their labors. A voluntary, unofficial meeting of women at The Hague in the interest of peace cannot fail but to do good if they but cry into the wireless air the command, "Cease Firing!" "Oh! Powder-burned Rulers of the world, ground your arms!" The message will be picked up by the sensitive instruments of the spirit as it flies through the air. But we sincerely regret that this most significant movement did not gather into itself men and women, if there be any variations in the make-up of the sexes, any difference in their voices. The cause needs all the wisdom humanity can muster, all the notes that the human choir can sound. Probably the urgency of the situation, the gravitation of the like-minded will carry a few men into these councils. We are glad to know that the Chicago delegation is hospitably taking at least three men along, who may become useful accessories in the struggle. They include one of the sons of the lamented and beloved Henry D. Lloyd, Mr. H. J. Smith, news editor of the *Chicago News,* and the ever-ready, servicable, efficient L. P. Lochner, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, who is equally competent to handle baggage, draw up resolutions, or make a speech. The delegation includes Mrs. Julius Loeb, the authorized representative of the Tuesday class in religion, so long a part of the activities of Abraham Lincoln Centre; Miss Florence Holbrook, the efficient peace demonstrator in the public school service and, of course, the indispensible and ever-present in all high causes, Jane Addams. To ascribe her to Chicago is to do violence to spiritual geography. She belongs to the United States. The world waits with breathless anxiety the outcome of this expedition of women to The Hague.

Chicago is still pre-eminent in the packing business. Its stock yards are still the admiration and the horror, as the case may be, of visiting throngs. But, Chicago has more than pig-sticking and steer-killing to show its visitors. Prof. Nathaniel Butler, of the Department of Education of the University of Chicago, has prepared a condensed exhibit of the educational advantages of Chicago. Indeed, with characteristic Chicago confidence, he pronounces it the "pre-eminent city of educational opportunities." Though fourth or fifth in the list of metropolitan centers in the world, he places it at the very head of the list in "many respects" in its attractiveness to the student. As a matter of fact, it has became a resort of many thousands of students, but chiefly during the summer months, the vacation time to most institutions and "seasons." The Art Institute, the Public Library, with its thirty branches and half-million bound volumes, the Newberry Library, with its 400,000 books, rich in its Americana and musical literature, the John Crerar Library, with 3,000 volumes, specializing in science and the technical arts, the Field Museum, as it is going to be in its new home in Grant Park, are all listed as permanent attractions, and then the University, with its curriculum and faculty greatly augmented during its summer quarter, make the vacation months as they ought to be, the most active as well as the most opportune season for intellectual improvement. It is the time when one can study or read on lines which the bread-winning activities and professional pre-occupations prohibit during the other months. The summer attendance at the University last summer reached 3,974 students, many of them men and women of mature age; college professors and public school teachers, preachers and others, were here to pursue advanced studies. During the remaining part of the year most of these students are themselves busy imparting to others the informations and inspirations which they receive in Chicago. Back of all these briefs lies the alluring fact that the Chicago that is formidable in March is the balmy, radiant Chicago in mid-summer, wrapped in lake breezes and wreathed in its fragrant parks and charming play-grounds.

The University of Illinois is setting a pace for other institutions that may well be copied. Educational institutions, state universities included, cannot much longer hold public confidence by maintaining a conspiracy of silence concerning the profounder elements in human history, the dynamic forces in life that are concretely embodied in the various religious systems and movements of the world. A non-sectarian attitude is commendable, a wise pacific attitude on non-militant grounds, but a pan-sectarian attitude is much more commendable, one that seeks to give all creeds, sects, systems and races academic exposition, an interpretation from the inside. Great elective courses might be offered in every institution of learning. Interpretative lectures given by accredited spokesmen of any and of all the great religious movements of the world. How greedily would the wise students in any university select a course wherein Brahminism, Confucianism, Buddhism, as well as Judaism and Christianity, would be interpreted by those who have the right to speak. Perhaps still more welcome would a course permitting the various sects and sections of Christianity to be interpreted from the inside by their master minds, who would respect the courtesies of the situation and devote themselves to constructive interpretation of their own movements rather than any destructive assault upon others. The following circular we believe to be in the right direction, and we hope other institutions will dare trust the potency of religious

men and movements and proceed to discover and expound the same.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
President's Office

Urbana, Champaign, Ill., March 15, 1915

To Members of the Faculty and Administrative Staff:—

I am glad to call your attention to the following course of lectures on Religious Fundamentals, intended primarily for members of the University, that is offered on Monday evenings in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium at 9:30 p. m., by the Urbana-Champaign School of Religion, representing a co-operative effort of the local churches to meet religious difficulties, especially of students.

March 15th. Prof. W. M. Forrest, of the University of Virginia, speaking under the Bondurant Foundation on *What is Faith?*

March 22nd. Father Peter J. O'Callaghan, head of the Paulist Fathers of Chicago, *Revelation and Relation of God to Man.*

April 5th. Dean Lewis Beals Fisher, of the Ryder Universalist Divinity School, University of Chicago, *Conceptions of the Reality of Heaven and Hell.*

April 12th. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preacher, Editor, Lecturer, *Universality of Religious Experience.*

April 19th. Rev. Chas. W. Gilkey, Pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, chautauqua lecturer and preacher to students, *What is Prayer?*

April 26th. Rabbi Leon Harrison, of Temple Israel, St. Louis, *The Messiah of the Jews.*

Faithfully yours,
EDMUND J. JAMES.

Editorial Wanderings

VI.

It is a far cry from the community of Theosophists at Point Loma, California, to the Mormon community of Utah. Theologically, sociologically and economically they seem to stand at the opposite poles of philosophy and practice, and still a close study finds certain striking points of identity. Both represent a high degree of communal efficiency; both represent unquestioned sincerity of conviction and the potency of co-operation. Whatever errors of thought or practice may lurk within these organizations, and, of course, they carry the human percentage of weakness and fallability, they cannot be removed by persecution, denunciation or indiscriminating legislation.

At near range, Point Loma assumes the proportions of a successful educational institution with a high degree of refinement with apparently abundant material and resources. Taking advantage of the marvelous situation and hospitable climate, this academic campus has achieved great beauty, an atmosphere of serenity as well as sincerity. Whatever else may be wanting Point Loma community testifies to the splendid executive ability of Madame Tingley. It shows what can be accomplished on pedagogical lines on the minds of young and old, touching, as it does, with a sense of directed freedom the spontaneity which is encouraged by a freedom from conventionalities and the tyrannies of tradition. The work at Point Loma, back of all its metaphysics and philosophic systems, rests on a great faith in the possibilities of human nature, the sanctity of the individual soul and the universal brotherhood of man. These conclusions are reached by what seems to us an unnecessary, round-about and far-away appeal to oriental philosophers and ancient seers. The conclusions, however, are none the less modern and potent. We know little of the internal transactions of this theosophic camp, but we are persuaded that the distinterested workers at Point Loma, the unsalaried teachers, are doing their best to protect their movement from the vagaries of ghost hunting, spook seeking and the confusions that go therewith, which threaten both ancient and modern seekers after the intangible verities, uncorrected by the very tangible realities expressed in the world of matter, and the hard occidental respect for the same. The labors of truth-seeking humanity at Point Loma are to be reckoned with by the progressive teacher and those who believe that beauty and fraternity belong to the religious life.

The Mormon movement sprang from and now represents in the main the humble class of toilers, plain people, devoted to the tilling of the soil, the hewing of wood and the carrying of water, tasks that bring hard hands and sweaty brows. Whatever may be the theological vagaries and errors of Mormonism, it is more than that. It is a sociological phenomenon of great significance. It shows what can be done by co-operation and willing subordination of the individual to the major needs and life of the community. Mormonism is a great business concern and its representatives are alive to and a part of the "big interests" of the desert states. One cannot study these communities at short range without being persuaded that they are a thrifty people, industrious and touched with a degree of religious sincerity. Their thinking and their acting is curbed by the lines that sooner or later subscribe all belief in an external, infallible revelation. The system carries with it the dangers that belong to theocratic hierarchies and ecclesiastical schemes. Mormonism, perhaps, is the most effective orthodoxy outside of Roman Catholicism. Science, general education and the interchanges of the commercial, industrial and financial world, will relax the bonds of outward authority, disintegrate the superstitions and revise the creeds, but these work slowly and normally. There is no "Mormon Menace" any more than there is a "Catholic Menace," because the "little red school house" is doing its work at the corners of the cross roads and the printing press is denaturing whatever dogmatism may belong to them. Of polygamy there remains only the vanishing end of a primitive institution that has survived beyond its time by virtue of Biblical texts and the power of honest sincerity. In the public square at Salt Lake City, mounted on an

imposing shaft, stands the figure of a layman, and on a bronze tablet are the names of the one hundred men and two women who, with twenty oxen, reached that spot—in 1846, was it?—after the terrible journey across the plains, over alkaline deserts and through dangerous mountain passes. They came in search of freedom to build up an ideal community, a home for those who would be the children of the Lord and the guardians of his sanctity. They found that which they sought. Tested by the standards of business, Brigham Young was a great man, astute, efficient, achieving lasting evidence of his sincerity by the confidence of his followers, the co-operation of his constituents from his humblest toiler to his highest councilor. Nevada, an ambitious and prosperous state with but eighty thousand people, is finding that the Mormon communities that are taking possession of its most unpromising acres afford the ground for its hope that it has an agricultural future before it. Brigham Young cared little for mining. He discouraged his people from trusting to the uncertain and hidden sources of wealth in the rocks that they might the more surely develop the possibilities of the soil.

Time, science and the larger democracy will undoubtedly modify and eventually destroy the dogmatic, priestly elements in Mormonism. The theology and creed of this branch of Christendom must go in due time, but the eloquent story of Mormonism, its industrial triumphs, its simple-minded and single-minded people, its smiling farms, its growing herds of cattle and its blooming orchards will remain permanent achievements of civilization; a source of encouragement and of wealth to the nation that granted them a place in its confidences.

The present writer discovers in himself no disposition to join either the theosophic community at Point Loma or the industrial concerns of Mormonism, but we refuse to parade in any anti-Mormon or anti-theosophic movements because we find in both of these movements more to approve than to condemn. They are triumphs sprung out of the truths they see and have graced. Their errors and faults belong to the imperfect humanity, the undeveloped conditions of society that is ever on the road, groping, stumbling, falling, rising, but ever traveling towards beauty, plenty, peace. That a little group of souls have found all of these at Point Loma and that many humble souls have partly realized them in the desert places of Utah, is a source of encouragement to all the other pilgrims. Let those who fear these movements, who fain would correct their errors, first devote themselves to the task of understanding them, of recognizing the good and encouraging the excellent. Let those who would cast the mote out of the eyes of these, their fellows, first cast the beam out of their own eyes. "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone!"

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXX.

LAST DAYS.

The Diary:

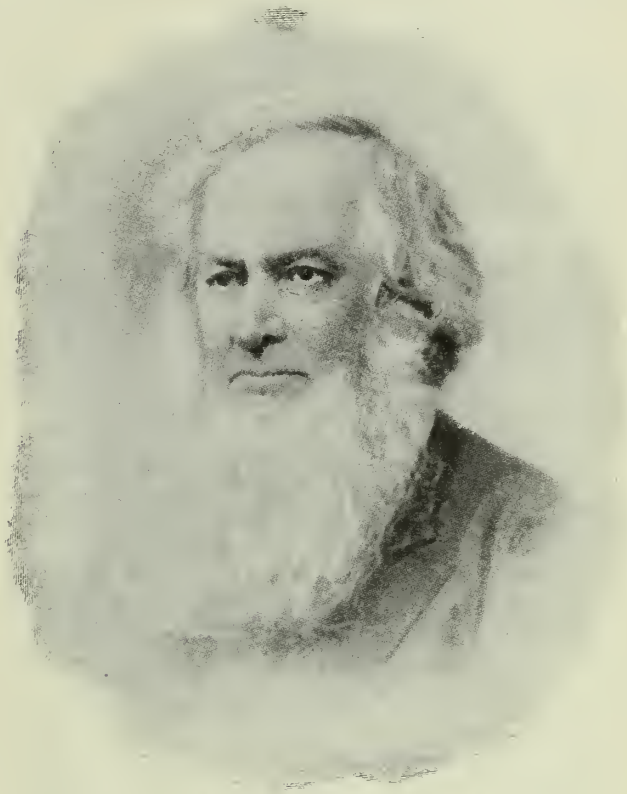
Sept. 28, 1874. I have a visit from Prof. Fiske, of Cornell University.

Nov. 6. President Brown, of Hamilton College, wife and daughter, come this evening. 7. They return home at 10 a. m.

Dec. 20. I am getting over my cold. I have been absent from Sunday School and Church two Sundays.

Dec. 21. My dear daughter leaves us for Geneva this a. m.

Gerrit Smith's Diary, begun as a young man, closed with the entry given above. Three days later, he, with his wife, left Peterboro for New York, to spend the



GERRIT SMITH IN HIS LATER YEARS

holidays with relatives and friends. They were guests, over Christmas, at the home of General John Cochran, 60 Clinton Place. It was a happy time, and Mr. Smith was in notably good spirits. The summons to depart into the undiscovered country came without premonition while he was dressing on the following morning. There was no suffering, though he lay from Saturday morning until the noon of Monday, before breathing ceased.

All the old causes had continued to interest Gerrit Smith until the last. Reference has been made to his intense concern for suffering Cuba. Temperance, Woman Suffrage, equality of rights for blacks and whites engaged him in the last months. Politically, his last actions had been turned to the support of the Republican party, in the state election of 1874. It was

in that year that Gen. Dix and Samuel J. Tilden were the opposing candidates. Mr. Smith, believing in Mr. Tilden's rectitude and ability, and honoring him for his great service in unearthing, to use his own words, "those stupendous and matchless frauds in the city of New York," vigorously sustained the candidacy of

ANNE FITZHUGH SMITH
From portrait by S. W. Rowse

the Republican nominee. Gen. Dix was an old friend, but it was not personal friendship that determined Mr. Smith's action. It was his dread of the political ascendancy of the Democratic party. As has been more than once said in these pages, Gerrit Smith had many friends among Democrats, and was always quick to acknowledge the fact that the party counted among its adherents many men of parts and of excellent character. But of the party itself, he was profoundly skeptical. The Republican party saddened him by its sorry lapses from virtue, but he cherished hopes for it, because of the great, good things it had done.

His very last acts of business were concerned with the comfort and happiness of others. Before retiring on the evening of Christmas Day, Mrs. Walter, his niece, had acted as his amanuensis in writing several letters. Three of these enclosed charitable gifts to as many applicants. A fourth, to the housekeeper in Peterboro, reminded her to see that certain people in the village should receive the customary baskets of Christmas fare, and also to send the usual gifts to the Orphan's Home.

The body lay in state, the day after the death, being visited by numbers of sincerely sorrowing friends, many of them from among the great ones of the city and nation, and others from among the humbler folk, especially the black-skinned folk. These realized that a friend to their race, most faithful, had left them; one who, from the time in his early life when the cause of the slave had won his heart, had never abated his interest in the negro, or ceased to plan and labor for his welfare. Men and women who had striven valiantly in many causes of reform and philanthropy, looked with sadness upon the stilled face, which in life had responded with such infinite charity and sympathy for every movement that promised good for the sons and daughters of men. And so the lengthening line of mourners came and passed, until the evening hour, when the coffin was closed and the journey home was begun.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

The funeral party with the precious charge, disembarked from the train at Canastota, in the gray of early morning, on the 30th. It was piercing cold, the mercury showing 30 degrees below zero. The ground was snow-covered and the ride of nine miles through the bitter weather, was in open sleighs. Arrived at the mansion, practically the whole population was waiting. Mrs. Stanton, describing the scene, writes:

> We did what we could to dissipate the gloom which settled upon us all. We did not intensify our grief by darkening the house and covering ourselves with black crape, but wore our accustomed dresses of chastened colors, and opened all the blinds that the glad sunshine might stream in.
>
> We hung the apartment where the casket stood with wreaths of evergreens, and overhead we wove his favorite mottoes in living letters: "Equal Rights for All!" "Rescue Cuba Now!" The religious exercises were short and simple. The Unitarian clergyman, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, from Syracuse, made a few remarks, the children from the Orphan Asylum, in which he was deeply interested (white children and black), sang an appropriate hymn, and around the grave stood representatives of the Biddles, the Dixwells, the Sedgwicks, the Barclays and Stantons; and three generations of the immediate family. With a few appropriate words from Gen. John Cochran, we left our beloved kinsman alone in his last resting-place.[1]

The bearers included three negroes: Noah Brister of Peterboro, and George Bland and William Kinney of Geneva. The others were: Gen. John Knox of Knoxboro, Charles B. Sedgwick of Syracuse, Henry A. Foster, D. C. Littlejohn and Hamilton Littlefield of Oswego; F. F. Petrie, Caleb Calkins, John Campbell, Jeremiah Bump of Peterboro; Dr. Milton B. Jarvis of Canastota, and Benjamin Chapman of Clockville.

The cemetery in Peterboro is a hill summit, commanding a wide view, varied and beautiful in the kindlier seasons of the year. A block of granite marks the grave of the great citizen, and another, by its side, that of his wife, who survived her husband so short a time.

The hurrying world paused to express its sorrow and pay its tributes of affectionate esteem for the character of a great private citizen. No note of criticism marred the chorus of appreciation from press, pulpit and platform. Recognition of the unsullied character and unselfish life-services of the departed was universal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PERSONALITY AND FORCE AS AN ORATOR.

As a public speaker Gerrit Smith's place and rank are among those of the greatest orators this country has produced. His personal appearance was in the highest degree impressive; and if anything were lacking of that sublime grandeur which characterized Daniel Webster, and which led to the criticism that "it was impossible he was as great as he looked, for no man could be;" the lack was compensated by a benignity of expression which accorded perfectly with the

[1] Eighty years and more.

abounding and universal good-will of his nature. "Wendell Phillips once said to me," wrote Col. E. L. Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio; " 'Gerrit Smith was the most eloquent advocate of the slave, the down-trodden and the poor they have ever had.' " As Mr. Phillips is regarded as an almost matchless orator himself, the tribute must carry unusual weight.

In a passage of considerable length in his Autobiography, Andrew Dickson White says of Mr. Smith:

Of all Tribunes of the people I have ever known, he dwells in my memory as possessing the greatest variety of gifts. He had the prestige given by great wealth, by lavish generosity, by transparent honesty, by earnestness of purpose, by advocacy of every good cause, by a superb presence and by natural eloquence of a very high order. He was very tall and large, with a noble head, an earnest yet kindly face, and of all human voices I have ever heard, his was the most remarkable for its richness, depth and strength. I remember seeing and hearing him once at a Republican State Convention in the City Hall of Syracuse, when, having come in for a few moments as a spectator, he was recognized by the crowd and greeted with overwhelming calls for a speech. He was standing at the entrance door, towering above all about him, and there was a general cry for him to come forward to the platform. He declined to go forward; but finally observed to those near him, in his quiet, natural way, with the utmost simplicity, "Oh, I shall be heard." At this a shout went up from the entire audience; for every human being in that great hall had heard these words perfectly, though uttered in his usual conversational voice.

Dr. White calls upon his memory for another illustration of the remarkably penetrative, musical and impressive qualities of Gerrit Smith's voice.

I also remember once entering the old Delevan House at Albany, with a college friend of mine, afterward Bishop of Maine, and seeing at the other end of the long hall, Gerrit Smith in quiet conversation. In a moment we heard his voice, and my friend was greatly impressed by it, declaring he had never imagined such an utterance possible. It was indeed, amazing; it was like the deep, clear, rich tones from the pedal bass of a cathedral organ. During his career in Congress, it was noted that he was the only speaker within remembrance who, without effort to himself, made himself heard in every part of the old Chamber of the House of Representatives, which was acoustically one of the worst halls that was ever devised. And it was not a voice and nothing else; his strength of argument, his gift of fit expression and his wealth of illustration were no less extraordinary.[1]

A writer in *The National Era,* of Washington, describing the scene in the House of Representatives, during one of Mr. Smith's speeches, says:

When Gerrit Smith arose to address the House in an impromptu manner, a few days ago, after Messrs. Smith of Alabama and Smith of Virginia had occupied the attention of that body, a member remarked very audibly, that "the Smith family appeared to have possession of the Hall!" In a few moments, however, that gentleman, as did almost every individual present, leant forward, profoundly attentive, to catch every word that should fall from the lips of the speaker. Along the aisles there were many who paused and stood still to listen. We looked around to observe the aspect of the House and could nowhere detect an instance of inattention. Whence was the charm? Our readers have perused the words of the speaker. They were beautifully simple and appropriate; but the occasion did not permit the utterance of vehement and impassioned language..... It has been said that it proceeded from the peculiar voice of Mr. Smith, which is described by a writer as "equal to that of Henry Clay." We were familiar with the tones of Mr. Clay's voice, and have often been enraptured with its effect, but in our opinion it was by no means so uniformly good as that of Mr. Smith. We have never heard a voice so pleasing, so impressive and so unaffected. The elder Vandenhoff, in the zenith of his powers—noble and stately tragedian that he was—possessed a voice, the musical richness and depth of which occur to us as we listen to Mr. Smith; but it was artistic: the practiced elocutionist could not fail to detect the agency of art in the formation of that voice. Mr. Smith, on the contrary, speaks without effort. The muscles of his throat are not strained, and no words are "mouthed," as Hamlet expresses it.

In the days of his childhood, the writer frequented on the Sabbath a large, old church, in which there was a majestic organ, and many a time was he the involuntary but delighted captive of the influence of that instrument, the tones of which were so deep and perfect, as their tremor rolled along the vaulted dome and woke an echo in each arch and angle in the edifice. The voice of Mr. Smith now, produces a similar influence upon him.

But it is not alone the voice. Not more distinct and impressive are its tones than is the inspiration produced by the appearance of the speaker. Fifty-odd years, probably, have passed over, without bending his tall and energetic form. His features are strongly marked with the impress of an active mind and an independent character. Upon them, especially when speaking, rests the pleasing and subduing influence of a benevolence, the genuineness of which, no beholder can for a moment doubt. This, if we may be permitted to judge, is the most effective point in his eloquence. His intellectual power, and the tones that thrill us, may indeed be resisted; but the attributes of the heart that are mirrored upon the features of the face, demand our respect and sympathy.

In proof of this truth, the noble and manly response of the Hon. Mr. Preston, of Kentucky, may be instanced; as also the effects of the brief speech to which we have already alluded, when, having given utterance to sentiments so diametrically opposed to those entertained by a vast majority of the people of the South and their representatives, Mr. Smith was approached by a member from Alabama, and by other gentlemen, who pressed towards him, and ardently

ANNE FITZHUGH MILLER

Earnest in every good word and work; gentle but firm advocate of full rights for her sex; a humanitarian in every fiber; all Gerrit Smith's zeal for making the world better reappeared in his grand-daughter.

[1] Autobiography. Vol. I. 62 et seq.

clasped hands in acknowledgment of the impression his eloquence had made upon them.

Dr. James C. Jackson, founder of the famous Dansville sanitarium, "Our Home on the Hillside," in a long communication to the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, soon after Mr. Smith's death, said of the impression made upon him by Mr. Smith on first seeing and hearing him:

I first saw Mr. Smith in 1827. I then thought him to be the finest looking man I have ever seen. He was as handsome as Apollo, as commanding in mien as a Greek god. I have a very distinct recollection how his voice affected me while he was making a speech at the laying of a cornerstone of a Dutch Reformed church, about building in the village of Chittenango, where I was at school. I never heard a public speaker whose address affected me as his did.

Discussing Mr. Smith's rank among the reform orators, Dr. Jackson asserts in his communication:

It used to be said by all the anti-slavery debaters and lecturers that Mr. Smith was the best discussionist in their ranks. To say this was a great compliment; for no moral reform, nor religious awakening, nor political conflict in the United States—not excepting the Revolutionary struggle—ever produced so large a body of logical thinkers, of consummate reasoners, of eloquent pleaders, as the anti-slavery crusade. Mr. Smith assuredly did possess very great oratorical powers. His style, while ornate, was simple. His sentences were always constructed in a way to make what he said easily comprehended. He carried with him, therefore, great weight, for "the common people heard him gladly." They knew what he thought, for they understood what he said. In all the speeches which I have heard him make, I never knew him to utter thought so obscurely as to call forth inquiry as to his meaning; and I doubt very much, if in all his writings a sentence can be found which is fairly capable of double interpretation. His style was a compound of Addison's and Dr. Johnson's, though he strove for short words, and these of Anglo Saxon origin. Nevertheless, his early study of the ancient classics, and especially of the Latin—of which language he was a master—had an insensible effect in forming his order of speech. He was therefore allied by lingual sympathy to Cicero rather than to Demosthenes, as a model master of eloquence. His knowledge of the English tongue was profound, and in its grammar he was thoroughly proficient..... He was thoroughly free frm provincialisms. I never heard him use a slang phrase.....

Dr. Jackson, who declared that from 1835 to '47 he knew Gerrit Smith as few men did, having been for ten years of that time a resident at Peterboro, where he saw and heard him as an almost daily companion, goes on to speak of his powers as conversationist.

I have sat in stage-coach, or canal packet, on steamboat or in railway car, in private carriage or in private parlor, and listened to Gerrit Smith, till the hours paused as they passed, to catch the charm of voice and thought which came from his lips, like music far-away, softened and mellowed by distance.

In the really remarkable newspaper letter from which we are quoting, the writer gives a paragraph to Gerrit Smith's influence in the nation, in reviving the doctrine of the rights of man as man, which seemed in danger of perishing until the anti-slavery agitation got fairly on its feet. He says:

To no man of the Nineteenth century, living or dead, does the democratic idea, "that to be a man proves that one has all the rights of a man," owe so much for its defense and its advancement as to Mr. Smith. He dug it out of its grave. ..... He laid his hands upon its hands and his mouth on its mouth; and, like Israel's prophet on the body of the dead Shunamite boy, he breathed into it the breath of the living and true, and it came back to earth to cheer the faint-hearted, encourage the desponding, strengthen the weak, and become once more the rallying cry—the symbol of might and majesty among men.

"Heaven rest his soul," says Dr. Jackson, in concluding. "The everlasting gates, I doubt not, swung wide open the other day to give him abundant entrance to eternal joys."

Victor Kingsley, of Fayetteville, N. Y., who had known Mr. Smith intimately for the better part of a life-time, remarking upon his wonderful gifts as an orator, said that a passage from his lips in a debate with Judge Gridley and others, on Slavery, in Hamilton village, in 1838, was treasured in the memory and used for years, by a well-known elocutionist, Prof. Samuel N. Sweet, as "the grandest specimen of sublimity of thought and expression" that he had any knowledge of in literature. The same writer averred that if Gerrit Smith did no more than give out the notice of a meeting, the tones of his voice were so inexpressibly winning that everybody would be anxious to attend!

GERRIT SMITH AS AN ADVOCATE BEFORE A JURY.

It had been the intention of young Smith, when in college, to fit himself for the legal profession. Two of the most distinguished jurists of his native state were amongst his kindred; Chancellor Livingston, who was his mother's cousin, and Judge Daniel Cady, who was his uncle; and with his natural fondness for public speaking and his rare gifts as a logician, the law would seem to have been the natural field for his talents. His mother's sudden death and the consequent tourning over to him of his father's great estate, changed his plans, however, and made it necessary to devote his energies directly to the field of business.

The management of extensive landed properties demanded indeed, no small knowledge of law, and Mr. Smith as a real estate lawyer was the equal of any. But beyond this, his profound interest in Constitutional questions, as these related to the rights of the slave, and in international questions, as these referred to the welfare of peoples and the great problems of war and peace, led him to a study of the principles of Constitutional and International law, of both, of which he became an able exponent.

The arrest, in 1856, of a poor, friendless German named Zecker, for murder, in one of the rural towns of Madison County, so won upon his sympathies, that he qualified himself for the bar and was admitted to practice, in order that he might defend the man. Mr. Smith's conduct of the Zecker case served to indicate the success that would have attended his efforts in court before a jury had he been a practicing attorney. The evidence against the accused was circumstantial, but it was exceedingly strong. Not a link was missing. One of the ablest members of the Madison County bar, David J. Mitchell, was prosecuting attorney, and he had directed the case for the State in a masterly manner. Belief in Zecker's guilt was practically universal. But Gerrit Smith felt assured of his innocence. The man had related to him his story, and with such apparent artlessness, that he placed absolute credence in it. The case therefore presented just the elements calculated to draw out his pleading powers to their very limit. An innocent man was being tried for his life in a community that had prejudged his case! Mr. Smith threw his whole soul into the advocacy of Zecker's cause. On the first trial there was a disagreement. A new trial was granted. Mr. Kennedy, the prosecuting attorney, describing Mr. Smith's plea in behalf of the prisoner, declared:

It was something awful. He seemed to swell to gigantic proportions. I thought at times that he was fifteen feet high! I turned to my associate, Goodwin, and said: "Goodwin, this is terrific! What shall I do?" Indeed, after he had closed,

it was several minutes before I had recovered my self-possession from the effects of his oratory, so as to be able in my turn, to address the jury.

The jury acquitted the prisoner.

The arguments in the Zecker trial (the case had awakened wide interest) were printed. The writer of these pages has read them. And he has no hesitancy in saying that the prosecuting attorney had the best of the argument, in every point. The evidence was all in his favor, as has been said, and against the prisoner. Nevertheless, Gerrit Smith carried the jury with him and saved the accused man. What a career, as a jury lawyer, such an advocate would have had!

The Hon. Henry Barclay, a noted member of the Madison County bar, said in an address before the Bar Association, after the death of Gerrit Smith:

"I listened to Mr. Smith's arguments in New York in favor of releasing Jefferson Davis from his imprisonment in Fortress Monroe, and in it he displayed splendid abilities and great knowledge of the whole science of law."

FURTHER ELEMENTS OF HIS POWER IN ARGUMENT.

There was the same aptness of Scriptural allusion in Gerrit Smith's speeches and letters that characterized Lincoln's public addresses and state papers. And he marshalled the like character of Bible texts, and for the same purpose; viz.: to prove that the highest acknowledged moral authority was on the side of the mistreated and oppressed. Occasionally he quoted from Shakespeare; on rare occasions from some classical writer; but his pages are not strewn with quotations. Most of the great sentences that came from his lips and that adorn his pages, bore the mint marks of his own mind.

No one could exceed him in showing the inconsistency of an opposing argument. Here is an illustration. Writing to Mr. Garrison in March, 1867, he refers to the clamorous demands of certain radical Republicans who formerly had been pronounced pro-slavery Democrats, for the punishment of Jefferson Davis.

"Does the North feel," he asks, "that she must continue to keep Jefferson Davis in prison as a monument of her abhorrence of the War? Then why does she not, in order to make the monument more faithful to history—more harmonious with the glaring fact that the North as well as the South was responsible for the War—confine along with Mr. Davis some representatives of the guilty North,—say some old pro-slavery Democrat, like Gen. Butler or Thomas H. Seymour?"

GERRIT SMITH MORE THAN A PATRIOT.

It was said by Mr. Barclay, in that address to the Bar Association already referred to, that, he "had never regarded Gerrit Smith as an American patriot."

"I do not think," he continued, "he ever was a patriot in the sense that Washington, Jackson, Jefferson and Clay, Lincoln, and many other of our departed heroes and statesmen were patriots. It is a great and noble thing to be a patriot. A patriot is an unselfish and self-sacrificing lover of his country; but to be what Gerrit Smith was is nobler and better far: for he was an unselfish and self-sacrificing lover of his *whole race.*"

This is undoubtedly a just estimate. Patriotism he had, but it was a part of the larger passion which included mankind. America was his abode, and he loved her; but the world was his country, and his great heart ached for human wrongs wherever perpetrated, and swelled with ardor over plans for human betterment, no matter in what nation, or by people of what race or tongue put forth.

No man was ever freer from the blighting, dehumanizing spirit of caste, and none ever held in less esteem the conventional pride of respectability, which shrank from identification with good causes because they were under society's ban. Alluding, in one of his War speeches, to the obloquy which had covered abolitionists in the estimation of "good society," he mentioned a statement once made to him by Edmund Quincy. "I very well remember," said he, "being told by that keen observer of men and things, Edmund Quincy, when walking the streets of Boston with him, more than twenty years ago, that the great objection of his friends to his being an abolitionist was *that the thing is so vulgar!*"

The mob that so frequently gathered when an anti-slavery meeting was announced, the not infrequent fusillade of stale eggs, the threats of the tar barrel and the occasional employment of its contents in coating the speaker, did truly indicate the common abhorrence of abolitionists. There is something hard to understand at this day, in the social prejudice of which the friends of the slave were the subjects. But for forty years, scarcely any epithet carried the reproach that attached to the title Abolitionist.

It is highly probable that no place of eminence within the gift of the people of his state or of the United States, would have been denied to Gerrit Smith, had he chosen to identify himself with either of the great parties that contended for administrative power in the three decades before the War. Others realized this, and he could not have been ignorant of it. But there is not the slightest evidence that he ever regretted the course which he had steered. "My life," he said, "has been, in the main spent in toiling uphill with minorities which very rarely became majorities." But he had followed his conscience, and like Luther, "could do no otherwise." Anti-slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Peace: these were the causes to which he consecrated himself; all of them unpopular, all frowned upon by conventional society. But he was

One of those who dared to be
In the right with two or three;

and toiling for humanity, God comforted his soul.

HIS SIMPLE GOODNESS.

Gerrit Smith was a happy man in the circle of his home and among his friends. His genial spirit of affectionate good-will warmed every heart and put all in his presence at their ease. Children loved him and came instinctively to him. He made very frequent visits to the orphan asylum in Peterboro, of which he was the generous patron, and his coming was always a delight to the little ones, boys and girls, blacks and whites. They trooped around him, sought his hands, climbed into his lap when he sat down, and in all ways manifested their delight at seeing one whom, by their childish intuition, they knew to be their friend.

Gerrit Smith's character was white as the light. Impurity was far from him. It was because of the purity of his heart and the utter conscientiousness of his attitude towards human responsibilities, that his vision of God was so undoubting. His sermons and religious addresses certify to the closeness of his daily life to the great Inspirer of worship and duty. No man, in or out of ecclesiastical orders, has set before the world a clearer view of the Infinite's goodness and the divine demands upon men that they should be simply good, as a test of their loyalty to the Infinite.

He was a striking instance of the literal truth of the Beatitude, "The pure in heart shall see God."

Gerrit Smith was a leader in the New Reformation; not by virtue of any peculiarities in the theology which he came to hold, or the views as to the constitution and order of the church to which his studies of the New Testament brought him; but he led in the New Reformation through his insistence that Christianity must be worked out in the social relations of mankind. The principles and spirit of Jesus Christ must rule in the politics and industry of the world. Human brotherhood must be taken out of the catalogue of things of sentiment and brought into the program of things practical. This earth is the theater of redemption, and redemption is the simple rule of justice and good-will among all men. These are the fundamentals of the New Reformation, and Gerrit Smith was a pioneer in proclaiming them.

There is much to be said for the social and non-ecclesiastical, non-sacerdotal view of the early Christian church, which he came to believe in. Modern students of early Christianity are reaching substantially identical opinions. But high in importance above the character of the church's organization and the methods employed in its functions of worship, is its plain mission to preach and to practice justice, mercy, and humble walking with God. And these duties Gerrit Smith laid upon men with all the assurance of authority characteristic of the nobler prophets of Israel, or of an apostle of the primitive church.

Men and women were given nobler ideals and lifted nearer heaven by association with Gerrit Smith; for his goodness was infectious. Said Mr. Barclay, in closing that tribute to which allusion has twice already been made:

> Here I admit that all I know or believe of patriotism, of politics, of the rights of man, I in some sort owe to Gerrit Smith's teaching, his influence, or his example.
>
> It is a great comfort to me in this hour, that I was with him in the days that were his last. I saw the final flicker of that great light. Throughout the last night of his earthly life I was a watcher at his bedside. I raised his dying form and eased his dying posture; and as his spirit fled, I thought how grand a thing it is to have led a good and noble life. And so, whenever or wherever I have recalled that night of sad recollections, I have renewed the resolution to become a better man.

(The End.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XI.

Colossians and Ephesians

And above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness. Col. iii:14.

Over all these virtues put on love; for that is the girdle which makes all complete.

—*20th Century New Testament.*

Without going into the controversy concerning Paul's alleged letters to the Colossians and Ephesians we have an intensely interesting lesson, in which we can get an appreciation of the problem involved. These two letters are so tied together that they are discussed together, noticeably so by one of the latest authorities, the Encyclopedia Biblica. They reflect the same substance, repeat each other, and the explanation of one applies to the other. Out of the hundred and fifty-eight verses in Colossians, sixty-eight reappear almost literally in Ephesians, and the parallelisms in thought are even more extensive.

The theory is that Paul wrote these two letters while in Rome, and Philemon, our letter of last week, may really be considered as a postscript to the larger letter to the Colossians. Colossae was a little suburban town twelve or fifteen miles up the valley from Ephesus, and we have no evidence that Paul ever stopped there. The letter would indicate that the writer was not acquainted with the Colossians personally, but that Epaphras or Epaphroditus called on Paul while in Rome and told him of the condition of things in Colossae.

The letter to the Ephesians, so called, is tied up with it, under the same conditions and with the same message, with this difference. At Ephesus Paul lived at one time eighteen months and another for two years. He knew Ephesus better than any other city, except perhaps Corinth. But he does not give any private message such as is found in the closing chapter of Romans. It is very impersonal for Paul. Both fall into the usual form of greeting and of blessing, a discourse theological, a discourse practical and a benediction.

In considering this material the scholars are disturbed over three things: One, the use of unusual words, Greek words, that Paul did not use anywhere else. In the second place, there is a development in his thought, a difference in his ideas. He talks of the "Holy Apostles," for instance, and of what has been established by the "prophets and the apostles," which references do not appear in any of the earlier letters. Indeed, his reason for writing is that the church at Colossae has been disturbed by a new philosophy. Jews from Alexandria have brought with them a theological tendency to explain Jesus and the Christ and the message theosophically. There was a band of Jewish thinkers who perhaps bore the same relation to the straight orthodox Jews as the Christian Scientists do to orthodox Christianity today. They were attempting, to Paul's great distress, to make a metaphysical and theosophical interpretation of the Christ and the angels and ceremonies. It was making metaphysical, what to him was sun clear and plain teaching of the ethical and spiritual life. While he is not quite his old self, his own mind had been changing and developing, his sentences had grown longer, he was beset with a new set of problems, but still Paul.

Another theory is that these two letters represent what is saved from a considerable mass of tract literature, that was passed from church to church more or less authoritatively, and that this, like the letter to the Romans, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, did duty as tracts for the new movement. They had no Bible outside of the Old Testament which did not always serve the daily needs of the faithful, so the floating letters of Paul were the best material they had. These were not canonized and carried no sacred authority, but were simply the literature of a new movement. The biography of Jesus for a while only existed in the memory of the faithful and in traditions. Not until twenty years later was Mark's gospel written. It

may have been that in the transcribing and copying of the letters many changes were made.

The newcomers, whose teaching troubled Paul, who came from Alexandria, possible followers of Philo. The theosophists, if we borrow the word from later days, called themselves Gnostics, the other side of the word agnostic—they "know" much about angels, about the next world, the relation of the Christ to the God and the Holy Spirit. The idea of the Trinity was growing and Jesus was becoming less and less human, less and less the Nazarene, less and less the carpenter's son, more and more the Teacher from on high, masking for a while in human flesh, then taken back to his home in Heaven. If you want proof texts for the theory of the Trinity you may find them growing in these two letters. But authorities point out the fact that while this thought was perfectly normal in 120 A. D., it was not current at the time Paul wrote.

"Theosophy" is a modern western word, representing the attempt to fit to the western mind the view of life, God and destiny as set forth in the old Brahmin faith, the sense of the divine imminence, incarnation and revelation and emanations which are found in Brahminism, the older Veda thought. In connection with these letters is found a certain tendency among the Jews, started by Philo, to reconcile the ten commandments to Greek thought, to Platonism.

In these wholesome letters is found the usual devout theologian. He cautions the Colossians against being led away by new fangled notions, by false philosophy. He applies the gospel to daily life. "Therefore destroy all that is earthly in you—immorality, uncleanness, passions, evil desires and that greed which is idolatry." What is idolatry but the worshiping of inferior things, the devotion to material, external things. A better definition of idolatry cannot be found than right here.

Paul thought it was good for children to obey their parents. The modern thought of some is not to expect the child to obey unless you can convince him that it is a nice thing to do. Obedience is not necessarily tyrannical, but a ladder upon which a little child comes to its strength.

Paul also says: "Slaves, always obey your earthly masters" but there will be no partiality in heaven. "Masters, do what is right and fair by your slaves, for you know that you also have a master in heaven."

Still more interesting is the letter "To Christ's people in Ephesus." You will notice that in the 20th Century Bible "in Ephesus" is placed in brackets and is not found in the two earliest manuscripts we have, one discovered in the 60's, the Sinaitic, found in an old monastery on Sinai, the other one in the Vatican, the inference being that this was injected by a later hand. On the face of it this could not be a letter to Paul's friends in Ephesus, for there is nothing personal in it. The almost obvious theory is that it was a general letter, an encyclical, or another version of a letter to the Colossians, that had grown, been improved or spoiled, but was practically the same letter, not to the people in Ephesus but to the people in Asia Minor, written while he carried his chains in Rome.

In this letter Paul makes a little more clear than anywhere else his theory of the relation of the Jew to the Gentile. The Jews *were* the chosen of the Lord, the Jews *did* have a message and a mission that was peculiar. The Gentile world *was* neglected, benighted, floundering in their philosophy. Hence the next step in the divine economy was a bridge that would place Jew and Gentile on equal ground, with no humiliation to one or the other. That bridge was Christ Jesus, as he interpreted and understood him; and when Christ came there was no "Greek or Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised barbarian, Scythian slave, or freeman; but Christ is all, in all!"

Barring the archaic theology do we not wish this to be true? Has it not been true? Paul always remembered that he was a Jew, but he at last came to the point which we are later to face, and Paul and the Jews parted company. All the way through Paul's thought we have in Jesus a bridge that will unite the antagonistic and obliterate race distinction.

We still have need of the bridge. After twenty centuries the old struggle is still on between Jew and Gentile, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and pagan, between Briton and German. The same old fallacy is at the bottom of this cruel war, springing out of the conceit of nations and a distrust of the other fellow.

---

(1) What teaching does Paul warn the Colossians against?
(2) What is Paul's definition of idolatry—Chapter 3, v. 5.
(3) What is Paul's idea of family relations? Of servants and masters?
(4) How did Paul try to reconcile Jew and Gentile?
(5) Compare Ephesians V and Colossians III.

Keep Cool

It is evident that things are going to happen this spring, and they may begin soon. Keep cool. If Germany sinks one of our ships or Great Britain misuses our flag, keep cool. Our nation is competent to handle an affair of that sort without hysteria. It is a time just now for us to test our national self-control. Sit tight, and wait till the clouds roll by. Nothing will be gained by boisterous talk or undue excitement. If difficult situations rise, as they surely will, let there be no hasty talk, no mad cry for revenge, "Remember the Maine?" Yes, and remember that we are not quite sure what happened to the Maine. Remember that it is better for us to keep cool. Do we want any share in this world war? Have we any boys to be shot? Are there not enough nations gone mad?

Keep cool. —*Exchange.*

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

MY NARCISSUS.

Behold a mystery, complex, and great;
Far more enchanting than the art of man,
And evidencing universal plan.
The mystic process no one now can state;
But somehow forms and forces intergrate,
Evolving graceful reeds and florets fair,
From limpid water and transparent air,
Thus forming my Narcissus so ornate.
And as I watch it silently evolve,
Such proofs of well-wrought out design appear,
That, though the mystery I cannot solve,
The great unseen Designer I revere,
And falter not where once I feebly trod,
Because thus wondrously assured of God.

Marietta, Ohio. E. A. Coil.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SCIENCE AND THE RACE QUESTION.

By Professor Dr. Franz Boas, Chair of Anthropology, Columbia University.*

(Continued from last week)

Race antipathy, then, is really of modern development, and belongs essentially to Northern Europe. As most of its inhabitants belong to a certain type (while Southern Europeans are made up of a mixture of many races or types) an opportunity is offered for substituting the idea of race for the idea of social unity, and this for a thousand years has been the ruling conception among so-called Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and other Northwestern European peoples. The latter claim to be the highest development of mankind. But this is fallacious. The supposedly Teutonic type really is made up of a great many different peoples, speaking different languages. Our claim to be a superior race and to have inherited from the ancient Aryans a superior language and qualities, the very notion that there once was such a superior Aryan race are fallacies, based merely on our sentiment in favor of peoples who look like ourselves. All this talk of a contest between the Slavonic, French or Teuton races is fictitious. The peoples of Finland, Northwestern Russia, Holland, Belgium, Northern France and Eastern England are all of the same type by descent. The peoples of central France, Bavaria and Central Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, Northern Italy, a large part of Hungary, Austria, and some parts of Russia, are all of the same type, as scientific research easily establishes. Therefore any antipathy between them because of race is mistaken, is absurd.

"The antipathies that exist between them are the offspring of national solidarity, combined with the old-time feeling that all who stand outside of the particular unit must be hostile to it."

The bearing of this on immigration is apparent. The people who now come to us from Southeastern Europe are not of a different type from ours. The same mixture occurred in Europe as is now occurring here. Every type practically was brought together in England just as now in America. To those who fear evil results from this mixture it is well to recall that Spain's best period was when it was characterized by an unequalled blending of peoples, Italian, Celtic, Teutonic, Arabic, Moorish and others. When these were driven out there began the decadence of Spain. We imagine that a mixed race is inferior to a pure race, but no scientific proof of any sort can be given to show either the superiority of one type over another, or to indicate any inferiority for the mixed types. Evidently then, our behavior towards other races is dictated by the intense preference we have for the social forms in which we have grown up. Our antipathies are not founded on any physical repulsion, else how could we explain the presence of a very large number of mixed elements in our population. If we are to develop a true democracy and a brotherhood of man we must overcome these emotional and irrational antipathies and do justice to all men and to different types of national individuality.

C. W. WENDTE.

THE JONATHAN APPLE.

The first published account which we find of the Jonathan is given by Judge J. Buel, of Albany, in 1826, in an article on "Observations on the Utility of a Descriptive Catalogue of Garden and Orchard Fruit," addressed to the members of the New York Horticultural Society, in which he presents "A Descrip-

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tive Catalogue of some of the most valuable apples propagated in the nurseries of this state." In this catalogue the Jonathan is listed as the Esopus Spitzenberg (New) with the synonym, Ulster Seedling. In 1829 Judge Buel sent specimens of the fruit to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society with the statement that it was "An Esopus Seedling and sometimes called the New Spitzenberg." It originated on the farm of Mr. Philip Rick of Woodstock, Ulster county, New York. According to Downing, the original tree was still alive in 1848. It was at first disseminated under various names, all of which were soon superseded by the name Jonathan, which was assigned to it by Judge Buel in honor of Jonathan Hasbrouck, by whom his attention was first called to the variety.—S. A. Beach, in "The Apples of New York."

THE DANDELION.

In common sod
Who has not seen
This smile of God
In gold and green?

For the rich and poor
Love this roadside flower;
By all singing streams
A weaver of dreams.

It comes so early,
And shines so bravely
When snowy scarf,
Still wraps the Turf.

All summer long
It hums its song;
And in the Fall
When comrades all,

Hide deep from harm,
At touch of cold,
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Its cup of gold.

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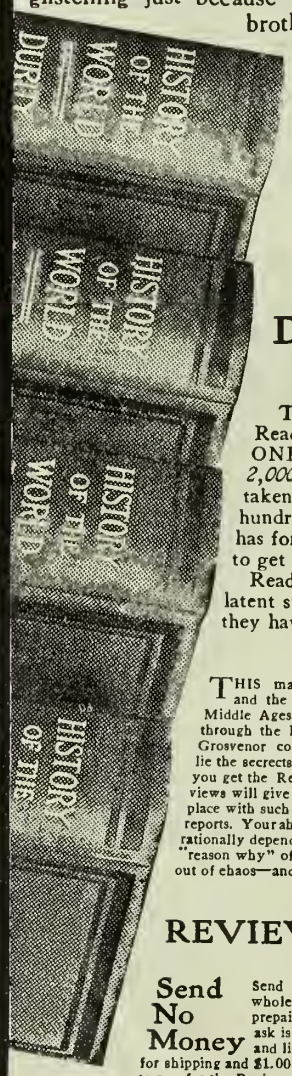

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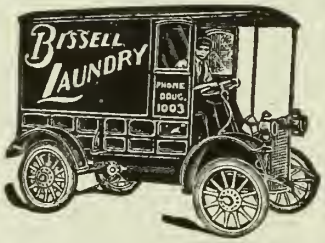

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915. Number 8

BUSINESS.

"Business rushing?" Fairly lively. There's a world to clean and sweep,
Cluttered up with wars and armies; 'tis your work to brush 'em out;
Bid the fierce clinch-fisted nations clasp their hands across the deep;
Wipe the tired world of armies; 'tis a fair day's work, no doubt.
"Business rushing?" Something doing. You've a contract on your hands
To wipe out world's distinctions,—country, color, caste, and birth,—
And to make one human family of a thousand alien lands,
Nourishing a billion brothers with no foreigner on earth.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

It is reported that Bismarck in his later years regretted that his life had been a failure. When reminded of his "contribution to his nation," he replied:

"But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator, but I have gained little joy from my work."

Perhaps, his settlement with his Creator was not so satisfactory as he supposed; hence his lack of joy in his work.

A Manual of the Public School, of Reno, Nev., published by the Board of Trustees of School District Number 16, is a neat pamphlet, with many pictures of their school buildings, of which we have already spoken in our "Editorial Wanderings." We commend this pamphlet to school committee men, particularly those in places where there is plenty of ground available, as representing the highest reaches in grammar-school architecture we have seen anywhere. All requirements for simplicity, safety, health, beauty and economy are here reached to a remarkable degree.

The Open Door, a monthly bulletin of the "All Souls Church" of Lincoln, Neb., quoting Mr. Daniel Roy Freeman, says:

The effect of Sunday rains is peculiar. No sooner does even a cloud containing a Sunday rain appear on the horizon, than a sort of mental timidity and physical lassitude begins to make itself felt far and wide. Strong men and women succumb to it as to a malarial infection. All inclination to exertion seems to be taken away, and the great spiritual loss is willingly sustained rather than that the dangers of these extraordinary Sunday rains should be braved. Not the least remarkable amongst the unusual characteristcs of these monstrous rains is their selective power. With uncanny penetration they pick out church people and exert their baneful influence almost exclusively upon them alone. Other persons are ofter practically immune in the same locality in which church people are violently attacked. These unchurched stoics go about their errands, visiting friends, attending concerts and setting out on journeys undismayed and apparently unharmed. . . . . Certain wiseacres, however, who have defied Sunday rains, stake their reputations upon it that the popular notions concerning these storms are no better than rubbish, and that when the superstition about their baleful powers is disregarded altogether, they can do no more harm than a haunted house.

The report of the New York *Herald* of Mr. Carnegie's testimony before the Commission on Industrial Relations has been reprinted in pamphlet form and, doubtless, can be had on application to the New York *Herald.* It affords good reading to those interested in the labor problem. Whatever the final conclusion of the laboring man may be, whatever the final verdict of science may be, concerning the mighty accumulations of the Steel and other corporations, representing great aggregations of interests and mountainous individual fortunes, it must be admitted that in Andrew Carnegie the laboring men have found a smiling boss and a genial, well-meaning friend. Now that he has got his "pile," Mr. Carnegie is giving an amount of personal attention to the distribution of his wealth and sending it forth on many lines of helpfulness that make him an exceptional man among capitalists. His interest in books, music, education and international peace all mark him as a philanthropist in the original sense of the word, a lover of men and a skillful investor in the realms of the spirit. His emphasis is not on repair-shop work, but on the creative industries in the realm of "soul," and this pamphlet is interesting as a revelation of the wealthy man trying to justify his wealth. If he fail in this he at least deserves the credit for using his busy brain in trying to atone for the same by consecrating it to high uses on high lines.

It may not be too late to call attention to an unique publication issued by the "Welsh Department" of the Board of Education of Great Britain entitled, "Saint David's Day," 40,000 copies of which have been circulated among the children of Wales. It was designed to stimulate the celebration of St. David's Day, St. David being the patron saint of Wales of the sixth century, and also the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Owen Glendower, who is pronounced "the greatest Welshman who has ever lived," and the one hundredth anniversary of the death of General Sir Thomas Picton, "the Welshman who was Wellington's right hand man, who died on the field of Waterloo." The pamphlet contains interesting information concerning these heroes, the story of the song, "Land of My Fathers," and other matters of special interest to the Welsh. But it is of general interest as a work of

art, exquisitely printed and illuminated with reproductions from the Book of Kells and other rare Celtic manuscripts. This stately, classic bit of printing shames the slovenly typography of much of the valuable material that is issued at public expense from city, state and national bureaus in the United States. Much of the material thus issued finds its way directly to the waste-basket and the rubbish-heaps because of its unattractive form, distressing to the eye and disagreeable to the touch. If the public offices could reduce the bulk and increase and elevate the quality of their output, they would intensify their service to the public and, perhaps, more efficiently promote the ends in view.

As we go to press the labor situation in Chicago is distressing. Just as the building season is opening with the prospects of an activity that would give work to thousands of now indolent men, which would mean more food and clothing, school and other privileges to many thousands more, an ugly industrial war is threatened. The carpenters, taking tactical advantage of the situation, have come in with a demand for higher wages. Yesterday thousands were clamoring for anything to do at any price, that they might have bread for little ones. To-day Organized Labor is marshalling its forces for battle on the theory that Capital is their natural foe and recognizing the fact that employers are prepared for battle and that the advantages are on the side of those who strike first. Here is an exact parallel to the awful militancy now devastating Europe. Our sympathies are naturally with the toiling class. We do believe there is much too wide a chasm between the men who accumulate the wealth and the primary producers of the same, but the better adjustments cannot be brought about by war tactics that breed hatred and jealousy. No difference of opinion can be so profound but what the solution should come through the decision of such courts of arbitration and commissions as can be organized by pacific methods. Here in Chicago, as in Europe, let the warring elements submit their case to a competent court, and while the decision is pending, let the work go on in the assurances that the settlement, when it does come, will be the best that can be reached for all parties concerned at any given time.

The Annual Report of the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" for 1914 is before us; a solid pamphlet of 240 pages containing fifteen or more reports of various commissions and committees, including, it would seem, nearly all the duties and functions that would devolve on such an organization. There are commissions on Relations with Japan, Peace and Arbitration, Country Life, Temperance, Family Life, Home and Foreign Missions, Sunday Observance, Reports on Theological Seminaries, The Panama Exposition, The Colored People, etc., etc. The introduction refers to ten other volumes issued during 1914, setting forth the full details. These reports indicate large activities, at least in outline. It represents a mighty body of organized religionists who represent some thirty different denominations with a total of 103,023 ministers, 138,995 churches and 17,438,862 communicants. The list is an imposing one, but to an outsider the omissions are significant. The great Episcopal Church, the greater Catholic Churches, both Greek and Roman, the insignificant in numbers but important in character, the Unitarian and Universalist, the Quaker and other heretical bodies are not in this list of the churches of Christ. Of course, the body has a right to determine its own conditions of admission, but all this array of names and accumulation of statistics are shot through and through with a suspicion that these men and movements are trying to give permanence to a line that is very indefinite and constantly changing and unreal. It may be necessary to confine the steam within the strong walls of the cylinder in order to make it potent, but the love of truth, the search for righteousness, the consciousness of brotherhood and the sense of an infinite God are something different from steam and to confine these things within dogmatic boundaries is, perhaps, to lose them in the long run; the attempt to shut in the light is to exclude the light, and darkness is the result. We are impressed by the large amount of good work undertaken by this organization, but we regret the exclusion and the degree of conscious insincerity that must lurk in the hearts of those herein enumerated when they suspect that the many forces they would federate are not adequately represented by the dogmatic limitations they affect.

A State Gone Mad

All farmer boys have some gruesome recollections of domesticated animals so far confused by their domestication that they fail to respond to one of the most fundamental characteristics of life, namely, parental love and solicitude. In the barnyard sometimes parents refuse to protect their own progeny and sometimes even proceed to destroy them. What farmer boy, or girl either, in the old days of diversified farming, does not remember at least one pet lamb who had to be brought into the kitchen and raised by hand because the mother sheep disowned it. Thus bringing joy to those who played the part of foster mother in the household, but branding the mother sheep with unspeakable condemnation. Sometimes a sow, overfed, demoralized by the parasitic life she leads, will destroy her own little ones, and sometimes the smaller

children are set to guard the little turkeys from the domineering scorn of the pompous gobler father.

All these are signs of a debauched life away down on the lower limbs of the biological tree, but long before life reaches the higher branches, parental love becomes instinctive and represents the fervid impulse that calls for the highest valor,—father and mother love provides spontaneous protection for their offspring. It is only when men or women are debauched by debasing intoxicants, or the soul is disintegrated by false social ambitions, that the well-being of children is not only neglected but actively interfered with.

When such debauching influences and false ambitions seize the community, and the organized state plays the rôle of the unfilial sheep and the brainless turkey gobler, the situation is indeed pathetic.

Such a madness has seized the great state of Wisconsin which hitherto has had a fair place in the confidence of her neighboring states, an invaluable reputation that not only over-reached state limits but national limits. Wisconsin's achievements have affected the economic life and, what is much better, the civic ideals of the civilized world. Students of state-craft, friends of legislative progress everywhere, have admired her, and delegates from all parts of the world have visited her, that they might note her benignant triumphs and sit at the feet of her splendid leaders.

But lo, as if maddened by her fame and distracted by her triumphs, the baser elements in the state, the backward-looking, or worse yet, those blindfolded by selfish greed, political ambitions and the demoralization of intoxicants, have climbed into power and are busy in destroying the fairest child of the great state of Wisconsin. The reactionary party now in power, led by a governor pledged to everything that is non-progressive, is in legislative session at Madison, a veritable bull in the china shop, breaking the rarest fabrics, destroying the costliest productions of enlightened minds, enkindled hearts and skilled hands. To extend the figure—this bull has strayed plumb through the china shop, forced its way through the back-door into the garden, destroying there the tender nurseries where were planted seeds that would grow into trees, that would break into fragrant blossoms and beautiful fruits.

To drop figures. This Wisconsin legislature has already broken up the wise and working plans for the development of good roads in the state, which in turn would develop the greatest asset in Wisconsin,—her beautiful scenery, her charming lakes, her winsome forests. Its plans are well under way to defeat the wisest results of life insurance investigations, the prudential control of public utilities and the conservation of natural resources in its water powers and forest reserves. It is out with its destructive hatchet against the Legislative Bureau,—the wise extension of the public library idea, making available with academic skill, the experiences and efforts of legislators and congresses to those who would undertake to create new legislations to meet the rising complexities of a growing civilization. The achievements of Professor McCarthy in these directions in Wisconsin have been emulated more or less directly by most of the states in the Union. Those trained by him in this work have been called to help inaugurate similar work in Minnesota, Ohio, West Virginia, Connecticut, and other states.

But the climax of this, not only inhuman but brutal, unfilial madness, is concentrating its fury against the University of Wisconsin, the proudest achievement of this proud state, the great training school of citizenship that has touched the complex population, the incoherent mixture of races and of languages into a patriotic unity. Many of Wisconsin's chosen sons and daughters, her men and women in high places, preachers, philosophers, lawyers, legislators, inventors and capitalists are but two removes from the emigrant ship; some of them but one remove. They have been made such by the University of Wisconsin. They entered, awkward Scandinavian, German, Celtic, boys and girls, with broken speech and enthusiasms and ideals rimmed by race prejudices. Four years hence they went away, American scholars with cosmopolitan ideals, prepared to become citizens of the world.

The University of Wisconsin has contributed notable names to the list of those who belong to the republic of letters. The names of Bascom, Adams, Chamberlain and Van Hise are found among the names of the great educators. Babcock has made perhaps a greater contribution to co-operative industry than any other one man in modern times. His milk-test freely offered to the world has made co-operative dairying possible in all parts of the world. Australia, Scandinavia, Ireland and South America rejoice in his name and profit by his discovery. And it is upon this institution that the unnatural state administration would reek its reactionary madness. The *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine* for March contains a list of some sixteen or more "amendments" and "laws" introduced in the legislature now in session, nearly all of which are reactionary. Many of them repealing generous provisions made by preceding legislators and wise schemes for growth developed by such. The cruelest thrust at the life of the University is the petty patriotism that would bar by a prohibitive tax the students from outside the state, instead of recognizing as so many of its neighboring state universities, that in the cause of public education, state lines, like county lines, disappear. However it may be with the commodities of the shop, free trade in ideas, a cordial exchange of spiritual commodities, is a part of the ideal of the United States, indeed a part of legislative obligations

of the states. For every state university that profits by the Morell Act is a beneficiary of the United States bounty and has United States obligation. The rising rivals of the University of Wisconsin in popularity and power, the State Universities of Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota have labored to make non-residents as welcome to their privileges as they would have the privileges of other states be made available to their own students; but if the pending bill passes in Wisconsin it will raise the tuition of the University of Wisconsin to non-residents equal to, if not above, the most costly institution of the East. The maximum tuition of Yale is quoted at $150, Princeton $160, Harvard $150, Cornell $125, Chicago $120, while Wisconsin, that has been the academic hope of democracy, would make the fee $174.

A still more deadly thrust at the life of the University is an elaborate disarrangement of the administration. The President is to be removed from his place in the Regency, denied a voice in the management, and the Regency, which is made up of comparatively few men and women selected for their special academic fitness, is to be supplanted by a general board that is to have supervision of over a dozen other institutions, which will result in an administration by clerks, a "business administration" of book-keepers and stenographers.

The present writer has just returned from a visit to Utah, where he had a chance of studying at close range a similar upheaval in Salt Lake City. The State University of Utah has been called to book by a board of laymen, the self-boastful "business men" who insist that an institution of learning is primarily a "business" and that its teachers as well as its teaching must be supervised by these "business men!" The major portion of the faculty of the State University of Utah have resigned because the Regents could not understand what the academic phrase, "the freedom of teaching," means. The University of Wisconsin and Utah are now in the same class, passing through the same ordeal, to the amusement, if it were not to the grief, of educators the round world over. The situation in Wisconsin would be funny if it were not so sad.

How have the mighty fallen! What has brought about all this? The causes are not far to seek. Here are four of them that adequately account for the present pitiable spectacle of "A State Gone Mad":

1. The unlettered and non-progressive grew weary of hearing Aristides called "The Just," so they banished him. The far-flung cry of reform, the well-worn reputation for progressiveness, irritated to madness the conservatism of many stripes. The hold-back, the stand-back, the stand-patter, grew alarmed at the words, and the conservative in religion and in politics and in finance, the bigoted church man, the bigoted party man, and the bigoted capitalist, said "it is now or never," and they rallied around the banners of conservatism.

2. Partisan politics crept in. The rejected elements of the old "machines," both Republican and Democrat, said "it is our last chance," so all the resources of the politician, the untraceable, the underground work, the wire pulling, misrepresentations and the final argument to the ignorant, "I told you so," were brought into action.

3. The sordid in human nature came forth; the cry of excessive taxation was heard. "Taxes are getting too heavy to be borne." This cry came from men who are constantly increasing their wealth, who are prosperous beyond their wildest expectations of a quarter of a century ago; from men who then rode in lumber wagons with a plank across the box and a quilt on the plank when they went to church or the circus, and are now riding in their carriages and their automobiles; from men whose wives are now wearing silks while then they wore calico; from men who are now wearing gloves in midsummer, when they used to go bare-footed. "But, O, the taxes!" "The crushing taxes!"

4. Lastly, the protectors of the saloon, the "vested interests" of brewers and distillers, the fanatical "Wets," must needs be heard. These furnished the inspiration for the reactionary. Very spirituous, though not spiritual.

So this quartette of motives has made a reactionary blend that for the time being has given to the state a mad administration. Let not the forces of culture, of progress, of sobriety, be demoralized. The citizens of Wisconsin, the boys and girls who are looking proudly to the University as their noblest right, and the men and women who have gone out of the University, conscious that next to the home it has been the greatest benefaction in their lives, must see to it that the great University will not be dismantled and the great State will not be permanently shamed.

Meanwhile let the boys and girls of Wisconsin, under the direction of the housewife more than the Houseband (husband), see to it that the lamb discarded in the barnyard by the unnatural mother is installed in the kitchen for the time being and tenderly cared for. Pet lambs after all do well and eventually they are restored to their rightful place in the flock.

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law. It is come when God's will is our will. When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves. When his will is our will, we are free children. *George Macdonald.*

SHINTO

The Native Religion of Japan

An Address Given at Abraham Lincoln Centre, On Sunday, March 28, 1915 by Frederick Starr

For more than a thousand years the Land of the Rising Sun has held three religious beliefs. Its three religions through that long period had been Confucianism, Buddhism and Shinto. The character of the Japanese has been affected by all three of these great religions. They are tolerant religions and it has been possible for the Japanese at one time to be Shintoist, Confucianist and Buddhist. The Japanese character of today is the effect of these three religions and each one of them has made its contribution. The three have lived in harmony and blended in such proportions that it is frequently difficult to separate one from the other and to say "this is Shinto"; "this is Buddhism"; "this is Confucianism." We shall, however, this morning call your attention to the old native religion of Japan, Shinto, and we shall try to separate Shinto from the other religions and to present it fairly in its purity and simplicity.

Shinto is the old religion of the Japanese. It preceded Confucianism and Buddhism, which were introductions from China. The ancient Japanese were Shintoists and their worship was Shinto. It was such a worship as we might expect to find among a people at the stage of culture of that time. Shinto is a simple religion; it is a nature-worship; in it two series of beings for worship are found. There are first the spirits which abound in all nature and which give life to the world and universe; and there are the ancestral dead, those who have gone before. Shinto is a combination of the simplest kind of nature-worship and of ancestor-worship. In the sixth century, about the middle of the century, Buddhism came into Japan. The teachings of Confucius were already rooted in the country. From 550 onward, there was a struggle between the two religions, the old Shinto worship and the new Buddhist teaching. I say a struggle, it was rather an adjustment of the two religions. And, as the new religion had art and beauty and education that the old religion lacked, Shinto gradually gave way before it and by the ninth century the external and evident religion of Japan had become Buddhism. Shinto, however, was not dead, but under the new teaching still lingered in the life of the people. The old gods and the old simple ancestor-worship continued, so submerged, so overwhelmed by the new worship as to be largely forgotten as a system. A curious thing that a religion that has been submerged for more than a thousand years should ever re-appear! Yet such was to be the fate of Shinto and the religious system which for a thousand years had been lost, was to re-emerge in the nineteenth century. Think for a moment what that means; a religion that was devised by a barbaric people, a religion that was essentially simple, a religion which was devoted to natural deities and to ancestors, after a thousand years and more of submergence (from the ninth century on until the nineteenth) finally came forth into full light again as a great national religion.

The beginning of the Japanese resurgence dates back to about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Three great men, three scholars, were responsible for it and for the re-establishment of Shinto, as the religion of Japan. These men we should know by name. They were Mabuchi, Motoori and Hirata. They were the three great teachers of things Japanese. For centuries everything had been Chinese; for centuries art and science and religion had come from outside, until the Japanese were Chinese in thought and literature and life. With these three great men old culture of Japan revived; the spirit of Japan made itself felt. Their effort was definite; it was to rid the Japanese of Chinese influence; it was to re-establish Japanese thought and Japanese practice as they had been long, long ago. It was a national and patriotic movement that these men voiced and started. People talk about Perry and 1853 as the beginning of the new Japan. New Japan did not begin with Perry and 1853; those were mere incidents in the development of the new national feeling. It was these three men, living from the beginning of the eighteenth century on into the beginning of the nineteenth century that made the new Japan; it was they who laid the foundation for that great nation which today commands the admiration of the world. Not Perry in 1853 and the western influence, but Mabuchi, Motoori and Hirata were the makers of the new Japan.

Those men studied and taught the old writings, pure writings of Japan dating back to the early days of Shinto. These are three in number—the *Kojiki* (the record of ancient things), the *Nihongi* (the annals of Japan) and the *Norito* (ancient formulas of religion). Those famous scholars restored Japanese thought and Japanese ideas to the place where they belonged and with this restoration there came in time the recognition of the power of the Mikado. The movement begun by three scholars through the study of the old writings became a force that restored the Mikado to his throne and in 1868 laid the foundation of the present Empire. Thus, in 1871, the old religion with its crudities, but also with its strength, became the national religion of Japan. There is, today, no established church in Japan. While in 1871 old Shinto was made the national worship it has been dis-established and today Japan is without a recognized state church.

It is worth while to look at the religion which, developed in barbarism and then submerged for more than a thousand years, came to be the state church of a grat nation. Let us look a little at some of the external things and the internal things of Shinto. First we will briefly consider the *Kojiki*. It is in some respects disappointing; it is baldly literal; it is dry in form; it is largely uninteresting; it is sometimes crude in content. It tells the story of the gods and of the early rulers and early doings of the nation. There was a time when chaos was and then, presently, the sky and earth separated; then gods began to come—three of them, one after the other, self-created, disappeard; then two appeared from something like the bud of a flower, these five were the primitive deities of the Japanese—the great heavenly deities. Then began a chain of deities; first one and then another, and then pairs, for seven generations; the last pair were a man and woman, Izanagi and Izanami by name—Izanagi, "the male who invites," Izanami, "the female who invites" brother and sister, husband and wife, like so many ancient deities. The heavenly gods urged them a jeweled spear; the jeweled spear, dipped into the to create and gave them a jeweled spear; the jeweled

spear, dipped into the sea, was whirled and whirled until there same solidity and up arose an island, the first island of the world; and onto this first island came the man and woman gods, Izanagi and Izanami; then by generation they produced island after island. The first island, you remember, was produced by the spear whirling in the water, the others were true children of the divine couple. Then they begot gods, many of them; presently, when she was weary with child-bearing, when she had produced a multitude of islands and a multitude of gods with long and dreadful names, Izanami died in child-birth. The god to whom she last gave birth was the fire god. Izanagi, angered at this birth which involved the death of his dear wife and sister, shed blood, and from the blood produced by his sword, deity after deity came into being; then, mourning for his lost companion, Izanagi went to the lower world to see her, who had gone before. He saw her; interviewed her; received orders that he must not witness her person; she would seek permission to return with him to the world above; but he, driven by curiosity, saw her in corruption and overcome with horror, sought to make escape; he was pursued by her and by the other deities of the lower realms but succeeded in reaching the world above. I omit many details. You understand that there are many other things in the narrative than those I tell. After Izanagi had come out into the sunlight (where the sunlight came from I do not pretend to say) he felt himself impure from the contact to which he has been subjected, and desired to purify himself with water; as he bathed, the filth that went from him became deities and the water that he touched became deities—swarms of them; when he touched his face to remove the last impurities, the water that bathed his left eye became a deity—the goddess Amaterasu, and the water that bathed his right eye became a deity, the deity of the night-time, and the water that bathed his nose became a deity, the impetuous Susanoo. Now, of these three deities we must remember two. Amaterasu, produced by the water which bathed the left eye, is the sun-goddess, and Susanoo is the old hero of Izumo. Such was the origin of these deities.

Now let us follow Amaterasu and Susanoo. Amaterasu was put in charge of the high heavens, the second goddess was given charge of the earth of night and darkness and Susanoo was given charge of the sea. He was dissatisfied, sulked, complained, shed tears. He didn't want to be the sea-god. He declared that what he wanted was to visit the underworld and see his mother, Izanami. Why she should be called his mother I do not pretend to say, but he would go to see his mother and, finally, in anger his father dismissed him from the company of the heavenly gods and he departed. He decided, however, to see his sister Amaterasu, in charge of high heaven, before he departed to the lower world. He saw his sister. She suspected his coming; she knew his impetuous character; she realized his anger at the field which has been given him for government; so she prepared for his reception; they had some words on his appearance, but he told her that he came in friendliness; but he began to do all kinds of mischief; he tore down dykes between the rice fields, filled up canals, destroyed the harvest; finally, as she sat in her weaving-hall, surrounded by divine companions, Susanoo angered and insulted her; breaking a hole through the roof, he threw in the body of a piebald horse flayed backwardly; it was an insult which could not be forgiven and Amaterasu at once took refuge in a cave and closed the door. All the world was dark and the gods suffered for want of the sun. In their despair they devised a plan for getting her companionship again, and enjoying the light of her countenance. To lure her forth from the cave, one of the divine beings made some jewels and another made a mirror (a cunningly constructed mirror to reflect the beauty of her face), and another brought the sacred sakaki tree; upon the tree they hung the mirror and the jewels and gifts of cloth; then they assembled together with the divine dancing girl. I do not know how they saw her, but they did see her, and were amused and laughed loudly at her dancing; Amaterasu heard the noise of their enjoyment and looked out to see why they should not be weeping and wailing in her absence; the strong-armed god stood near the door and said to her: "We are laughing with enjoyment because a more beautiful than thou we have." She could not believe that a more beautiful than she existed, so they place the tree before her with its gifts and mirror, that she may see her face reflected; the god of the strong-arms pulled back the door and the sun-goddess seeing the gifts made for her and realizing the wish of all that she should come forth, emerged and became again the mistress of high heavens and the sun that lights and heats the world and gives life to mankind. Susanoo, of course, was dispatched and went down to earth and landed in Izumo, where he stayed and had many interesting adventures; there he married and had many gods for children and the whole land there became populated with deities. Among the things he did there was to battle with a dragon, from whose tail he takes a sacred sword. Because the sword from a dragon's tail is wonderful and because the battle that he gained was great, the sword was sent to heaven to Amaterasu by her loving brother.

Time passed. Gods were plenty, both above and on the earth; finally Amaterasu decided to send one of her own descendants down to the earth to govern; she sent one messenger and another and another; a trail of messengers. They were badly received or failed to return. At last, when she was almost in dspair, a trusty messenger was found who went and arranged that the child of the sun-goddess should descend to earth to rule. Meantime much time has passed and when it was proposed to her son that he should go, he said: "No, so much time has passed that I will not go; my son will go in my stead." And his son, the grandchild of the sun goddess, came to earth; before he left high heaven, his grandmother gave into his possession the mirror (the famous mirror of the sakaki tree before the cave), the jewels (which hung upon that same tree) and the sword (which her brother Susanoo had sent to high heaven after his battle with the dragon); the grandchild of the sun goddess came to earth with the three treasures; and the fifth in descent from the sun goddess became through the divine grandchild the first Emperor of Japan, Jimmu Tenno. I have told you so much of the old legend because it is essential, if you would understand the prayers of Shinto, that you should know that much. You should know about Izanagi and Izanami; you should know about the many, many thousands of the gods; you should know about

Amaterasu and her retreat into the cave—and the sacred tree with gifts upon it,—and the sending of her divine grandchild to the earth. You should know that her brother, Susanoo, came to earth long before her grandchild and you should know that the present Mikado upon the throne of the Island Empire is descendant directly from Jimmu Tenno, fifth descent from the sun goddess.

Let us now look at the externals of Shinto. Take first the Shinto temple or shrine. It is a simple building, very plain. A proper Shinto temple should not be decorated with color or with gilding. It should have no carving. Enter such a shrine, and you will see no idols, no representations of divine beings or saints. All is plain and simple, and clean; there is an altar on which gifts may be placed, but no object of worship anywhere. There may be a mirror, but even the mirror rarely is displayed. There is sure to be a *gohei:* the *gohei* is a stick of wood at the end of which there are some papers, white papers usually, torn and folded in strange form, hanging. The *gohei* is not a god; it is not a prayer; it is not an object of worship. It represents the sacred tree that was constructed for the sun goddess and the papers represent the gifts of cloth which were offered to her there in front of the cave. In many Shinto temples there is a treasure. For instance, in one temple the sword which Susanoo took from the tail of the dragon. But no human eye has seen that sword for many hundred years. I have no doubt the sword is there, but it is wrapped in silk and outside that another wrapping and outside that another and another; the bundle so carefully wrapped in silk has never been opened through the centuries; when the old wrapping becomes soiled, worn or decayed, a new wrapping is added and the old package is kept unopened. In scores of Shinto temples there are ancient relics of that kind, carefully kept, which no human eye has seen, many of which date back indefinitely into the past. The pottery used in a Shinto shrine is very simple and plain; none of the splendid wares that came from China are to be there seen, but unpainted, unglazed, simple, plain gray or red pottery vessels bear the offerings to the gods. Religion is conservative and the things used in Shinto ceremony are things such as the old Japanese used hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Let us look at other things; let us for a moment consider the priests. The Shinto priest is a non-celibate; he may be a married man and may have children; when engaged in religious ceremony, he is dressed in the old dress of primitive Japan; the cap on his head is of old fashion. Another person partakes in the religious ceremonials; it is the dancing girl; she is dressed in white or in white and red, the colors of Shinto, the colors of old Japan. Her dancing is graceful posturing, slow and dignified; she holds a branch of sakaki and ancient time-beaters as she dances; her performance is meant to please the dead.

There are three forms of Shinto, the family worship, the communal worship and the national worship. All three are forms of worship of the dead and of the spirits that existed before there were any dead. I shall call your attention to three ceremonials; simple ceremonials and yet impressive. The first of these is one I love to see. I remember very well going to Kanda Myojin on a certain day when they were celebrating the 7-5-3 ceremony; on that occasion fathers bring their children who are seven and five and three years of age to the shrine. You understand it is the shrine in their own section of the city; the shrine where they come into contact with their own ancestors and the ancestral gods of the group of which they form a part; the little ones are dressed in their choicest clothes; how happy they appear—the father and the three children; they go up onto the platform where the priest is waiting and bow down before him on the matting of the platform and are given the sweet wine which binds the little ones to the ancestral deities; it is a pretty sight. Think of it; time after time—first at the age of three, then at five and then at seven, going with the father to come into direct communion with the gods they worship, the god of their division, the god of their district, the one who watches over, the one who cares for every details of life, the one whom they please when they are good and displease when they are bad.

There is a ceremonial, which I think most people, even Japanese perhaps, do not think of as such, on the third day of the third month; it is called the dolls' festival. I hate the description of dolls' festivals that I have read; the tourist hunters all seem to think that the dolls' festival is a rather amiable effort to amuse and please little girls. The festival takes place, as we have said, on the third day of the third month. In houses they arrange a series of steps, one behind the other, rising in odd number, five or seven or nine. On these platforms they arrange the dolls, dolls that the family has protected and cared for through centuries; they arrange too, little dishes, miniature implements, furniture and offerings of food and drink. I saw such a display once in the home of a great nobleman, and as I looked at them I could see that some of the dolls were perhaps two hundred and fifty years old; when I saw the layout of dolls and implements, furniture and offerings of food and drink, I realized that is was not done only for the amusement of little girls. As I stood there I thought how absolutely a part of the owner a doll is and, as I looked, I felt the presence of little children who for two hundred years had cared for these same dolls and in the presence of the dead, who loved those toys. I realized that this was no mere festivity for child amusement. No, the doll's festival is an occasion when the whole family comes into actual living contact with all the men and women and children of the distant past, through things that had been theirs and had been loved by them. It is a great communion, that brings them definitely to their gods, those gods, their dead, from whom they may receive the impulse which shall make them true and honest and decent and genuine.

I have never seen the *bon-matsuri.* I have never been in Japan in summer. I confess I had not had the courage. I have reached there as early as the middle of September; I have left as late as the middle of May; but I have never ventured to spend a summer in the country, so I have never seen the *bon-matsuri,* the feast of the dead, it comes in the seventh month from the thirteenth to the fifteenth day. It is a three-day ceremony and during those days the dead, the millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, of the dead come back to visit the living in the Island Empire. Little lanterns are lighted to welcome them on the first night, and little offerings of food and drink and other things that please are set out during the

days; at the last, the dead are bidden fond farewell and sent off in little boats with lights and food and drink, and the divine dead return to the place of the gods.

Ise is the portion of Japan, where the divine grandson descended and took possession; it is the region in which Jimmu Tenno lived and ruled as first emperor of Japan. I have been to the National Shrines at Ise. They are very simple. Some foreigners have said that when you get there there is nothing to see and that one cannot see it anyway. For what purpose were the shrines at Ise built? To guard the sacred mirror. You remember the mirror; you remember the sacred tree outside the cave and how the sun-goddess looked into the mirror in order to see her beauty there. That is the mirror at Ise, but no one has seen it for a thousand years. Shrouded in its wrappings, it is kept in the little shrine; a little shrine, so plain and simple, reproducing a house of ancient time, a shrine that stands only for twenty years, when a new shrine exactly like it is built, on the adjacent plat of ground. The shrine and its courtyard are enclosed by a high fence; outside of that is a courtyard and another fence; and then another courtyard and fence; and outside of that a fourth courtyard and fence. Most pilgrims who go to Ise stand without the outer fence, seeing little but the fence, though perhaps, from the rear, they catch sight of the roof of the little old-fashioned building. But to that little shrine, the Emperor goes to worship for his people; to it the victors when they came back from the great war went to thank their divine ancestors, that she had been with her children in their effort, and given them success in war; to it the great and good of all the centuries have gone to worship, for every loyal Japanese should visit once at least, the national shrines. A common man usually stands without in prayer and does nothing more; one favored may pass through the first gateway, into the first enclosure; he may walk through the courtyard covered with smooth, water-worn stones up to the second gate; a nobleman may pass the second gate and walk across the pebble-strewn courtyard to the third gate, and there he stops; a prince of the imperial family passes through the third gate and goes across that courtyard to the fourth gate; and the Emperor passes through the fourth gate into the presence of the divine ancestors and asks her blessing for himself and for the nation. It is my custom when I am in Japan to wear the dress of the Japanese. I have many reasons for it, into which I need not enter. On the whole, I feel that for me to wear the dress of Japan is a higher compliment and a greater honor than it would be for me to dress in any other fashion. When I went to Ise in my last journey, they were anxious to do everything for me. I might have passed through the first gate and I might have passed through the second gate, and I might have gone into the second enclosure and stood before the third gate. A high honor! But I was dressed in Japanese clothing and today Japanese dress has no access to the gods. I felt, however, that I showed a higher honor to the gods and to the divine ancestors in my Japanese ceremonial garb, than I could have done if I had put upon my head a stove-pipe hat and on my body a Prince Albert coat and passed the gates and, I was willing to stand without and look at the gates and fence and peer through at the pebbles in the courtyard, and make no nearer approach than the poorest person of Japan might have done to the ancestral shrine.

I have been to Izumo; I have seen the famous shrine of Kizuke. You remember that Izumo is where Susanoo, after his quarrels, came to earth. It was in that district that he killed the dragon and took the sword. It was from there that he sent the sword back to his heavenly sister. It was there that he married and had children and populated the land with new deities. Remember that this was long before the divine grandson came to earth, and this shrine at Izumo is the oldest of the great Shinto shrines and in that place of worship is a minister and priest, who is himself divine, a living god. I have seen that priest and I have seen that shrine; I passed through that gateway and stood in front of the great shrine itself, and stood with pride and honor when I realized that there, indeed, I stood before the oldest religious establishment of the Empire. The *kannushi* was kind enough to receive me; I talked with him personally; he is the eighty-second in lineal descent from the old god Susanoo. Eighty-two generations between him and that divine being, who first entered Japan from the old heavens.

I have been to Atsuta. It is not so grand as Ise in the common mind, but it is famous, and important. Though of less significance, it is the shrine where the sword is kept in all its wrappings; the very sword that Susanoo took from the tail of the dragon is in that little shrine. At Atsuta I was received with kindness and high honor. There the first gate was opened and I walked across the courtyard; I passed the second gateway and went into the second courtyard; there my faithful servant had to stay behind and I went up to the third gateway where a cushion was set for me and I knelt. The servant who placed the cushion then withdrew; the old priest stood far behind and behind him my faithful servant and I was left alone; there before the third gate of the great and famous shrine of Atsuta, with its ancient sword, I felt myself in touch with old Japan. What are the *kami?* They are superior beings; gods and deities; but every man who is good is *kami;* every man who leads a true life is *kami;* there is divinity in every man, who acts to others as a true man should; it is but a little step from the *kami* in the living man to the *kami*, when a man is dead. It is a fine thought; I think it is a great idea; it seems to me that the past after all is all we have; we are all what we are because the past was what it was; sum up all that is within us and whence came it; if we do not get our inspiration from the past, if we do not get all that we are, for good or evil out of the past, I know not whence we get it. The more closely we are in touch with it and the prouder we are of it and the more we give it reason to be proud of us, the truer our religion. And what of Shinto in the time to come? Will it survive? Has it a future?

Can a barbaric faith keep on through civilization or will it pass? Has Shinto outlived its usefulness? I suspect there are many who think that Shinto passes, but I doubt that it does. The nineteenth century throughout the world was a time of crumbling creeds. Japan felt the crumbling, and a people who had been trained through a thousand years by Shinto, by Buddhism and by Confucianism in a few years time seemed to lose all religion, and with it moral and con-

trolling impulses. The whole world has suffered in the same way. *We* have suffered. Where is the moral fiber of our past? Gone with our worship. India has suffered. Today in India they are trying to give the people something which will produce out of the men and women of today such as lived before. China has suffered, and a godless and untrained China faces danger and destruction. Japan, of course, has suffered with the relaxation of the old restraints and discipline of its three religions—Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism. The government of Japan today is grappling with the question, "How shall we develop men? How shall we give people moral fiber? How shall we get young men and women who amount to something?" Many say, "Give them Christianity and the problem is solved." Many, no doubt, believe that the Christian missionary will replace the old influences of Japan by the Bible. But it can never be so; and why? What has Christianity to offer to Japan? A Christianity that had a hell with blazing fire, a Christianity with vicarious atonement, a Christianity with a *divine* saviour may appeal to pagan lands; but no such Christianity is taught today, here or there, and a Christianity without those three elements is not *needed* in Japan. Everything that is left after those three things are taken out of Christianity, Japan has and has had for centuries.

Take out those three things from Christianity and what is left? The golden rule: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Did not the Japanese have that? That is Confucianism. Confucius, the greatest teacher that the world ever saw, the man who taught the most practical system of ethics that the world has ever known, taught the golden rule, and you need not send Christian missionaries to Japan to carry it thither, for they have it. Another notable item in Christian doctrine is—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There is no higher teaching in the Christianity of the day than that, and have not the Japanese that? What is *karma?* It is the very essence of Buddhism; it is simply the teaching that "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Do we need to send missionaries to Japan to teach them the fundamental dogma of the Buddhist faith? And what else can we teach them? Ah well, we can remind them of the mighty cloud of witnesses and urge them in that presence to run their race. But Shinto, with its myriads of *kami* is an influence and inspiration far greater than the apostle's audience, and Japan needs no new and foreign impulse to right conduct.

Japan will live. It will regain a moral fiber. The future youth of Japan will achieve the same great things that the Japanese of the past have done, but Shinto and Buddhism and Confucianism are quite able to give them the instruction and the training which they need, and until Christianity has something new to offer it is unnecessary to send missionaries to them.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for all eternity.—*Scottish Rite Bulletin.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Married Women as Wage Workers

Dear UNITY:—

Referring to the very appreciative review of my book, the Rise of the Working Class, which appears in your issue of April 1st, for which I am duly grateful, I wish to say a word or two in explanation of the point that your reviewer thinks I have not sufficiently elucidated in my book.

Speaking of the enforced celibacy of a large number of women, incident to the fact that the men are not able to earn a wage sufficient for the support of the wife and children in decency and comfort, your reviewer thinks I have not given sufficient consideration to "the possibility of a marriage in which both husband and wife are wage earners, in which the woman who has attained skill and ability and a good position in her chosen work or profession remains economically independent by continuing that work after marriage."

I have considered that possibility briefly on pages 125, 126 and 127 of the Rise of the Working Class. I say: "It is possible for the young woman today to earn her own living; to be free from the restraints and cares of the family life and she will not give up that freedom unless she believes that in return for her sacrifice, she will receive in the marriage estate, as much security and comfort as she is able to obtain for herself while a single woman. The young man is earning $10 or $15 a week; the woman nearly as much. If they pool their salaries and set up an establishment they can live in comparative comfort; but the instant they marry this pooling becomes almost impossible. The duties of the wife and stenographer conflict. The wife, if she is true to her duty, must take care of her husband in all that pertains to his personal comfort, cook his food, make his bed, wash his clothing, and in many cases make her and his garments. This work is enough, if properly done, to occupy her time and exhaust her strength. The stenographer must be down at her office at eight o'clock, with an alert mind, with muscles untired and must be in her place until night fall. Now it is impossible that the stenographer should do what the wife does and yet be able for her own task; as a consequence, when the clerk and the stenographer marry, the income of the stenographer ceases and both must subsist upon the earnings of the clerk. But the stenographer has acquired a certain independence; has indulged tastes, has been spending money in a way, incompatable with the narrow means upon which she and her husband must live. The young people can no longer hide this state of affairs from themselves. They know that they cannot indulge themselves in the luxuries of married life with its house and its children."

This is to be sure a most inadequate discussion of the subject with which it deals, but it was all that the general plan of the book permits.

If John and Mary, each earning an income, set up housekeeping, Mary must either do the work of the house or hire it done. If she does it herself, she cannot at the same time earn her wage or salary. If she hires it done, she must spend what she earns in paying others to do her proper work as a wife, and in

that case, John is economically no better off than before his marriage and has few or none of the comforts of a home. His wife is in no sense his helpmate; she simply helps herself and their unity is lacking in the great essential of a common interest. They are at the best only pals and are in no sense that one flesh, which is considered the ideal of married life.

I have, in other parts of the book, dwelt upon the position of the mother, under modern economic conditions. This great function pre-cludes her from entering into the modern system of wage earning For nearly a year before the birth of her child, and for quite a year after, she has and can have no proper place in any store or factory. A child-bearing woman and the child-nursing woman is altogether out of place in such public institutions. If she be a true mother, nursing her child, she would have to bring the child to her place of work in order that every two hours she might give it the breast. No factory or store could, or would, permit such an exercise of the functions of the mother during working hours. And as for the period just prior to birth, decency forbids the exposure of the mother during her period of child-bearing.

It is only possible for a man and a woman to continue each as a wage earner by refusing the great purpose of marriage, which is child production and child nurture. As a matter of fact, thousands upon thousands of men and women are doing this very thing. They are man and wife, not for the purpose of producing and nurturing children, but simply for mutual companionship and comfort. They are artificially avoiding children; with what effect upon their own moral nature and upon the future of the race, I do not now care to consider. The fact is, that this whole matter is now in the melting pot. The ancient agnatic family, the product of evolutionary forces that are now spent, is in process of dissolution. What is to come after it no one can at present more than surmise. For my part, I am not the prophet or the son of the prophet, but I have a vision of a larger grouping of human beings than that which was possible under the family régime. I do not care to name, nor to describe that group; at present we are in a transition state with all the dangers incident to travel. We should be careful how we judge and how we decide. No outcries of free love or other words of approbrium will help the matter. The ancient family is gone, the new community is coming. Let us speed the parting and welcome the coming guest. ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY.

ROADSIDE REST.

(Anonymous inscription at the entrance of a little wayside burial-ground at North Woodstock, N. H.)

Such quiet sleep has come to them,
The Springs and Autumns pass,
Nor do they know if it be snow
Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear
The river's undertone;
Across the hush a fluting thrush
Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound;
The winds may sob and stir;
On the still breast of Peace they rest—
And they are glad of her.

—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XII.
Philippians

MRS. IRWIN ROSENFELS, LEADER.

Let your forbearance be known unto all men.
iv : 5.

Let your forbearing spirit be plain to everyone.
20th Cent. New Test.

Philippians is not a long letter and the available commentary upon it is not extensive. According to the Book of Acts Paul first entered Philippi about 52 or 53 A. D., while on his second missionary journey. He left Tarsus, his birthplace, and traveled through Galatia, Thyatira and Mysia to the city of Troas. While there, within sight of the shore of Macedonia, he had the vision and the call, "Come over and help us!" Setting sail for Neapolis he took the road to Philippi. This was one of the largest cities visited by Paul and was named by Philip, King of Macedonia and father of Alexander, for himself. It is situated eight or nine miles inland, thirty-three miles northeast of Amphipolis and a hundred miles from Thessalonica. A short tramp on the Via Egnation, the great mountain road forming the highway between Italy and Asia Minor, brought Paul to the summit of a mountain rising to a height of 1,600 feet, from which he had a glorious view of the sea. The city fell into Roman hands in 42 B. C. after the great battle of Philippi, in which Brutus and Cassius were defeated.

It was nearly a hundred years after this battle that Paul and his companions entered the city to deliver their message of peace. The Jews being few in Philippi, there was no synagogue. There were some Gentiles, mostly women, who had adopted Jewish principles. Paul's message was listened to with interest and many turned to him. The story goes that Lydia was so taken with Paul and Silas that she invited them to stay in her house. Evidently there existed the warmest feeling of sympathy and confidence between Paul and the members of the band at this place. We find very little trace of misunderstanding, and evidently no necessity for Paul to restate his position as in his letters to the Thessalonians and Corinthians. On the contrary he was glad to receive their gifts and proofs of their affection. Twice at least the Philippians sent him money.

After three years' residence at Ephesus it appears that Paul was again at Philippi on two visits with an interval spent in Galatia. After the parting in 58 we have no record of any communication between the Apostle and friends until the year 61 or 62, when the news reached Philippi that after his long confinement in Palestine, Paul had been taken as a prisoner to Rome. At once they sent Epaphras with gifts to aid and cheer him in his trouble. The messenger was kindled with fresh enthusiasm by Paul and threw himself with heart and soul into the work, which was

so hard that he was worn out and nearly died.

In reading this letter, one is touched with the intense personal love expressed. Although in chains Paul's outlook is that of hope and cheer, gratitude and much confidence in the Philippians. He exhorted them to work in unity and humility and presented Christ as the great example. The letter has four chapters. Chapter I consists of an introduction; Chapter II is a plea for humility and unselfish love; Chapter III, warning against false Jewish teachings; and Chapter IV a further appeal for steadfastness and unity.

According to the *Encyclopedia Biblica* this epistle is not all the work of Paul. Down to 1835 it was considered authentic. Then the German critics began to say only four of the Epistles of Paul could be accepted as unquestionably genuine. Bruno Bauer's conclusion was that its date was not earlier than the middle of the second century. But criticism before everything else demands freedom, and the critics hold that this, like all other ancient writings, requires to be read and judged on its merits before anything can be fitly said as to its probable origin. For instance, they say the salutation differs in this from other letters, and that it is addressed "to all the Saints of Christ Jesus at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons," raising the questions as to who are these? and where do they live? Then the Philippians are addressed in an exaggerated manner as if they alone, by way of exception, were worthy to occupy Paul's thought. Finally Paul praises himself and holds himself up as an example. These are some of the many difficulties. It is considered by many critics as not a letter in the real sense of the word, but a document to be read aloud to the congregation. The author, at any rate, is acquainted with Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, and perhaps Ephesians, as is shown in parallel words and passages. The *Biblica* presents more evidence of non-Pauline authorship, but states that it is not necessarily of fraudulent authorship, but a modestly written document under the name of someone highly esteemed. The *Biblica* also gives a probable date of 125 A. D. and that the author probably lived in Syria or Asia Minor and belonged to the Pauline school. The value of the work lies in the light it throws on this movement during the first half of the second century.

However, I like to feel that the letter is of and from Paul, and that in his sorrow and imprisonment he had an opportunity to send this love letter to his congregation. It is fine to feel that one group of people thought of Paul as a personality and ministered to his personal comfort.

Prof. E. DeWitt Burton of the University of Chicago, who accepts the letter as being the work of Paul, says:

"But if anyone hastily concludes that a letter written thus without sharply defined and single purpose is necessarily tame and commonplace, he will greatly err. Whether Paul ever wrote a dull and uninteresting letter we do not surely know. Certain it is that the letter which Epaphroditus carried back to Philippi was not of that character. Interesting glimpses into the apostle's situation and experiences in Rome, and a still more interesting revelation of some of his deepest thoughts concerning Christ, warm personal affection and lofty religious aspiration, flashes of indignation against the mischief makers, and tears of grief over those who pervert the doctrine of Christ, combine to make a letter of surpassing charm and interest. Were it the only Pauline letter extant we should still be able to form a fairly true picture of Paul, and a fairly just conception of what he believed and what he stood for. For its information concerning the life of the apostle and its light upon his character, for its contribution to a knowledge of his doctrinal conception of Christianity, and for its more general testimony to the history of the Apostolic Age, the letter will richly repay careful study."

This is a letter, sweet, tender and very beautiful, the spirit of it indicated in a few verses from the closing chapter:

"Do not be anxious about anything; but under all circumstances, by prayer and entreaty joined with thanksgiving, make your needs known to God. Then the peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding, will stand guard over your hearts and thoughts, through your union with Christ Jesus."

In connection with these lessons it is interesting to estimate the number of miles Paul traveled. His first journey covered 1,075 miles. He went to Galatia, then Tarsus, came around Cyprus to Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, then back to Tarsus.

The second journey covered 2,500 miles, from Tarsus up to Philippi, through Berea, down to Corinth, and then to Ephesus.

The third journey he probably went over the whole road. Starting at Ephesus, he went down to Jerusalem, back to Antioch, through Roman Asia, way up through Macedonia, down to Corinth, retraced his steps through Macedonia to Ephesus and then back, skirting the coast of Syria and Palestine, down to Jerusalem again, 3,600 miles.

The fourth journey, the one on which he went to Rome, aggregated 2,075 miles. Making a total distance traveled of nearly 10,000 miles.

Another interesting item taken from Paul's letters is a list of the different personalities mentioned, totaling fifty-six names.

(1) Where is Phillipi—something of its history?

(2) Give synopsis of the contents of the letter to Phillipians.

(3) How did Phillipians appear to regard Paul?

(4) What is the value of this epistle today?

THE BARN IN THE RAIN.

Gray barn and draggled meadow,
Blurred green of grass and leaves,
The sky an awful shadow,
For on her gray face weaves

The rain with silver threads,
That fleck the muddy puddle,
That rattle on the sheds
Where the cold cattle huddle!

Then oh, the haymow soft
And deep and dark and warm,
On sweet hay piled aloft—
While overhead the Storm

Sweeps the wet shingles, drips
At eaves, makes music wild—
We listen; the soul slips
Years back and is a child.

Somehow as at the start
We turn from Life's hot foam,
Get in the World's warm heart,
Yea, make Earth's heart our home!

And lie there warm, secure,
Yea, as a child of five,
Heart cleansed, serene and pure
And glad to be alive.

—*James Oppenheim.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Since coming to this lovely land of California I have discovered a secret, the secret of making a thoroughly successful and happy vacation journey, a journey wherein hearty welcome and courtesy and personal interest await one everywhere, and the unstinted bounties of the country and its big-hearted people are simply poured upon one.

That secret is this: to just trail along through the country wherever Jenkin Lloyd Jones has made his triumphal progress a few weeks previously—preferably on his "March escape," and at intervals quietly drop the suggestion that you are one of the humble lambs of Mr. Jones' home flock. Just try it and see how beautifully it works, how faces light up and hands fly out and hearts glow through kindling eyes, and you feel right away that you have been taken into the larger home of humanity. You have found, not only so many, many of the old All Souls friends who have been drawn by the lure of this magic country away from the Windy City, but unnumbered new ones, real folks, to whose confidence and love that one name is an "open sesame."

To wake up on Easter Sunday morning and suddenly remember you are two thousand miles away from home with several very high mountain ranges intervening, gives to most anybody a fairly good excuse for experiencing just a bit of an eastward tug. But we had the ride across San Francisco's beautiful bay to Berkeley to blow away the cobwebs, and then the welcome from dear Mr. Hosmer standing under the Wisteria-loaded porch of his unique little shingled church, and the many handclasps and the exclamations, "Oh, you are one of Mr. Jones' lucky people!"

And then the real Pacific Ocean fish dinner with newly met relations-in-law, followed by three hours of delightful riding on the beautiful hills behind Berkeley and Oakland—the spurs of the Coast Range they told me—with a sunset that closed a perfect Easter Sunday. And so all the way down the state,—at Los Angeles, at Pasadena, at Santa Monica, on the top of Mt. Tamalpais, here at San Diego and out at the theosophical headquarters at Point Loma, were old and new friends with hands and hearts still glowing with a warmth that reached out and enveloped one who was proud to claim the friendship of this dear mutual comrade. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon in the Public Service Building at the Fair, Zona Gale read one of her stories and made a plea for the Working Women's League, and she was introduced by Gertrude Longenecker, once our little Sunday School girl at All Souls, but now an efficient and popular teacher at the Normal School in San Diego.

But we must not give Mr. Jones all the credit for the excellent temper and attitude of the people of California, found without exception all over the State. From one end to the other of this big commonwealth you could hunt with the philosopher's lantern supplemented by a first-class microscope and you could not find anything bearing the slightest resemblance to a grouch, though I fancy fairly good reasons for grouchiness could be revealed by the financial backers of the two expositions and the thousand and one other propositions that are in process of evolution here.

The expositions, both at San Francisco and at San Diego, are beautiful; that at San Francisco much the larger and more brilliant, of course, than the little gem at San Diego, being planned on more restful lines with a strong appeal to the love of the out-of-doors which is ingrained in us all. There are rows and rows of magnificent palms, pepper trees, acachias, camphor trees and all sorts of evergreens and shining leafed magnolias and vine covered pergolas and arcades standing where, I am told, there was little but sage brush less than three years ago. All these afford shelter from the sun, which is very grateful; and then, oh, blessed be the thoughtfulness of the wise management, everywhere, without stint, are placed in cool, shady spots, good, stout, substantial seats having backs at the right angle for weary spines; and, handy to every part of the grounds, are excellent restaurants and cafeterias where good food may be secured at very reasonable prices. I should like very much to tell you of the model farm and its bungalow home, but I must stop somewhere.

As for the flowers at both places, and, in fact, all over the southern half of the State, words fail to express their wonderful beauty and profusion. On entering the main great plazza at the

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San Francisco Fair, the eye is involuntarily caught and held by the delicate tracery and color of the exquisite Jewel Tower, high up against the steady blue of the sky. You walk entranced, gazing upward at that fairy vision until you almost stumble onto an enormous bed of yellow pansies, poppies and tulips. At its center is a fountain guarding the splendid marble figure typifying "The Energy of the West," but it is the solid golden glow of those flowers that catches your breath and dims your eyes and somehow makes you realize you are in California.

I must not undertake to tell you of that Calla Lily hedges, the fragrant orange and lemon blossoms, the billows of climbing roses and the solid masses covering hundreds of square feet of wall and ground by geraniums, by phlox and a hundred varieties of plants which must be reluctantly scratched off the list of possibilities at home when the verdict is rendered: "They won't stand frost."

But I started to say that everybody in California is good natured and hospitable. We have received nothing but kindly smiles and painstaking explanations from everybody—newsboys, conductors, policemen, hotel clerks and all the rest. Incidentally many of these good folks take the opportunity to offer warm and strong advice that we sell all that we have east of the Rockies and come out and graduate as California boosters. California has done splendid work in developing these two shows; her citizens have put unmeasured energy and uncounted wealth into perfecting them. We of Chicago know what this means and we can and should most heartily wish them the success that their efforts deserve.

A. L. K.

San Diego, Cal., April 12, 1915.

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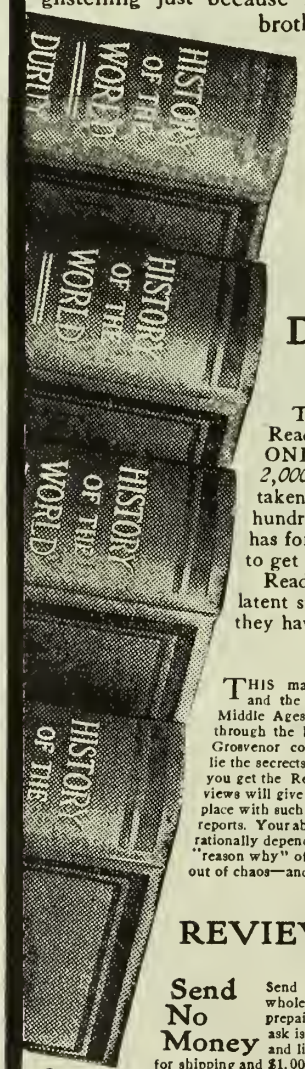

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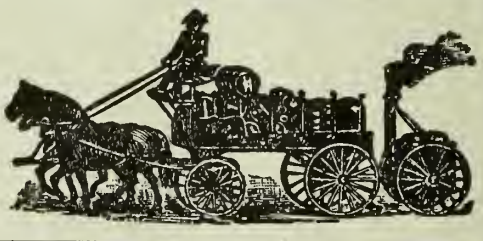

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1915. Number 9

PARTNERS.

Who digs a well, or plants a seed,
A sacred pact he keeps with sun and sod:
With these he helps refresh and feed
The world, and enters partnership with God.

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

An English exchange calls "little Wales still one of the most maliciously bigoted countries in the world." We fear this is true, but there are many applicants for second position in the line.

Our agricultural exchanges are full of seed advertisements and planting advices. But this is the time, also, to remember the pests and prepare for the protection of the tender plants when they appear. The pests are getting ready. Let them be anticipated. There is a deal more good planting in both the physical and spiritual fields than there is good nurture after the planting.

The Farm and Fireside has an illustrated article showing a new use for an old car, arguing that an ordinary 40 horse power auto, when properly adjusted to the new reducing gear system, can pull four fourteen-inch plows through hard ground, can run a threshing machine, pump, shell corn, or drag a couple of heavily loaded trailers to market. Surely this is hitching something better than Pegasus to a plow.

An English exchange hopes that England will take advantage of the presence of the Belgian exiles, who will acquaint them with the skill of Belgian women in cooking, particularly in making palatable vegetable soups. Classes for the teaching of this method by the Belgian refugees are being organized in London. The same paper tells us that 10,000 copies of a little booklet, issued by the National Food Reform Association on "Economical Dishes for Workers," have been sold.

Our esteemed exchange, *The Inquirer*, published in London, thinks that the "voluntary abstinence" of the King and Lord Kitchener in their own households "will go a long way to make abstinence fashionable," but it concludes also that there are large sections of English society which will be affected very little by example in high places. Voluntaryism alone will not solve the difficulty. Drastic legislation in the interest of sobriety in England, as in America, is necessary when there is public sentiment that is equal to the enforcement of the same.

The Christian Life says that the "chief need of the various religious denominations in England today is the need of more teachers for their Sunday Schools. Even the established Church has a decline of twenty thousand Sunday scholars as compared with two years ago. This deficiency is accounted for by the absence of so many male teachers on the firing line." At this distance this confession suggests the more profound need that lies farther back. If the need of the denominations is to be interpreted in the terms of religion and humanity, the need is to keep the men off the firing line. Alas for the Christianity that justifies the wholesale slaughter of men on the plea of patriotism or justice, freedom or progress. England, like all the other countries, has a vast population of half-made Christians, of unfinished saints, of impious piety, those who have not yet heard the Master's command, "Peter, put up thy sword," or have not yet taken to heart the triumphs on Calvary.

Nothing is more significant than the fact that the religious papers, and the religious men writing for them, in the countries at present involved in war, give much more attention to the proposition that their country is right, than to the more fundamental proposition that war is wrong. True neutrality can only be maintained by him who regards all war and warlike methods as wrong. Innocent men are killing and being killed and no righteous cause is being promoted thereby. The conqueror will suffer more than the conquered if this war is to be solved by conquest. The beatitudes of peace hold in the face of all the one-sided and blind-eyed patriotism. "It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for they shall be filled." The differences between Germany and England, France and Russia are skin deep. They pertain to matters of trade, methods of commerce and variety of speech and difference in their way of pronouncing great names, which all profess to revere. They differ in phrasing the great truths which all affect to love. Oh, how unreligious is this religious endorsement of the unholy strife, the preparation for which is the matter of half a century. The question as to who dropped the match into the powder barrel may be a difficult one to decide. It will never be

answered to the satisfaction of all parties concerned; but that is a trifling incident in the wicked drama. Everybody knows the parties that for the last forty years diligently devoted themselves to the filling of the powder barrel without a lid. Without this open barrel the European explosion would have been impossible.

Education for March contains the last of a series of articles from the pen of our friend and whilom associate editor of UNITY, Dr. Frederick W. Sanders, now of Los Angeles, California, on "The Organization of Education." The title, perhaps, would be more suggestive if it were called "The Re-organization of Education." Doctor Sanders has gone deeply into the subject and has developed a system which permits a more elastic adaptation to the individual needs of the pupils, taking special note of both the child of slow development and the child of exceptionally rapid growth, as well as the child who from illness or other causes has been kept out of school and consequently becomes unclassified. Doctor Sanders' scheme cannot be explained in an editorial note, but there is need of much initiative work in this direction. There can be no doubt that the analytic tendency in our American schools, the grading and classifying, has grown to be a tyranny and threatens to defeat the ends for which schools are established. Large eliminations of unimportant things from the schools are in order. The eight grades in grammar school, each demanding a year, four years in high school, four years in college, and three years in professional schools takes nineteen years out of the life of the individual. Does it take so much time to get the mind fairly at its life-work, or does it so "finish" many thousands of minds annually that the real opportunities of education, the joy of acquisition, the inspiration of research, the expansion that follows a life-long habit of study, are destroyed forever? We hope that Doctor Sanders' work will be put into permanent form, that the would-be educators of America may have an opportunity to test his methods, at least to face the perplexities. It would be an unspeakable reproach to the schoolmasters of the United States, if, before the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, the changes in the public school methods do not amount to a revolution. Give the children the benefit of the inspirations of large blocks of ignorance; put into their possession a hunger for information not satisfied; put them in the way of absorbing knowledge and acquiring wisdom by the way. Much of what now is forced into the minds by years of listless drilling should be grasped by months of enjoyable growth.

A Preacher on the Farm

No matter how much his seven years may have tanned his face or hardened his muscle, no matter how he may parade himself in overalls, "Brother Judy" is still the preacher, as the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May entitled "From the Study to the Farm; a personal experience by Arthur Markley Judy," fully establishes. It is the same analytic mind, the same ethical directness, the same relentless hewing to the lines of logic, and the same uncompromising loyalty to an argument that many of us had become accustomed to in the whilom minister of the Unitarian Church of Davenport, Iowa.

The editor of UNITY has served a longer apprenticeship on the farm than the Essayist in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he is prepared to endorse everything therein claimed for the farm. But it goes without saying, as indeed the essayist frankly admits, that an Iowa farm will respond along the high lines indicated only to a preacher in jeans; one who carries to the barnyard the trained mind of the study and who is able to gather more ideas than pumpkins between his corn rows.

But on this very account the study of Mr. Judy is worthy of close reading. It is fraught with a wisdom not found in books and reveals an experience which cannot be obtained between the horns of a plow.

He has stated none too forcibly the grim side of the farmer's experience, the small comparative returns in wages, the ever impoverishing of the soil, the slow but sure trend of even the rich fields of the Mississippi Valley into barrenness, spite of anything yet realized from the academic warnings and scientific prescriptions. But it is still true that the farming class, at least in the United States, is farther removed from penury, even from pinching economy, than any other working class. The wages of even the prosperous farmer are ridiculously low compared with that of a skilled laborer in the city; but it is uninterrupted by strikes, and undisturbed by the competitions, the social exactions, the fluctuating values and high taxes of the city. So there still remain great compensations in the farmer's life.

But these considerations urged in Mr. Judy's essay are common-places in economic and agricultural literature There is something far more fundamental in this discussion which can only be discovered by reading closely between the lines. Mr. Judy reaches deep into the educational problem. It is a far cry from this *Atlantic* essayist to the articles on education by Dr. Frederick W. Sanders, alluded to in another editorial note, but they are both staggering under the same difficulties, perhaps floundering in the same twilight, but groping toward the same light. Our pres-

ent system of schooling is breaking down. It has been so perfected as to develop to a clearness its imperfections. It is so good that it must be made better in order to be endurable. Mr. Judy strikes deep when he says:

> Specialization has been wofully overdone. That is one of the clearest convictions to which we have been led by our farm experience.

And again:

> My intellectual labors have been both curtailed and warped by the one-sided life which society has forced upon me.

And still again:

> Much, for instance, as our farming class needs vocational training, they need far more cultural training.

Mr. Judy has looked beyond the superficial cry of the city weary, "Back to the country!" The real cry of civilization is:

> Back to your share of the tasks you are learning to shun or to stigmatize; back to the toils which harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, make firm the will, beget courage and hardihood, and develop a common life between you and the plain people.

It was not on the farm the essayist found those over-educated in books, the over-supplied with luxuries, the over-driven with society, constituting the nervous wrecks. The perfect life of man, the whole life he finds to consist in the blending of thought and labor, "labor trained to think, and thought trained by labor."

Much has been written and well written in these days about agricultural schools; those sections of the State universities, in the West particularly, have been highly developed. They are the just pride and to a degree the hope of America; but they begin their work too late. The intellectual habits and the scholastic ambitions of the child have already been formed on other lines. The agricultural education should be begun, not in the University, but in the primary grades, and the academic side of it might well be nearly through by the time the child has finished the eighth grade, and the technical side of it could largely be acquired during the high school age, except for the small proportion of those who win the university and seek higher specialization. There have been schools on the farm, girls' and boys' schools that boast of country surroundings; manual training has been exploited in up-to-date curricula of secondary schools, but nowhere has there been a school in which the soil, the garden, the farm, the barnyard, the pasture and the forest have had fundamental pedagogical values. The real farm school is yet to be developed, where farming is not a decorative accessory, but where it offers essential work, real work such as brought to the essayist what he calls "hardness, or hardiness, or hardihood." Such as will "make golf, tennis, walking, even mountain climbing seem laughable" as means of physical invigoration.

In conclusion we salute our brother preacher, made the more preacher, made the better preacher, by his seven years' experience on the farm. We wish that he and his good wife, now truly educated, would convert that Iowa farm into a working farm school on lines more radical than have ever yet been undertaken. There is no better opening for the heroic, independent and progressive pedagogue than along the lines of establishing the true education, which is scarcely possible without more or less of a farm equipment. It need not be big but it must be a real farm. There must be work that brings sweat, that hardens hands that whets appetites, and the Pauline mandate must be a fundamental exaction of this school: "If any will not work, neither let him eat."

A Case in Point

"Four months ago," says the Chief, "a man knocked at the door of the manager's home. 'Are you with the Ford Motor Company?' he asked, 'and do you suppose I could get a job?'

"'Well, I don't know who you are,' said the manager.

"'I am the worst man in Detroit,' replied his strange visitor. 'I am 54 years old, and 32 years of those 54 I have spent in Jackson prison. Everybody knows I am a bad actor and I can't get a job. If I can't get one with the Ford company, I am going back to Jackson. There is a man I want to 'get' and I'll get him with this.' 'This' was a dangerous looking blackjack. 'The only person that ever played me true,' went on the ex-convict, 'is my wife, but I am not going to have her doing washing to take care of me.'

"He was put in the shop and for a month and a half his work was of a mediocre type. Then we wrote him a letter, telling him to take a brace and that we thought he had good stuff in him.

"Next morning he came in with his wife, and he was so broken up he could hardly speak. 'That's the first decent thing, outside of what my wife has done, that I've ever had happen to me,' he said. 'And I'll serve you and stick to you and work my hands off. Show me how I can work better.'

"Two months ago he came into the office with his pay envelope in one hand, and in the other a roll of bills.

"'Say, Pal,' he grinned, 'will you tell me how I can get into a bank and leave this? I am perfectly wise how to get in, after they are closed up, and take it out.'

"That man has made his first payment on a home, and he is living as good and clean a life as any man in Detroit today.

"The Ford Motor Company has 68 men in its employ that have come from that institution after serving lesser sentences."—*Detroit Employment News.*

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

III.

Paul the Planter

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Into the solemnities of life we would bring ourselves this morning by turning our eyes inward, discovering within our own souls the hunger for perfection, the thirst for righteousness, the prayer for peace. Father, we would come into the sanctities this morning, into the conscious presence of one another. May the contact of life with life, and heart with heart strengthen our higher nature, quicken our finer impulses, deepen our faith in Thee.

And we would be ushered into the solemnities this morning. Father, by thinking of the brave and the true who in times past have triumphed over difficulties. Help us to find ourselves in communion with those who have believed in truth as the supreme quest, in Thee as the ultimate love. Make us better citizens, Father, of this city and this land by making us better citizens of the world. Grant that we may climb into that virtue that knows no race, or clan, or creed. Grant, Father, that our worship this morning may lift us above the prejudices of nations and the unholy strife of Kings. Hasten the day, O Father, through our thought and our words when man no longer will prey upon the hearthstone sanctities, when the altar of mother love may not be desecrated by cannon and by bayonet. Hasten the day, O Father, when the brutal in man will be retired and the angel of peace and love, which is now, even now, the most potent, will triumph throughout the world. Amen.

SERMON.

I have come to the study of Paul this morning. The very majesty and immeasurableness of the subject humbles the speaker and prepares the listener with modest expectancy. Paul was a foreign born and foreign bred Jew, a Roman citizen by birthright, a man who in spite of his scholastic and his missionary enthusiasm never severed himself from the working world, ever working at his trade or plying the traffic of his father, that of a tent maker or a cloth merchant, as befitted a man of Cilicia, famous for its long-wool sheep. He was raised in the strictest of sects at the feet of Gamaliel, the great teacher. He arrived at manhood firm in the faith and zealous for it. Then crossed his path this new movement which disturbed his strong soul with apprehension. He was stirred with resentment at the audacity of a movement that seemed to belittle the sanctities of his people, to discount the power of his inheritance. In my last sermon, we found this young Pharisee of the Pharisees holding the coat of those who threw the first stone at the first martyr of Christianity. And like the first blood in the meadow which maddens all the bullocks, this first martyrdom aroused the fierce opposition of what, heretofore, was latent distrust, and this man Saul joined the persecuting host. He penetrated the homes, he haled forth the victims to court and, his zeal growing strong on what it fed upon, asked for a special commission to go to far off Damascus to further suppress this heresy. On that long road of a hundred and fifty miles, across deserts and through benignant shades, up mountain sides and down meandering valleys, something happened. Something profound, as often happens to profound souls. Victor Hugo has well said that Paul's road to Damascus is the road upon which all great souls pass; not only all great souls, but great movements, great nations. That radiant face of the young martyr, that patient endurance, that triumphant death had something to do with it. But there came that better thought, that transforming experience, be what it may, which converted the persecutor into an apostle to the persecuting host.

Again, touched with the greatness that belongs to great souls, he retires. For three or more years he is in communion with his own mind and heart and nature. He is reorganizing his life on new lines, and when he appears for a few days in the already ancient and sacred city, he is furnished with his life program and equipped with his life message. He calls upon some of the disciples, but does not seem to have much interest in them and does not seem to have made much impression upon them. He disappears again and for eleven years plies his trade in his home town of Tarsus.

Meanwhile the new movement is growing, is struggling with the fetters that fain would bind upon the new message some of the toils of the old inheritance. Those ambitious for Jewish glory and Jewish power claim this new movement, and say: "Whatever the message may be it is our message, and whoever the apostles may be they are our apostles, and we Jews must not be robbed of our heritage."

The struggle waxed hot in far away Antioch. A young Greek, who feels the power of the new message but does not confess the binding power of the old traditions, goes over to Tarsus and asks this tent-maker to come over and help them settle this question, to preach to the new church in Antioch, to help it to free itself from Jewish fetters; and he goes. In round numbers, twenty years or more after the Nazarene gave up his life on Calvary this missionary began his prodigious work, the unparalleled campaigning that ended only with his life. Away off in Rome he disappears with no account of his death. Indications are that he was still a prisoner, comforting his jailors, inspiring his guards, perhaps falling into the persecuting hands of Nero.

Three journeys are tolerably clearly discovered between the lines of his own letters and the imperfect and inadequate record in the Book of Acts; three great missionary campaigns with the final long, long voyage which landed him in Rome, on his way, as he hoped, to Spain, for his spirit already thirsted for new conquests. It is safe to say that the accredited travels of Paul would mount up somewhere near ten thousand miles; ten thousand miles without steam cars or steamships, without automobiles, often without roads. Twice at least he traveled the whole length of that formidable Asia Minor which is still a difficult and dangerous route, which only the most heroic undertake.

I read you his own epitome of his dangers and his trials, his floggings, his imprisonments, his stonings and shipwrecks; and still all the way through was the undaunted spirit that placed Christianity in history for all time. He has preserved to this day the names of Perga, Phrygia, Thyatira and Pisidia, Ephesus and the rest. Most of them would otherwise have passed out of history. Think of it! A thousand years after Homer sang the story of Troy the vision of the man in Macedonia appeared to him, saying, "Come over

and help us." Four hundred and eighty or five hundred years before that the great Xerxes led his mighty army of Persians to the same spot with the purpose of carrying Asiatic culture and Asiatic power into barbaric Europe. Perhaps eighty or ninety years after that Xenophon led his ten thousand men, glowingly described in his Anabasis, trying to carry Greek culture into Asiatic realms. Three hundred and thirty years before Paul, the great Alexander led his Macedonian hosts eastward, hoping to conquer the world to Greek art and Greek culture, and he reached well nigh to the farthest boundary of the then known world. The story says he wept for other realms to conquer.

In 55 or 56 A. D. appears a lone, little man, as he himself estimated, of halting speech, more gifted in writing than in speaking, afflicted with a thorn in the flesh, which has been variously guessed by scholars as anything from epilepsy to a severe case of sore eyes. This little, insignificant, crippled hunchback, bold hearted little Jew, unarmed and unattended by but one or two faithful followers, takes ship, crosses the Ægean and lands on the shores of Macedonia, and as a result the map of the intellectual and spiritual world was re-formed. He changed the front of the civilized world. He brought the message of life to Europe; he conquered where Xerxes failed; he brought it in such a spirit and attitude that it was able to appropriate much of what was left of Greek culture and Greek art; he accomplished what Alexander failed to accomplish; he triumphed where Xenophon's ten thousand failed ignominiously. With one idea he landed at the Piræus, a refugee from his friends and his countrymen; he climbed the Areopagus and witnessed there the evidence of past religiousness and fervor, the monuments of dead or dying inspirations, for Socrates had drunk the hemlock four and a half centuries before this; the great Greek poets and philosophers were all gone; there were abandoned shrines all about him, abandoned of the spirit however preserved in the letter. There, his heart was stirred within him by the evidence of the workings of that power which he came to witness. He said to those restless Athenians, who were clamoring for something new and ready to pursue any fresh agitation: "I perceive that in all things you are very religious; I enter into the devoutness of your traditions. He whom you ignorantly worship I declare unto you the Unknown God. So far as outward form is concerned that altar, which you have erected for the benefit of the nondescript who may find no other shrine to belong to, that altar to the Unknown God, is the altar for our worship."

So the story of Paul goes on. Take the persecutor on his way to Damascus; follow him all the way to Mars Hill, which now in the light of twenty centuries we see was a focal point in the great onward sweep of human life and human history. That day Moses and Socrates met on Mars Hill and each found in Paul a sympathetic spokesman. That day on Mars Hill Asia bowed to Europe as Europe saluted Asia! I cannot follow the story; it is not necessary, for it is our hearthstone inheritance; it is the Christian's birthright to hear much about Paul, to study a little about him, and also to greatly neglect and often misunderstand him.

What do we see in the life of Paul? First, of course, the story of a tireless toiler. Such diligence, such travel, such independence, crowded into thirty years! A missionary career unparalleled in the history of the world. At every step of the way he was confronted by defeat; at every turn he met opposition. From Damascus to Rome he was under suspicion, distrusted by his friends, opposed by his kindred, disputed by his fellow Christians, as we shall see when we come to talk about "Peter, the Sectarian."

Next, we find in Paul a man with marvelous heart capacity. Oh, what a friend Paul was and how just and tender and loving he was with his friends. I love to dwell on this side of his character, and if you read no other chapter in the life of Paul, after hearing this sermon, go home and read the sixteenth chapter of Romans, which, according to the best scholarship, seems to be a misplaced fragment of a lost letter to the Ephesians, for the letter to the Romans on the face of it is a tract, largely doctrinal, sent in advance of the missionary, sent to a people he had never seen and to a city six hundred miles away. But here in this sixteenth chapter we come upon a group of friends, names hard to pronounce, many of them. It is not reasonable to think he had that many personal friends in or of a city where he had never been. It is very probable that just across from Corinth, where he had spent three years in working at his trade, he should have these many friends and that he should open his heart to them in a pastoral letter. He writes:

"I commend to your care our Sister, Phoebe, who helps in the work of the Church at Cenchreae," only six miles away from Corinth, "and I ask you to give her a Christian welcome—one worthy of Christ's people—and to aid her in any matter in which she may need your assistance. She has proved herself a staunch friend to me and to many others." Sister Phoebe was going to Corinth to do a little shopping, to attend to a little business, perhaps, maybe visit an aunt,—no matter what, the great loving heart of Paul went with her, and he says, "Give my greeting to Prisca and Aquila," at whose home he had spent the first eighteen months of his stay at Corinth. Prisca and Aquila were refugees themselves from the persecuting Romans who were just then in a fever of antagonism toward the Jews. He says:

"It is not I alone who thank them, but all the Churches among the Gentiles thank them also. Give my greeting also to the Church that meets at their house, as well as to my dear friend Epænetus, one of the first in Roman Asia to believe in Christ; to Mary, who worked hard for you; to Andronicus and Junias, my countrymen, and once my fellow-prisoners."

He goes on to enumerate those friends:

"To that proved Christian Apelles, and Aristobulus and Herodian, Tryphæna and Tryphosa, my dear friend Persis, for she has done much hard work for the Master; to that eminent Christian, Rufus, and to his mother, who has been a mother to me also; to Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermes, Patrobas, Hermas, and the brothers with them; also to Philologus and Julia, Nereus and his sister, and Olympas, and to all Christ's People who are with them. Greet one another with a sacred kiss. All the Churches of the Christ send you greetings."

What a loving pastoral letter is that from the man who had been hunted and persecuted, and who was wrestling with the theological difficulties involved in the philosophies of his day. Here is a man who had great capacity for human love, an aptitude for friendship.

Then, again, we see in his letters in the most impressive way that Paul was supremely a man in earn-

est. He may have been mistaken. I do not think I understand his theology. If I do I do not accept it. But it was the high zeal, the unquestionable power of a man in earnest, which always triumphs, in spite of error of intellect or mistakes of judgment, if there is back of these the sincerity of a soul aflame with conviction. The world responds to such a spirit and has a welcome for the heart travail of the earnest man. So it was in that fashionable center of Corinth, a city as full of style and fashion as ours at this very time; the city that brought the Greek column, one of the most permanent features in architecture, to its highest development. The "Corinthian" column took the plain column of the simple Greek, fluted it and capped it with a foliated capital, developing it into a thing of elaborate beauty; but it was proverbially a wicked city. Paul in his simplicity and directness penetrated through the dissipations of Corinth and compelled recognition.

It is hard not to make a local application. For we today are aping the superficial life of society and art —heaven save the indignity to art when we use it in that connection—instead of dealing with the profound problems of life with the sincerity that was Paul's.

I was in Wisconsin some days ago and found myself on the crest of a great tide pouring from all directions, of enthusiastic, joyous and bright youths, some with their elders bound for Madison. I found myself seated with an enthusiastic lad from one of the most progressive towns of Wisconsin, full of prosperity and intelligence. The lad filled me full of football lore. But as it was on the eve of an election I thought I would talk to the boy about something of which I knew a little. And I said, "Who are you hurrahing for for Governor?" The boy, with a smile that was pathetic in its innocence, said, "I don't know who is running." And when I labored with the boy he said, "There are eight other fellows in my crowd and I don't believe they know." He went and asked them and came back with a smile of triumph. Not one of those boys knew. One of them did remember that a man by the name of Hull wanted the nomination, but he didn't know who got it. There were two teachers with the boys on the train. So he interviewed the two teachers of the High School of this town in Wisconsin and they did not know who was running. But all of them knew much about football. If we are to judge by the papers as to what are the absorbing questions in the High Schools of Chicago today, two are at the forefront: one, the question of what to do with the Greek letter secret societies, and the other how to manage the latest steps in dancing, whether the "modern dance"—that is the name they give it—is proper in manner. No matter what the merits of these questions may be, I submit that for these young boys, radiant with power and strength, receiving at the hands of the State the means of modern culture, it is a distortion of life to put the amusements and the social amenities over against the great issues of democracy, the great problems of reform, which are always ethical and always fundamental.

In Paul we have at least a man in earnest. Christianity in its organized form is a tribute to Paul's earnestness. But there is more than that in Paul. When Paul met those Greek friends on Mars Hill and they questioned him concerning the Christ, the resurrection and other problems, he may have held the first free religious association conference the world had ever known. He stood there not as a type of the young Jew, but as a citizen of the world. He at least had broken the fetters of a race. He at least had found a position wherein he could say, of Greek and of Jew, "You are all one to me." I myself am proud of my descent. On occasions I conform to the requirements of my inheritance, but let there be no partitions between the children of the Gentile and Jewish worlds in this gospel of brotherhood and love which I preach. Paul was perhaps the first great cosmopolitan. Christianity was still writhing in the fetters of national prejudice. Its best guardians were necessarily of Jewish households, and as we gather from his itinerary he ever first sought his countrymen. He fain would find fellowship among those of his country who like himself had felt the power of the newer thought, but place after place his cosmopolitanism offended his Jewish-Christian brethren. In Corinth he had to shake the dust of the Jewish Synagogue from his feet, and tarried thereafterward "in the house of Justin, one Greek."

One of the greatest contributions perhaps the world has ever received in an organized form is from the Pauline interpretation of Christianity, which is non-creedal, non-racial and non-sectarian. To this day Christianity is fettered by the limitations which the great Jew, Paul, broke and strove to break for others.

And still one thing more. I have said that Paul was a tireless toiler, that he had capacity for great friendship, that he was a man in earnest, coveting a citizenship of the world, and that he worked with enthusiasm to meet the needs of the world as he understood its needs. Still one thing more, which for want of a better name, and I apologize for using a word that is capable of so many interpretations, Paul was a mystic. I mean by that, that he had a sensitive soul, which is the unquestioned mark of all the great seers of history. He believed in the intangible, and was sensitive to things unseen. Words melted into symbols upon his tongue; his logic, like a basket, leaked, but his spirit remained. He interpreted life in terms of the spirit. He measured life by eternity and not by time; and so we find in Paul this paradoxical situation. In the first nine chapters of Romans we find the theology of Paul, find at least the theology of the Pauline movement. It is the happy hunting ground of the theologian. It is full of the favorite texts of the dogmatic Christian. Here we find the words "justification," "regeneration," atonement," "depravity" and "salvation" rendered into terms of thought; and I frankly say, again, if I understand him, I do not follow him.

It is said of John Calvin that out of twenty-five hundred sermons in full and in outline in the files at Geneva, all of them are on texts from Paul, most of them from the book of Romans. All those who are acquainted at all with the theological discussions of the world know that all creeds, the short and longer catechisms, are Pauline. He himself was so much of a mystic that he was very indifferent to the external facts concerning the life of the Nazarene. He boasted that he had never seen him—was not sure but what he had caught a vision of him once. He boasted that he was not dependent upon the disciples at Jerusalem. His words hold the primal con-

ception of the Jews, who for centuries had taught that the Jehovah of the Jews would in due time send the Messiah, who would re-establish his kingdom on the earth. Paul believed, as the orthodox Jew does today, that God once promised to send a Messiah into the world, and he differed only from the present day Jew in believing that the Messiah had come instead of still expecting him across the weary centuries.

In addition to this necessarily theological situation he believed that the sure promises of the prophets of eight hundred years before were to be literally realized; that this Messiah-God was to establish here on the earth his kingdom; and that he who vanished on Calvary leaving his work unfinished, according to Paul's hope and expectation, was to return and finish his task. He was to reappear presently on the clouds to re-establish his reign of righteousness on the earth, shame the wicked and save the few believing souls, those who were prepared for the new régime. The faithful ones were to reconstruct the world on the lines of love, duty and universal brotherhood.

This, as I understand it, is the unmistakable teaching of Paul, and those who still rest in his proof texts and accept his scheme of salvation through this supernatural avenue, consistency requires of them to accept the whole scheme. They are only half saved, according to Paul, unless they believe with the Millerites, the Mormons and the Zionites, and all those who are waiting for the return of the Master, in that Second Coming, which according to the thought of the impetuous Paul was so imminent that he hoped to live to see it come. His first consolation to the dear friends at Corinth was: "Don't be discouraged if some of the faithful die before the Savior comes; he will not forget them."

But in and through this theological scheme of Paul's we find the real secret of his power, which, in spite of its millenial disappointment is still the power of Paul; and that is his forward looking, his high anticipation and magnificent hopes, his undying confidence that truth and love are to triumph. That heart of Paul broke through the mistaken head of Paul. The theology in the first nine chapters in the book of Romans gives way and passes into a secondary place in the presence of the concluding three chapters, which again is a return to the fundamental ethics and appeal to brotherhood, a rebuke to narrowness, a declaration of the triumphant quality of love.

Kaiser, King and Czar who are lifting up their hands to the one Eternal, begging for his co-operation and invoking his benediction, may find justification in the first chapters of Romans; may find justification in the theology of the Christian Church; but they are rebuked and disarmed by the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the immortal hymn of love, which, alongside of the Beatitudes, represent the high water mark in New Testament literature; conquering and immortal as gems in literature, winning and quickening the spirit and satisfying the hunger of the human heart.

So if we go in search of the power of Paul we must climb up out of his limited intellectual vision, his conception of a salvation through some kind of mystic intervention in the heavens, located somewh·re and somehow in time and on the earth. The spirit of Paul, the heart of his message, the inclusiveness of it, the cosmopolitanism of it, made stepping-stones of his texts into the land where texts do not count. He climbed out of Judaism by the power of his love and that which released him from the traditions of the temple, that which enabled him to make secondary matters of the rites and ceremonials of Israel, have enabled his true successors to rise up out of the shorter catechism and the longer catechism, to rise above the five-pointed star of John Calvin, to deny the favoritism that would make of heaven a small place for selfish souls, and hell a wide place for the stumbling children of men. So the dogmatists, however sustained by the pious theological texts of the Book of Romans, have been consumed by Paul's love for man; they have been defeated and discounted by his magnificent human spirit, that while careworn, sick and weary, enabled him to remember tenderly Phoebe, Persis and Prisca and the other sisters, and those faithful men who shared his prison cell, those faithful men who traveled the weary lengths of the highlands of northern Asia Minor. O, the story of Paul's humanity is the conquering thing in the world!

What is parodoxical in Paul has been paradoxical all the way down through the centuries. John Calvin is as much an enigma as Paul. He shaped his "Institutes" in a five-pointed star of dogma; but he was also the democratic leader in Geneva; and he reinforced that city and lifted it into a modernity that is still the envy of city builders.

Luther tried hard to fit himself into a doctrinal scheme after he had escaped the trammels of the Roman Church, but his human heart, as we find it in his "Table Talk," in his love for his faithful Katrina and in his splendid humanity and genial nature, is immensely bigger than the Lutheran Church which is organized in his name. The conquering power of love makes all the battleships and cannon, the bayoneted millions, as imbecile as the forces of Xerxes at Thermopylae, and one little bald-headed Jew is stronger than all of them. The day is coming when the marshals of the battle-fields will shrink into dwarfs and finally fade out of the pages of history. Nothing can secure immortality to the representatives of brute force. Nothing is shorter lived than the triumph of kings. Nothing is more deceitful, unreal and transient than armored hosts marching to battle to the music of fife and drum. They are all fighting a losing battle. It is not now pro-German or pro-Britain, it is anti-war wherever waged. Two wrongs never make a right, and no logic of violence can help them in the future. Battle-ships of however heavy construction are reactionary remnants of an outgrown civilization, of an outworn philosophy. The United States today occupies a Pauline opportunity of mastering the armies by love. It represents the interests of the unborn. With the fire of an inward faith it can burn away the cruelties that lie back of every battle-ship, and consume the faithlessness that would fain hang the destinies of God's people, who love truth and liberty, upon cannons and bayonets.

Nations must needs travel the Damascus road and in the solemn hushes of the star-lit night, under the light of midnight moon and desert sands, read their true mission and repent of their wastefulness; then, on bended knees before unborn generations, confess in humility their mistakes, and, like Paul, dedicate themselves as nations to the gospel of love. This

pacific campaign will alone make the United States a lasting power in the world. He who trusts the destiny of nations to battleships and bayonets, is in league with Xerxes and Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, and they are all relegated to the junk heap of history. Isaiah and Jesus, Socrates and Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius and their spiritual disciples who in all times and ages have sung of love and climbed out of national prejudice into world sympathy, they are the beloved of man and blessed of God.

In the power of a conquering love may we go forth to so live that we may hasten the coming of that kingdom of peace on earth and good will among men. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

Something About Mr. B. B. Nagarkar of India

To the Editor of UNITY:

I am sure that many readers of UNITY will remember, and remember with pleasure, Mr. B. B. Nagarkar of Bombay, who gave several interesting addresses at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893, as a representative of the Brahmo Somaj of India.

After the Parliament was over Mr. Nagarkar remained for some months in America, delivering remarkably illuminating lectures in various parts of the country, especially in the West, on subjects connected with the history, literature, religions and life of his native land. Several years later he came again to this country and spent some further months in preaching to Unitarian and other liberal congregations and in lecturing on Indian themes. During each of these visits of his to America it was my privilege to have him with me for some days in Ann Arbor, where I was then located, and where I arranged for an extended series of lectures from him, which drew large audiences both from the University and from the town, and gave great satisfaction to all who heard them. During these visits to this country he not only did much to disseminate correct information about India, and to help the general cause of Liberal Religion in which he was deeply interested, but he also won the personal esteem and friendship of many liberal minded men and women in the various places where he went.

Since Mr. Nagarkar was in America the last time it has been my fortune to make two visits to India in the interest of Liberal Religion,—the first time in the service of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and the second (last winter) as Billings lecturer of the American Unitarian Association. On reaching India I found no one more interested in the missions upon which I had come than Mr. Nagarkar, or more eager to aid in carrying them out; as also I found no one manifesting a deeper interest in America, and especially in Liberal Religion and its representatives in America, including centrally the honored editor of UNITY, and all others who had been instrumental in creating the remarkable Parliament of Religions in Chicago.

I am writing this letter to UNITY for a specific purpose, namely, with the hope that it may reach the eyes of some man or woman who would like to befriend Mr. Nagarkar now in his honored old age, by bringing one of his sons to America and educating him in one of our universities.

Mr. Nagarkar has a family of eight children, now most of them grown to manhood and womanhood. To all he has given some measure of education, as much as he possibly could, thus doing all in his power to fit them for useful and honorable lives. But the calling of preacher and teacher to which he has devoted his life brings very scant remuneration in India, especially if one's religious message is in advance of the popular thought as Mr. Nagarkar's is. As a result, in the work of supporting and trying to educate his large family of children, he has been obliged to battle with not only hardship but with very severe privation. One of his sons, a bright and earnest youth of about sixteen, with whose conversation and appearance I was greatly pleased, is very desirous of coming to America to train himself to become an electrical engineer, for which calling there are excellent openings in India. The father is still teaching and preaching (for several years has been a professor on a small salary in a Christian college in Nagpur), but he cannot possibly meet the expense of sending his son to America.

Cannot help be found for him in this rich and prosperous country of ours? If the boy, so soon to become a young man, can be brought over here for five or six years of study, and then sent back as a thoroughly trained electrical engineer, the good accomplished will be threefold: India will be benefited; the father will be gratified in the highest degree, and the young man will have a profession which will insure him a good support for life, and also which will enable him to keep his father from penury and suffering in the years, not very far off, when he will no longer be able to teach or preach.

It seems to me that here is an opportunity for generous service that should appeal strongly to many American men and women,—first, of course, to those who remember Mr. Nagarkar, then to many others who have some means and would like to use a part of it to help those who are worthy and in need. Is there not some man or woman, or some family, that would like in a sense to "adopt" this fine, ambitious, promising youth for a term of years, and give him the best possible training for a life of usefulness and influence in India,—at the same time gladdening beyond measure the heart of a talented and self-sacrificing father who has devoted his whole life to doing good?

Mr. Nagarkar is not aware that I am making this appeal in his behalf and that of his son. But I know that if it meets with the success which I hope for, a very heavy load will be lifted from his heart. Persons desiring further information may address me at 423 West 120th Street, New York; or they may write to Professor B. B. Nagarkar, Hyslop College, Nagpur, India.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, April 16, 1915.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIII.
Mark

For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. iii:35.

We hope that the result of these studies will become a part of the unconscious furnishing of our minds, even though we deal with material not generally considered essential for laymen and women. In withholding the conclusions of modern Biblical research many preachers of today justify themselves in the thought that they are afraid such knowledge will affect the main issue, loose the mainstays of the soul, jeopardize religious faith, minimize religious enthusiasm and weaken the ethical content of life. Experience shows the contrary to be true.

Let us remember that in the realm of historical and literary criticism and research the results of study are always presumptive and not demonstrative. Shakespeare cannot be "worked out" as a problem in chemistry or geometry. We will consider today briefly the consensus of opinion among scholars on a matter consisting so largely of research that only an expert can pursue the search to the finish.

We are now to study the biography of the New Testament. The letters we have been considering, written in the 50's and 60's of the first Christian era, grew out of the exigencies of one man's missionary campaigning. They were written for the time, for local uses and represented the beginning of what we call the New Testament Church, but the New Testament Church without a New Testament. The Church had absolutely no literature other than the Jewish literature from which to quote. At first the spirit of the new movement was intensely anticipatory of the new régime to come, a Second Coming that was imminent, which resulted in an indifference to the keeping of any records. But when we get down to the last half of the first century after the crucifixion and nothing had happened, no new revelation received from on high, eye witnesses of the life and death of Jesus had died or were dying, when the movement had gotten away from Jerusalem and was finding its permanent constituency out in Asia Minor, then the Church began to feel the need of historic literature, began to have an anxiety about its records. The majority of its members were non-Jews and did not care much for Jewish traditions and Jewish scripture. Out of this new and growing need, in response to a psychological demand for some historical record, grew the group of books, now ascribed to Mark, Matthew, Luke and the Book of Acts. These were the result of an attempt to put on record that which in previous times had been assumed to be in the minds of the people,—the story of Jesus and the early movement.

The result of the first attempt to write the life of Jesus now left us is in the book of Mark. The three Gospels, Mark, Matthew and Luke, try to tell the same story and work the same material with interesting variations, and are grouped together under the word Synoptic,—the three gospels that hang together, coming from a common root, holding things in common. The Fourth Gospel of John we have to put out of mind, for another fifty years or more elapsed before it was written. It was written from a different standpoint and deals with different material, only ten per cent of which is found in the three books, Mark, Matthew and Luke.

None of the four biographers of Jesus claim the authorship to which they have been assigned. The headlines which you read so confidently in your Bibles, "The Gospel according to Matthew," etc., are not found in the earlier copies, but were added for convenience and remain now after centuries of dogmatic usage.

How did these gospels get into shape and why? The days of Jesus ended in a storm of interest, excitement and agitation. The very man the people had dreaded, the very personality that had been so obnoxious became the subject of town talk, the anxious inquiry of the student and the sincere regret of the right minded everywhere. The manner of his going as well as the attitude of the Jewish mind at the time of his leaving, clinched the thought that had been growing during his life, that here at last was the Messiah. The dream of Judaism had been realized, the promise of the prophets fulfilled. So the believers, the Jews, who were dispersed throughout the "civilized world," then around and near the Mediterranean, were sustained by the conviction that The Christ had made a preliminary visit and that he was coming again. Paul and the little groups he had established were expectant of the Second Coming. But time passed, thirty years and no Messiah appeared. Under such conditions, little or no attention was paid to records. One cannot imagine such a book-worm as Josephus being caught by the idea. It was fully forty years after the execution of Jesus before anything in the shape of records that we now have were found to be in existence. Then, when personal recollections were gone or fast going, there came an anxiety among the wiser to preserve the records.

There is evidence that there was once afloat what has since been lost, a collection of "sayings," maxims, parables, perhaps little sermons, proverbs, written out in Aramaic, the colloquial language of the time, known to scholars as the "Logia," the "sayings" or "words" of Jesus. Possibly they were compiled by Matthew, who seems to have been the scholarly one of the little group of disciples. Besides this there were the oral traditions, handed down by those who had known Mary and Joseph and Jesus. These formed Paul's stock in trade. Mark used the "Logia" and the oral traditions, thus making the first attempt to write the life of Jesus. This was not our present gospel of Mark. The compilations of other writers make it clear that they did not have this narrative in its present form. The so-called "gospel of Mark" in our Bible was written by some one who used the traditions and all first hand documents available.

The so called "Gospel of Matthew," written in Greek, but evidently based on a Hebrew background, contains the material of Mark enriched by the reports of Matthew.

The writer of Luke, the most literary and scholarly document of the four, had before him the "Logia," the Mark and Matthew versions and many traditions which the scholars would gather from Paul and others. We have in Luke some rich and rare material not found in the others, a veritable treasure-house for the parables.

Mark, the earliest of the four Gospels, is the most unsophisticated, blunt, direct, abrupt narrative, apparently having no secondary motive, simply anxious to get the facts in shape, which give it an epic power. This book possibly contains more of the recollections of Peter than any of the rest. Mark gives us no genealogy, no birth stories, no parentage of Jesus, but begins with John the Baptist, who is interesting to this writer simply because he is the fore-runner of the Messiah. He begins in the middle of what we would call today a Revival. Up and down the Lake of Galilee the simple people were all excitement, the community was torn up over a religious revival such as Christianity has been seeing all through the centuries. Perhaps the best analogy is the storm that swept over England in the Wesley days, and if John Wesley could arouse such enthusiasm in the eighteenth century, how much more ripe were conditions in Jerusalem nineteen centuries previous.

The man who led this Revival, as seen in the light of forty years, seemed more remarkable as a healer and physician, than a teacher of morals. We have eleven specific cures and one general clinic in which a great number were cured at one time. Back of this time there was no such thing as scientific medicine, and the priestly office was always combined with the physician's. There is no doubt in the minds of the wise but that moral earnestness and spiritual virility do ameliorate the ills of the flesh, the sufferings of the human. The world is full of miracles in the sense of marvel, of things unprecedented. Every automobile and aeroplane would have been a miracle fifty years ago. But theology assumes the significance of a miracle to be an interference of the established order of things by the power that established it, in order to prove its credentials. It is all right to suspend law, if necessary, but to put the Almighty, the great master of the universe, in such a petty light as to blight a fig tree, or to send a lot of pigs over the bank with the devils that had maimed a man, is unworthy our conception of God. Our children must not be taught that this story is equal to that of the good Samaritan.

There seems to be only four parables given in the book of Mark, and but one peculiar to itself and not found in the other gospels; that is the beautiful parable of The Sower, which has a decided theological intention.

The gospel of Mark falls into three parts. The first thirteen chapters give an account of the Galilean career of the Master; then comes his visit to Jerusalem, his reception; and, lastly, an account of the last week in the city, closing with the story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

There is plenty of evidence that Jesus distrusted and évaded the publicity that followed the campaign, knowing how one must needs discount revival excitement and popular enthusiasm. Several times did he try to escape the crowds. Once he went as far away as Cesarea, Philippi; another time he took a boat and sailed away; and, again, went away off into the woods.

In the eighth chapter we come upon what some people think was the crucial point in the career of Jesus. Dr. Fenn and others hold that up to this time Jesus was simply an agitator, a reformer after the school of John the Baptist, but beset with the clamoring expectation of the Jews it began to dawn on him that his was the Messianic mission. Prof. Schmidt believes that Jesus died conscious only of his sonship of the All Father, to which sonship all men might come through the spiritual and moral reform he tried to lead; that as his life ripened it expanded to that plane where opposition could not crush nor death intimidate. His mission grew, just as the grass and flowers grow, from seed that had in it a reality. Jesus grew in the struggle, out of tribal, racial, local patriotism into the broader cosmopolitanism toward which he was impelled.

---

(1) Whence come the headlines of the four Gospels?
(2) Review political and religious conditions in Jerusalem at time of Christ.
(3) What was the Logia?
(4) What were the sources of our present Gospel of Mark?
(5) Contrast briefly the form of Mark and Matthew.
(6) How many parables are found in Mark?

Romola

A Study By DAYTON OGDEN

Read Before the Study Section of the Ann Rutledge Club
OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

As one closes this book and sits back to write of "Romola" it seems at first an easy task. Her name gives the story its title. Most of the other numerous characters are simply a part of the background, who do not grow or change, at least, during the progress of the story. In only three of them do we find any appreciable development, and in none of these is the change complex, but may be accounted for in each instance in a single word, viz.: Tito, ambitious selfishness, or selfish ambition; Baldassare, revenge; Brigida, a curious mixture of vanity and religious fear.

It ought, then, to be easy to study the central figure of the story, who stands out so clearly against this setting, and, with reasonable attention to the text, to trace her development throughout the pages. An unusual portion of the book is given to the description of her moods and actions, and one naturally expects to be able to follow the growth of the author's idea.

But to find a central idea or keynote describing the heroine is not so easy as it first appears to be, and one quickly abandons the hope of doing so in a single word or a single sentence. As compared with the three persons above named we cannot say that any definite change in Romola's nature is shown. The story simply unfolds and displays her qualities, which we feel are the same throughout, hidden and unnoticed at first, but brought to view by the narrated events.

We do not see her until she is eighteen—the age of physical and mental maturity in Italy. As compared with the very few other women in the book her early life is most unusual, being completely wrapped up in her blind father. When Tito appears she is a beautiful, modest, affectionate girl, but rather colorless.

Save for her intense devotion to her father, one might even call her cold. It is principally the interest in the others, and the hope of an entertaining courtship that keeps one from yawning at these pages. Her love for Tito is not romantic or passionate, but rather a quiet, intense worship, too strong to be disturbed by the delirious warnings of Fra Luca on his deathbed, or the spectacle of the funeral on the betrothal day.

Her love for and trust in Tito continue after the marriage, unshaken by his growing neglect of her, which she charges to his necessary attendance upon public matters and which she accordingly excuses; nor by her unintended sight of the paintings at Biero's; nor even by the discovery of the mailed shirt. One reason for this is that the changes in Tito did not come abruptly, but by degrees. His weaknesses are constantly growing and carrying him farther away from the ideals she saw in her brilliant husband.

The sale of the library with the events immediately following in its consequence, is the turning point of the story. The shock of this unfaithfulness to her father quenches her love for Tito instantly. For the first and last time she loses her temper,—and quickly recovers it to plan deliberately upon a separate existence for herself.

The incident of her leaving Florence, followed by her meeting with Savanarola is the most dramatic in the book. It is not easy to understand how a woman who has turned her face away from the place where she has experienced such sorrow and bitterness, with such determination, could be swayed by the words of a passing friar, and even after acceding to his logic, how she could retrace her steps and return to the things she had sought to escape. While not detracting from the importance or effect of Savanarola's words, one does not like to think that his eloquence on the simple lessons of duty and self-sacrifice created any change in Romola's nature. Rather, it seems merely to have restored her original high feelings of duty and honor. His words simply interpreted her obligations, and helped her to see her duty in a new light, and to such degree as was necessary inspired her with the courage to meet them.

The remainder of the story, so far as it deals with her, shows the application of these principles, which we feel she had from the beginning, but which were reawakened by the words of the friar. Her importance to the central plot lessens here. Through the last third of the book she only ranks third or fourth in importance to the story, gradually falling back into the elaborate and peculiar background.

It is easy to picture Romola when we first see her. But as the story progresses we find it growing constantly harder to understand her or imagine her appearance. Artists seem to have found the same difficulty, for while the different editions of the book abound with pictures of her as she is seen at the beginning, the later illustrations of her are few, vague and unsatisfactory.

She is not religious, but carries a high sense of honor and duty and an active conscience. She is intelligent, but not intellectual; capable of deep feeling but not emotional. This last characteristic seems to me to deserve the most emphasis. The single occasion of her anger has been noted. The sweetness of her nature is not turned by the trials which beset it, but seems to thrive and grow stronger under them.

I have tried to prepare a comprehensive outline of her characteristics, tabulating them, and discussing their relation and importance, but without success. So far as the story itself is concerned her part is usually a passive one, and despite the detailed exposition of her thoughts and feelings they are too subtle for me to analyze. It is the story of a wonderful woman, written by another wonderful woman, and a man can hardly be expected to do justice to her in such a paper as this.

Even trying my best, I cannot quite imagine Romola as a real flesh and blood woman. The fineness and beauty of her nature are so ethereal that one can only half picture her, as if the light of her own virtues make a halo which surrounds and renders indistinct her features, like some of the paintings of saints in the old Florentine churches.

THE PROTEST OF THE TOILERS.

Our clever and patient hand, my lords, our cunning and our skill,
In the old, old time—your time, my lords—wrought well your wish and will;
And marvels in pyramid, sphinx, and fane, triumphal arch up-reared,
Exploited our art, our labor, our lives, for the power on earth we feared.
We quarried our hearts in the rough-faced stone, we hewed from the mountain side;
We chiseled our souls in the polished shaft that rose to exalt your pride.

We blazoned on your marbled walls
The deeds—our deeds—that gave you fame;
With battle courage slew our kind
'Till you should bear a conqueror's name.

We laid you in your costly tombs,
We wrapped you well with linen bands;
And then we dragged our bones to lie
And whiten on the desert sands.

And what did you give in exchange, my lords, was there no recompense due?
The gifts that the gods had granted to us, we yielded in turn to you;
To our leanness of life what boon, what return did you make that was meet
For the service supreme we rendered, the sacrifice full and complete?

You wrecked the faith by which we lived,
The faith content in which we died;
You made our gods a mockery,
The truths that we had de-ified.

Now, in un-peopled solitudes
They dig amidst the swirling sands,
And trace the ruined tasks that fell
From out our nerveless, hopeless hands.

O rulers of earth, doth the story repeat in these days—your days as then—
To make ye repute, do you drive upon death the bodies and souls of men?
Have you throned the Christ—our simple Christ—on high in your gilded domes,
Yea, given us Mars of the bloody blade for the gentle Christ of our homes?
Though Civilization should lag in her path, with the work of our hands despoiled,
By the God of the masses who toil, 'tis writ your selfish schemes shall be foiled.

Sauk Center, Minn. JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

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SENIOR EDITOR.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones
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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A WOMAN'S REASONS AGAINST FURTHER ARMAMENT.

The *American Magazine* has been offering prizes for the best letters on the subject, "Shall We Arm?" The publishers announce that the vote stands at the ratio of four in favor of increased armament to five against it. In the May number the prize-winning letters are published. Following is an extract from a strong letter against armament, written by Mary S. Markham of Sioux Falls, South Dakota:

"Shall we arm? My answer is in the eternal motherhood of all nations from an economic point of view.

"For every man that lives a woman has gone through eight hours (I take an average rate) of the most intense and agonizing pain to bring him into the world, spent sleepless months in care and nursing through the days from babyhood to boyhood, helped and stood by him past the measles, mumps and broken bone age, till he becomes a 'big man, of fifteen to eighteen years, when he usually has passed the need of mother's care, and safely reaches maturity, twenty-one years, when he can vote and fight like a man.

"For every one hundred men shot down on the battlefield it means that eight hundred hours or thirty-three days of the most severe suffering has been passed through by women, just to bring them into the world. Fifteen centuries in time have been spent in constant care and devotion to bring those one hundred men to the fighting age, to be shot down. This is only one hundred dead.

"Shall we make ready to kill? Would the economic manufacturer allow that much energy to be thrown away if he was paying two dollars an eight-hour day for it? But that's loss of money! If suffering is not considered, perhaps dollars and cents may talk. Suppose for every man that is killed in battle, women were to demand five dollars a twenty-four hour day for fifteen years, or $27,375 for her work in giving them one man to kill: $27,375,000 for one thousand men killed in one day. Would they still go on killing if it was paid in dollars? Would they still arm ready to kill? I wonder! Nearly twenty-eight-million dollars per thousand to kill them. I wonder! Would they? And that might be for less than a day. Two-hundred million dollars, perhaps, a week. Would they still kill? Would they still arm ready to kill? I wonder! Would they?"

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

GREATNESS

The sun, like jewels through the air,
Flings beams in every place;
So does the mind of beauty share
Its treasures with the race.

The purpling rose in shine and shower
Yields to the winds its breath;
So is the gracious heart a flower
That spills itself to death.

Music of nature clear and whole
Sounds in the shell and wind;
So voice of the ennobled soul
Speaks soft to all mankind.

As God might from the sky descend
With robes of healing free,
So do the souls of greatness bend
Clothed with humility!

The Craftsman — *Edward Wilbur Mason*

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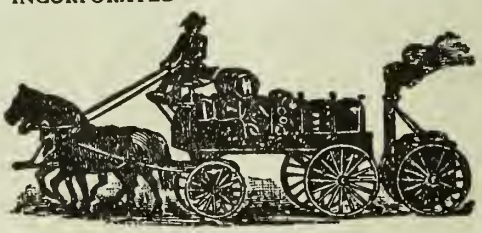

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915. Number 10

MYSTIC HAMMERS

The frost with little soundless wedges
Can pry the cliff apart;
Yes, it can heave the ancient ledges
And make the mountain start;
So Love with stroke of delicate sledges
Opens the flintiest heart.

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

The *Homiletic Review* for May prints as a frontispiece Butensky's Statue of Universal Peace, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is an heroic figure, literally beating swords into plowshares with the intensity of a master workman. This is a figure that asks the many buttoned wearers of swords in the public parks of America to move up and give room for him, a preacher of a better gospel, a prophet of a wiser age.

Mr. Stoughton Cooley, in *The Public* for April 30, speaking of the principles of the Woman's Peace Party, which have already been printed in Unity, says:

> It is hard for the average man to realize that woman is outgrowing the rôle of man's plaything. He is dimly conscious that she is not just what he has been thinking she was. He has faint glimmerings that she is beginning to assume the form of an individual, responsible being, capable of reasoning and reflecting, and of asserting her right to pass judgment. But of all those who have difficulty in grasping the new idea, the slowest are those who are devoted to the policy of the Big Stick. But grasp it they must. And once they comprehend the moral basis of the woman's cause, they will save themselves from much absurdity.

Mr. Theodore H. Price in *The Outlook* for April 28 considers the probability of Europe repudiating her war debt, an event not so drastic or so improbable as it may seem. In the last analysis, the wealth of nations, as of individuals, rests upon the integrity of its people, the clearness of brain and stalwartness of muscle of its citizens. When these sureties are recklessly swept away through the joint malignity of the nations involved, it does not require the astuteness of a financier to discover that the integrity of their people is jeopardized. What is the value of the bond when the bond maker is dead, debauched or hopelessly invalided?

The untimely death of Carl Bitter, the rising sculptor, by an automobile accident in New York, makes pathetic the recent unveiling of the statue of Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia, a theme worthy of the highest art. Thomas Jefferson is still an unappreciated figure in American history. His message is poorly understood and too much neglected. His credentials for immortality are adequately written in the epitaph which he himself composed. He was the founder of the University of Virginia, the one who caused the enactment of religious liberty in the constitution of Virginia and the author of the Declaration of Independence. The unborn generations will more keenly appreciate this record than that which is now living.

The committee on the awarding of prizes for peace essays appointed by the Church Peace Union, reports that in the pastors' competition, Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins is the victor. Subject, "The Causes of War." In the student group the first prize was won by an Oklahoma student. Subject, "Victims of Victory." The best ten essays in class three were awarded to one Idaho student, two Colorado, two Illinois, two California, one Iowa, one Maryland and one Texas student. The themes of these students are suggestive. Here they are: "Christmas, 1914," "Exploded Theories," "International Justice," "The Federation of Nations," "The Mission of the Neutral Nations," "The Monroe Doctrine and Peace," "The Evolutionary Aspects of International Arbitration," "Some Criticisms of Peace Proposals," "Constructive Warfare" and "War and Peace."

The return of Bishop J. W. Bashford from an eleven years' experience in directing the Methodist missionary activities in the mysterious realm of China is an event that will interest a far wider constituency than that of the Methodist Church. Bishop Bashford went prepared by previous training and mental attitude to minister to the higher needs of China, to fraternize with the nobler elements, to appreciate whatsoever was excellent in the religious thought and morals native to the people. He reports, according to the *California Christian Advocate,* that the Chinese government is "absolutely enforcing" the prohibition of the opium traffic. A few years ago one-third of the land in one province was planted to poppies. A recent trip through that province revealed that poppies were grown nowhere. He also reports that the public is "rapidly reaching stability," that the present government is paying all expenses and that it is apparently able to govern China without the interference or supervision of any foreign power. All this is good news from a source which Unity is inclined to accept as credible.

The *Chicago Examiner* for last Monday has an editorial setting forth the collapse of Lloyd-George's attempt to lift from England the menace that comes from its third and most formidable enemy, the drink habit. The editorial is forceful because sensible. It calls attention to the weakness of the Lloyd-George movement because it was essentially aristocratic. The lordly ones were willing to forego their *right* and their *pleasure* in order to keep the "dock workers and the mechanics" sober that they might work longer hours. There was nothing said of the curse of drink upon those higher up. It also calls attention to the fact that the "dry" movement in England does not have the overwhelming support of the women as it does here in America. There the "publics" are open to women as to men and they are generously patronized by women. The editorial also calls attention to the fact that since the wives and widows of soldiers are receiving regular stipends, the drinking of women has greatly increased. The great Welsh commoner must begin lower down and farther back if he is to save England from her greatest enemy.

The following card, neatly printed in colors, has been received at the peace office at Chicago. It announces the fact that over 10,000 have already been distributed in England. There is a suppressed constituency unrepresented by the press, the platform or the pulpit, the silent, patient citizen, the praying mothers and the aged fathers in all the warring countries, who are fundamentally opposed to violence and have glimpses of the truth as it breaks through the mist of sophistry and artificially colored lights of patriotism. Here it is:

Wanted

a Comfortable Home in America for all European Kings and Emperors as their Palaces are Required for the Wounded.

Readers of UNITY have been privileged from time to time to profit by the wisdom of Prof. Frederick Starr concerning the Republic of Liberia, and they will not wonder at the following testimonial of appreciation that came from this far off sister republic: sister, though a child of dusky parents, a republic that has maintained its integrity through many difficulties and is steadily climbing toward the light. We congratulate Professor Starr on this well deserved compliment. We congratulate still more the Republic of Liberia for having so intelligent a champion in this parent republic, where confidence in and support of the citizens of Liberia is all too meagre.

Executive Mansion,
Monrovia, Liberia,
March 25, 1915.

Prof. Frederick Starr,
University of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

I am directed by His Excellency, the President, to forward to you under registered cover by this same mail a copy of a Joint Resolution which was passed by the last Legislature, commendatory of the good work you have done in behalf of the Republic of Liberia.

His Excellency expresses the hope that you may long live to represent impartially and justly the cause of not only the Republic of Liberia but of the weaker peoples of other parts of the world, a task for which you are eminently fitted both by sympathy and largeness of heart as well as by intellect and keenness of insight.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

WALTER F. WALKER,
Secretary to the President.

A resolution to express the thanks of the government and people of the Republic of Liberia to Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, U. S. A., for his interest manifested in behalf of the republic:

It is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Liberia, in Legislature assembled:

Section 1. That the National Legislature, through this medium, express the sincere thanks of the government and people of Liberia to Professor Frederick Starr of Chicago University, U. S. A., for his interest and zeal in behalf of the Republic of Liberia at the exhibition of the Chicago Historical Society, on March 23, 1914, illustrating the history and condition of Liberia, and especially for his efforts in endeavoring to give Liberia's true position in the "Dark Continent" and its relation to the foreign powers; and the President of the Republic is hereby requested to transmit a copy of this resolution to Professor Frederick Starr as a token of the appreciation and thanks of the people of Liberia.

Approved, September 21, 1914.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Secretary of the Women's Peace Party, is doing valiant duty in fighting the bugaboo of "unpreparedness." The *Baltimore Sun* in a recent issue contains a column article in answer to a pamphlet by Mr. Charles G. Bonaparte, of honorable fame, entitled "Preparedness for War a National Duty." In answer to Mr. Bonaparte's appeal to history, she says:

He speaks of our foreign wars as if implying that since we became a republic we had been attacked and were, therefore, in danger of future attack. We ourselves began our war of 1812, which left us where it found us. We began the Mexican War, which General Grant, who fought in it, said was one of the most unjust wars ever fought by a strong people against a weak one. We began our war with Spain, which Minister Woodford said we need not have done if we had waited forty-eight hours. It was the result of the blowing up of the Maine from some unknown cause, of yellow journalism and of political pressure. In these foreign wars combined, including the Philippine war, we lost less than 15,000 men by foreign bullets.

As to the cause of our Civil War, Mr. Bonaparte has most of the "Army and Navy League" back of

him in forcing an analogy where no analogy exists. The question of police regulation and enforcement of law inside of a government has no connection with international quarrels and strifes. The enforcement of law is one thing, the attempt to settle disputes by an appeal to physical force is quite another thing. Pacifists are quite ready to organize an international police force whenever the nations agree to submit their quarrels to competent courts of law rather than to the use of rusty and rusting machines of destruction. Which machines are a composite construction of steel and human nerve, of powder and brain. Again Mrs. Mead has the argument:

> Mr. Bonaparte counts in our Civil War with our foreign wars as if it were in the same category when armaments are to be ordered for future defense. Civil war comes under an entirely different head, because before civil war is imminent no one can say whether more guns may not help the wrong side. Had our arsenals possessed twice as many guns as they had in 1861 the southern arsenals would have been fitted equally with northern ones, and neither would have had any advantage thereby.

The writer, with forty or fifty thousand others, toiled in the rifle pits of Vicksburg for forty-seven days to recover some United States cannon that had been shooting against the government for two years. Mr. Bonaparte and Colonel Roosevelt and their associates who are panicky over our unpreparedness, are charged with being

> afflicted with a bad case of mental astigmatism and see improbable dangers as more threatening than absolutely certain ones. Moreover, they ignore the power of a defensive force which throws all short-lived, costly fleets into the shade. It is the great new power of non-intercourse, which is a million times more powerful than it could have been before there came about the economic interdependence of nations and instant communication with the ends of the earth. Though an organized world will evolve an international police to replace rival armies and navies, yet, as Justice Brewer declared, "it will never require an army to enforce a Hague court decree." Non-intercourse, when embodied in international law, will be the sanction behind arbitration and the most potent force to bring a faithless nation to terms. No nation can long endure being cut off from railroad, shipping and telegraphic connection after disarmament, and only militia is left for internal protection; it could not be aggressive against a united group of nations.
>
> Why not spend as much time in promoting this costless, effective force as in continuing the costly, bloody, futile method which tries to settle questions of honor or whatnot by explosives? Armaments, as insurance of peace, was the dream of the militarists last year. Their fatuous dream, which ignored human nature, is costing the warring nations as much money every twenty days as if a dollar had been destroyed every minute for nineteen centuries; and this makes no account of loss of life. Why not try now some other advisers and get more effective statesmanship and less battleships? Why not study the possibilities of federation, the creation of more international law and the gradual, proportionate reduction of the armaments which are wrecking civilization, even when no nation wanted to fight?

Some Good Books to Read

The readers of UNITY need not to be assured that anything from the pen of our colleague, Joseph Fort Newton, will be interesting. Perhaps no man in the UNITY horizon has been doing more publication of late than this persuasive preacher of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The last book to reach us is a dainty little volume entitled "Wesley and Woolman, An Appraisal and Comparison." It would seem to be a far cry from John Wesley, the aggressive founder of Methodism, to John Woolman, the non-aggressive rustic Quaker leader of Pennsylvania. The story of each is told separately and not until both stories are completed do we discover the material for the third chapter, which is entitled "Wesley *and* Woolman." Both are considered under the word "Mystic," a title which Mr. Newton has done much to clarify and interpret. Both pitched their lives on an intensely practical plan and in them were these two words which are so often cruelly set over against one another, "mystic" and "practical," made to join hands, touch elbows, stand together, or, better yet, work together in the uplifting of the world. A dear little book is this published by the Abingdon Press of New York and Cincinnati, which can be obtained for twenty-five cents.

The bare life, sifted to the bone, of John Chapman the great nurseryman of early Ohio, as told at the unveiling of his monument in the public park at Mansfield, O., November 8, 1900, and published by the Historical Society of Richland County, Ohio, is perhaps stranger and stronger and more interesting than any work of fiction that can be based upon these facts. It is a case, indeed, of truth being stranger than fiction. To write a romance of "Johnny Appleseed" is an attempt to gild gold or to paint the rose. But after having said this, we are glad to pay our tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson for her story recently published by the Harper Brothers and illustrated by Frank T. Merrill, "Johnny Appleseed, The Romance of the Sower." It is a story for the spring time, a reinforcement to the orchard man, an encouragement to the good intentions which haunt the plans of every good farmer, namely, to let no spring pass without the planting of some new tree; without at least making good the place in the orchard made vacant by the dead, dying or unprofitable trees to which place has been assigned. The dairymen have much to say about "robber cows," the nurseryman have not yet been able to make effective their argument concerning the "robber tree." The tree that never bears, or, bearing, yields meager, unpalatable fruit, should be cut down and replaced.

But there is more than orchard inspiration in this story. It is a story of the conquest of Ohio, Indiana and the West that fifty years ago laid east of the Mississippi. It is a story of the intangible contributions of the East to the great empire represented by the Mississippi Valley, and this story by Mrs. Atkinson is touched with dainty blossoms, brave deeds, all shot through and through with a mystic longing and a dreamer's remoteness that belongs to the story of

a man whose Swedenborgian faith inspired his apple tree planting and consoled him in his disappointments.

Myrtle Reed is remembered as a writer of passionate stories, of vivid, fervid romance. It is a new glimpse of the author that we find in "Happy Women," published by Putnam's Sons, with a foreword by her friend and our friend, Mary B. Powell. Here are a dozen women all too briefly sketched, but the sketches are etchings, done with a dainty point. The list is inclusive, reaching from Dorothy Madison to Queen Victoria, Queen Louise of Prussia to Jenny Lind: Dorothy Wordsworth, Caroline Herschel, the great sisters of great men, Elizetbeth Barrett Browning, the great poet wife of a great poet, Charlotte Cushman, the Puritan actress, Lucretia Mott, the Quaker prophet, Florence Nightingale, the tender nurse, the founder of schools for training nurses, and Sister Dora, another great English nurse, are included here. This is a good book with which to rest oneself in an idle hour.

"An Ethical Problem; or, Sidelights Upon Scientific Experimentation on Man and Animals," by Albert Leffingwell (C. P. Farrell, 117 East Twenty-first Street, New York), is a large volume of three hundred and seventy pages which brings together the final wisdom of an American physician, who has given his life to the study of medical science along lines of investigation and experimentation. Perhaps no other man in America has so good a right to speak on vivisection from the standpoint of an expert as Dr. Leffingwell. To our mind he has here gathered in a forceful way the last sane word to be said on this sensitive question. In these nineteen chapters he has discussed almost every phase of the problem. The chapters evidently were born out of differing needs and written to meet the want of different occasions. Dr. Leffingwell has occupied a difficult position, standing as he does midway between the contending parties. He condemns vivisection unguarded by strict discipline and inspired by mere curiosity or desire for technical skill. He justifies it in the hands of the competent investigator, and the man who appreciates the sanctity of life, and also the relative values in life. This author discovers the law of cruelty and opposes it mercilessly. He also discovers the law of sacrifice and would apply it humanely. In short, this book, which seems to be a final summary of the good Doctor's life on the subject, may be well taken as an encyclopedia on vivisection, looked at from the standpoint of the moralist and the physician. There are illuminating appendixes giving technical information and the chapters are characterized by vigorous English and a lively sense of a physician's obligations.

The Cry of the Children

This is the time when the heart of the city born turns longingly to the country. The singing birds and blooming orchards haunt those who are confined by noisy streets and the murky atmosphere of cities. This is the time when the benevolent should forget their own impatience as to when they may go on a vacation and plan and plot for the escape of at least some of the children who live in tenements. In the midst of its festival week, reported in another column, the Abraham Lincoln Centre is planning for the development of the Lincoln Centre Farm on Clear Lake, near Milton Junction, Wisconsin, a property which cost over $11,000, consisting of some thirty acres of land, a barn, caretaker's house and a dining hall, kitchen and attendants' quarters. The management is now planning to construct at least two wooden dormitories, simple and sanitary, accommodating twenty cots each and room for a chaperon. Then there is some fencing to be done and a well to be dug, for which a donated windmill is waiting. All of this will cost fifteen hundred or more dollars, of which seven hundred and fifty dollars have already been received in response to a private call. One prominent business man, whose name is known far beyond the limits of Chicago, accompanied his check of $500 with the words:

> I take pleasure in sending you my check for $500 in reply to your letter of the 20th. The work you are doing is so good that I cannot refrain from helping it along, and I know that you are doing much good, so I am only too glad to be able to do something for you myself.

The management is making this appeal not for current expenses, which are being provided for by those in closer touch with the Lincoln Centre, and who have in one way or another an annual budget of about $30,000 to meet. But, perhaps, there are some readers of UNITY blessed with fresh air, warm hearts and a margin of means beyond their personal wants and the legitimate needs of their own dear ones. Should any such read this notice and have their hearts stirred with compassion for the little ones, the Editor of UNITY will be glad to give them further information and to reinforce such generous impulses with hearty cooperation.

Send us forth with the pathfinders of humanity to lead Thy people another day's march toward the land of promise.

—*Walter Rauschenbusch.*

Spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

In Days of Suspense

Who can tell what havoc the Great War has made in minds and hearts over all the earth! What sundered friendships, what divided feelings where once there was unity, what a dull ache of disillusionment, what collapse of buoyant, expectant, inner life! Many a man is remembering old scenes, old ties, old sympathies and feels that the continuity of these dear things has been rent and torn. Never again, he sadly says. It is hard for him to tell another just what he means by this. Young people do not understand him, when he sighs over the rupture in his inner life.

We are not the same people that we were a year ago. We were dreaming and the dream was sweet. The world—so we dreamed—was aglow with a passionate, eager expectancy of social betterment. The world seemed plastic to a new faith and hope. We were to have social justice sovereign over all competitive and ruthless greed. We were to have a great crusade of organized intelligence and organized sympathy for the abolition of poverty. A programme would be found for concerted action that should gain control over the economic mechanism, making it a partnership of capital and labor, providing systems of insurance that would dispel the haunting terror of sickness and old age and possibly remedying the curse of unemployment due to the alternate chills and fever of trade; a programme of housing reform, reform of municipal rules, reform of popular education, new provision of communal recreation, the inauguration of a richer, freer, more wholesome, more joyous human life. All this would come because society seemed moved by a new passion of fraternity, and a day of loyalty, of peace and love was announcing itself. It was good to be alive at such a time when the world was so freshened with hope; a blessed thing to have a share in the enterprises of science and art and scholarship and all the high activities that were contributing to this beautiful expectation. The dream was sweet. It was not a private or local fancy; it was so in all the nations.

Then we awakened to a world plunged into war and destruction and filled with voices of anger and hate rising loud and shrill. We have heard men avow that they turned now from the gospels to the imprecatory psalms for Bible reading. We have read a new version of the Lord's Prayer which calls for the annihilation of a hated nation. We need not rehearse all the evidences of passion sweeping over the hearts of men like a desolating tidal wave.

And in these months who can think of other things? The scholar finds his tasks insipid and unreal, the eager curiosity of the scientist is no longer absorbed by the problems of his laboratory, the artist finds his imagination deadened. Even in nations at peace attention turns from all the ideal enterprises of social reform to look with lowering suspicion on other nations, and men hint at some vague future menace and the need of battleships, and of preparedness for another havoc of war.

He who writes these words is by profession a student and a teacher who has become sick at heart at the thought of science prostituted to the trade of slaughter and of systematized culture cherished as a title to conquest and domination. He knows by the indubitable certainties of his own soul that all learning and cultivation of mental faculty and esthetic taste are but dross when they are not the means and instruments of that worth that lives in friendship and human kindness and the quest of a perfect heart. In these days of a world grown terrible his only joy has been in surrendering to the dictates of the spirit that clamors to give love and feed on love, that checks anger and censure and pursues peace and concord. That is the supernatural in man, that is the sovereign authority, that is the soul's blessedness.

If this is so for one, it is doubtless the case with many. Let us hope that it is the world's case. The cannons still roar and the earth is still being drenched with the lives of men, but even the combatants seem to shudder at the folly and the worthlessness of such misdirection of human efficiency. When it is over, will not the world turn by irresistible need to the only source of joy, to the spontaneous impulses that make a life of affection and kindness and peace? And then the arts and sciences will have a new birth simply because men must think wisely and find right means for the execution of the law of love. The great programme of social good will begin again with a renewed fervor. If not, woe for us!

Then we in our land will feel less of the exhaustion of energy, the depletion of wealth, the poison of rancor. Then we will have the summons to exhibit a systematized national effort to show what man at last can do for the creation of a social order, nobler, purer, sweeter, happier than man has ever known. It may be the one good that the war can do for us, to point our duty and our privilege. * * * * *

A Big New Poet

Some time ago I made a brief study of Kipling which was printed in UNITY. In this study I maintained that Kipling was a poet of originality, spontaneity and sympathy; that he had discovered a new style in literature, and that the poets of vision and courage, coming after, would find in him a teacher and a comrade.

And here comes a young man with a big brain and a melodious ear, a real poet, who says: "I acknowledge my greatest debt to Mr. Kipling."

He would be a brave critic who would name with Longfellow, Tennyson, Swinburne, Heine, Whitman, Francis Thompson and John Masefield this young poet, Alfred Noyes; but this I am compelled to do by the versatility and strength of his genius.

I have been reading Mr. Noyes' poems with great delight. They make their appeal to me by their breadth of view, the richness and exuberance of their imagery, their beauty, melody and humor, their simplicity and sympathy.

Mr. Noyes finds his subjects in all places and among all persons. No life is common to him, or without its essential dignity; and though so young, he seems to have passed through the whole diapason of human emotions. He is an illustration of the truth for which I have long contended, that breadth of ideas may be associated with tenderness and depth of feeling. With larger philosophical grasp Mr. Noyes has the beauty of Shelley and Francis Thompson. He shows us how we may make our migration from the

> tyranny of fact
> To hunt the fairy gleam.

Mr. Noyes also shows us, as has been my contention, that great ideas may be expressed in simple lan-

guage, and that metaphysical mistiness, involution, and obscurity are not the essential constituents of poetical genius. There may be the great thought and the child's heart and the child's speech.

I know Mr. Noyes will please Dr. Jones because of his spiritual message, his hope, his joyousness, his courage, and his humor. Some of us who have cut every thread which fastens us to the superstitious dogmas of the past wish that Mr. Noyes had not retained so many of the old theologic phrases, but we recognize his great gifts and believe the deeper melodies of life, those of the true, the beautiful and the good, are not inaudible to him.

Mr. Noyes is well known in England and should be equally well known here. Lack of space will permit the following eloquent lines only, which I have not seen quoted elsewhere. Let us go, he says:

To that ignorant infinite God who colors the meaningless flowers;
To that lawless infinite Poet who matches the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holds in His hand like threads the tales and the truths of time.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A CAROL FROM FLANDERS.

In Flanders on the Christmas morn
The trenchèd foemen lay,
The German and the Briton born—
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,
The gray fog fled away;
But neither cared to fire the first,
For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across
The hideous disarray
(For terrible had been their loss):
"O, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,
One impulse to obey;
'Twas just the men on either side,
Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead
And over them did pray:
And Englishman and German said:
"How strange a Christmas Day!"

Between the trenches then they met,
Shook hands, and e'en did play
At games on which their hearts are set
On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the Emperors and Kings,
Financiers, and they
Who rule us could prevent these things—
For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime
From Flanders, kneel and say:
God speed the time when every day
Shall be as Christmas Day.

The Atheneum. —*Frederick Niven.*

THE PULPIT

The Deeper Rationalism

A Sermon by
REV. PAUL DANSINGBERG
Kansas City, Missouri

PROV. 2:10. *When reason entereth into thy heart, understanding shall keep thee.*

We say that we believe in a rational religion; we hold dear the freedom of reason to prove what is that good and acceptable gift of the Lord. To deny freedom to reason is immoral. Faith to be firm and high, we say, must be based upon reason. They tell us that the Bible is infallible in every word and letter. We go through its various books, compare them, see when they were written and by whom. After this process of careful study and analysis, if our reason tells us that the Bible is infallible—well and good; if it does not tell us this we do not believe it. In either case, reason is supreme and free.

They tell us that Jesus was God and that He performed miracles. We then proceed to examine this statement by going to Jesus as we would to Washington or Lincoln. We ask what material we have upon Jesus—how long after He died was this material written down—what preconception did the writer have who tells us about these miracles. After such a careful examination and weighing of evidence, if our reason tells us that Jesus was God and that He performed miracles, we believe it; if it does not tell us so, then we do not. In either case, reason is our guide and light and rationalism here means an explicit principle of judgment. It means the investigation, analysis and comparison of certain statements and a given data. Here we mean by rationalism an act of judgment. But this is an early and simple stage in the life of reason and if it is all that rationalism is, we soon come to the point where it ceases to work and breaks down.

Let us take an example of this, by considering for a moment a case of morality. If we pick out two men of ordinary intelligence whom we happen to meet and ask them if to commit murder is right or wrong, they will very probably agree in their answers to us. Their judgment upon this point will be uniform and through this uniformity of judgment society is maintained and conserved. All agree in holding that it is wrong to commit murder. But if we press the question and ask why it is wrong to commit murder, we at once get great differences of opinion. The philosopher may tell us that it is wrong because it is inconsistent with the happiness of mankind. The moralist will tell us that to commit murder does violence to conscience, and conscience is a sacred arbiter. The statesman will say that it destroys social confidence and rends the fabric of society, while the religionist would say that to murder is contrary to the commandment of God.

Now how comes it that there is such a strange variety in the pathways by which these various individuals reach the same conclusion. The goal they reach is the same—i. e., it is wrong to commit murder, but the pathways are widely divergent. Clearly, rationalism as a sole method of procedure is not altogether final. There is something deeper working here than reason. It is education, family training, preju-

dice, public opinion; and reason comes in later to put its sanction and stamp upon something which it did not itself create.

Now in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to reason our way to all the propositions and beliefs which we use in daily life. Before such a vast complexity of movement and life, before so many possible lines of action, reason, like a good judge, simply gets behind its docket. If all credible propositions, if all intended modes of action had to wait upon reason before they became real and took on life our intellectual machine would break down under the very excess of material.

Action is imperative—numberless circumstances of time and place crowd upon us—action must be sure and swift. Reason as a mere process of judgment and logic cannot keep the pace. She requires time to work. She must pause at times to consider. Reflection is the very secret of her power. What then can reason do? She must in some way increase her speed. She must become something more than a mere logical proposition. If she is only this, she will be overwhelmed.

In the face of this situation what does reason actually do to maintain her own existence and to do her work in the world? She becomes something more than a judgment or a syllogism. She becomes a habit—a temper. Reason builds about herself a climate—an atmosphere favorable to the life of certain beliefs; and unfavorable, nay even fatal, to the life of others. As a mere judgment reason is very limited; as an atmosphere she can do much more work and is most effective. As a climate reason may cover an individual, an epoch, a whole civilization.

We have the reasoning habit today; we are living in a rationalistic climate and in this we are greatly favored. We do not need to prove everything or to disprove everything. We can take some things for granted. Beliefs which once flourished exceedingly, now linger only in the minds of the simple. Some time ago a friend told me it was to be a very severe winter; he knew it because the moon this fall had worn a halo of clouds! I remonstrated with him in a quiet way, but I did not feel under the necessity of proving to him his error beyond the shadow of a doubt. A gentleman in one of our papers has lately been trying to prove to us that a ground-hog is a more dependable weather prophet than the weather bureau, but there has followed no bitterness upon the subject because most realize that this belief also is a relic which will not thrive in our rationalistic atmosphere. Reliance on miracles, confidence in demons and witches flourished at a time when men were in the habit of credulity because they were so ignorant of the world. Were we to ask some one today why he no longer believed in miracles, think you that he would point us to the discoveries of science, or would tell us the latest results of criticism to give support to his disbelief? If the one whom we thus approached were thoroughly human he would do no such thing. His disbelief in miracles, or witch-craft or ground-hogs, would not express itself in an abundance of facts; likely enough he would offer very little argument or citation to prove that the earth is round or that disease is caused by germs. He would simply say: "Why I had taken this for granted: I had supposed, of course, that every one believed in law and order instead of caprice and chance. Come to think of it—I find it impossible to believe in miracles."

In such a reply our friend is testifying to the presence of the rationalistic climate which surrounds us today as the air surrounds the bird and the water the fish. The beliefs in witchcraft, in miracles, in demons have passed away. We cannot tell just when they died—we perhaps do not remember to have seen a formal obituary notice of their demise. But today it is not worth anybody's while to argue against them. We suspect that they simply found that a rationalistic climate was not good for their health and determined to migrate to places of greater darkness.

The practice of hypnotism testifies in a different way to what a rationalistic atmosphere will do. Hypnotism was indigenous to the Orient; in the dreamland of the East was her cradle and her natural home. But it happened that several years ago she decided to come west and try her fortune in the Occident. She sought admittance to our land but was at first refused. We did not like the appearance of so strange a guest; we thought she would hardly fit into our life. Two generations passed; she knocked again at our gates. Because this time she brought good credentials and because we had been studying the human mind to greater profit since her first appearance, she was at last allowed to take out her naturalization papers. She still found in rationalism a hostile climate—the atmosphere was chilly for her—but she called in the evidence of the senses and expert witnesses. These helped her to acclimate herself to our rationalistic atmosphere and we have found her a helpful and useful companion.

In this form of climate reason does her greatest work and does it speedily and automatically too. If a belief is fit to live it will acclimate itself. By living in an atmosphere of reason we are protected against frauds and fallacies which have had their day. We are relieved of the necessity of much painful refutation and tedious demonstration. As the old Proverb says, "when reason enters into our heart, understanding shall keep us."

We see then that reason has a progressive life. When we see her only in argument and syllogism we know but a part of her story. Here she is but a child. Grown older she becomes a climate; in this form she is the deeper rationalism. Reason is something like the architects of the Middle Ages. We are told that these architects in building the old Cathedrals first thrust their buttresses out into the light and then built along the lines of these buttresses. Reason does the same thing. She thrusts out her buttresses in the form of logic and judgment. Later she comes back over these to shape her great cathedral of color and light. Her outposts are with the mind; her inner shrine is within the heart.

Since this is so, reason is larger and more inclusive than logic. History is not logical but history is reasonable. Take such a movement as Chivalry with its high ideal of truth, chastity and honor. Logically it is difficult to explain chivalry, issuing as it did from a background of war and violence. In such a society chivalry is a paradox—an anomaly. It represents a reaction against the very darkness and violence of the conditions out of which it sprang. But logic knows nothing of reaction; given certain premises it moves in a straight line to its conclusion. This is not so in

the life of reason; she is a spirit which mantles many conditions. Chivalry was reasonable but not logical. As a reaction we can understand it—although it was not logical.

The same thing is true of Christianity itself. When we trace its humble origins and its gradual extension in society, its light and sweetness against a world dark in corruption and selfishness, Christianity appears illogical and full of phases which we do not understand. But when we know more of Christianity—its purity, worth and beauty—when we realize that it called men from lives pampered and satiated, Christianity may not become logical to us but it becomes reasonable and vital.

So it happens that the earlier stages of reason, as it manifests itself in fixed logic and formal proposition, often impede its more mature life in the heart and temper of men. The rage for strict and rigid definition seized a large part of Christendom, Catholic and non-Catholic, during the Reformation troubles. In time these very definitions became impassable barriers and obstacles to the open-mindedness and toleration which are a part of mature rationalism.

The progress of reason is not continually in a straight line; she does not maintain herself by the mere accumulation of data. Her growth does not resemble that of the plant, straight and continuous. It resembles more the climatic process by which the continents are built up. New currents constantly come in to change and modify. A process of destruction accompanies the process of construction. New material is deposited at one point while old material is cut away at another. This deeper rationalism has slowly been building through the centuries and in its life we shall yet be the children of peace—of sweetness and light.

They tell us that the physical air we breathe is composed of five or six different elements: Oxygen, nitrogen, argon, carbon dioxide and ammonia. If rationalism is an atmosphere it likewise must be made of several elements. So it is not a simple thing but a vast composite.

The first great element in rationalism, I take to be the open mind which goes forth without prejudice or preconception in quest of the truth. This is the mind which loves truth for its own sake and not merely for its utility value. This idea that we are pilgrims and must go forth with the faith of pilgrims is one of the basic qualities in the rationalistic temper. The second element is tolerance—tolerance of our past beliefs—tolerance of other people's beliefs, not out of sheer indifference but because we seek many expressions of thought and faith so long as these are sincere. We believe in tolerance as the necessary principle of statehood. It shall be the high program of our state, of our schools, of our intellectual life to cherish tolerance; then in the wake of this there shall follow freedom of discussion, and we shall be really free to speak as we think and go unharmed if we do so speak. There will not be a great price attached to free speaking, no exile or ostracism as in the past.

Upon the other hand there is no indifference in rationalism. We shall realize the profound significance which ideas have to social welfare. There is going on among systems of thought a struggle for existence even as among animals and plants, and freedom or slavery issue to us from the struggle. If our beliefs be vital they will take firm hold of us and bring us into the field of service and interest. We shall not hold them so loosely as to be indifferent nor so tightly as to be intolerant. These are a few of the elements which make up this wonderful composite—rationalism. Added to these is the firm faith in the integrity of the world. It is a flowing, changing world, not a stationary one. It is a dynamic world and not a static one. It can be trusted and we move amid the eternal ways. Since we live in this dynamic flowing world our reason cannot harden into moulds or become fixed. It must flow from form to form until it becomes pervasive, regulative, purifying, like the air which we breathe.

TITO

A Study—By Louise W. Brady

Read Before the Study Section of the Ann Rutledge Club Abraham Lincoln Centre

In studying the charatcer of Tito, I have come to the conclusion that the source of all his misdoing came from his utter lack of any sense of duty. This was the single root, sin, out of which all the others grew. The great problem of duty was completely overshadowed by the problem of self-preservation and self-interest. Of course it was not certain that his benefactor and foster father had survived the shipwreck, but Tito desires to think of him as dead. Why should anything shut him out from the enjoyment of everything he desires? He saw love and prosperity within his reach, so it was inevitable that the qualms he experienced when he remembered his father should be ineffective.

Fortune seemed to favor Tito. His marriage with Romola strengthened his social position. He was content to spend some weary hours with the blind old Bardo, but only to win favor of father and daughter. After this, ambitions took him elsewhere. The noble wife found excuses for the neglect and indifference of her husband. Selfishness became such a distinct channel in Tito's life that he allowed nothing to come between him and his pleasure.

And how easy it was for him to excuse and justify himself in regard to the little Tessa! He did not wish to harm her, neither did he wish to be disloyal to Romola, but he could not resist the entertainment Tessa gave him, and concealment of this affair was so easy. Tessa trusted him implicitly and to disillusionize her would be bringing him into an unpleasant situation, and from anything unpleasant Tito shrank.

After Fra Luca's death, with Romola's trust in him still secure, he had ceased to trouble himself about thoughts of Baldassare. It is little wonder that he, for a moment turned pale when Baldassare arose before him on the steps of the Duomo. But Tito had a brain which worked like lightning when confronted by emergency. With the lie "Some madman surely," he made the denial which was the beginning of a war between two men—hate in Baldassare—fear in Tito.

This fear led him to purchase the chain armor, which implants suspicion in Romola's mind and makes more lying a necessity on Tito's part. With the removal of immediate fear, however, he began to recover confidence and hope. With no guide but de-

sire and trusting only to deceit and defensive armor, it is not surprising that Tito practiced the deeper hypocrisy to become rich and prosperous. Keeping up a triple game with the political parties, he made himself sure of the favor and money of whichever party came uppermost. Yet Tito's thirst for power was no stronger than Baldassare's thirst for revenge.

At the supper in the Rucelli Gardens Tito was again confronted by serious emergency. To him the appearance of Baldassare must have been like the specter Banquo at the royal feast; but he met this desperate crisis with characteristic coolness and skill. He soon dispelled the disagreeable impression made by the interruption, and self-interest again triumphed.

Tito apparently was incapable of feeling sorrow of any kind. With Romola's grief and suffering over the sale of her father's library, compare Tito's coldness and cruelty toward her when he foresaw that his plans might be thwarted. He would have preferred not to come in collision with Romola because that made an unpleasant scene, but his own pleasure must be accomplished at any cost.

In Tito's life, however, the time was coming when all that had been slowly evolving from his deceit and treachery must culminate. Although his base conduct toward his father had been concealed by successful lying, total concealment in politics was impossible. Tito knew how strained conditions in Florence had become, and fearing investigation and consequent dis-esteem, he made plans for his departure from the city. But here, as in all other events which had followed the guilty man, circumstances transpired to thwart him, and we see Tito in his last attempt to escape from what is disagreeable. He had betrayed every trust to keep himself safe and seek his own pleasure. Events had stood for a time between him and justice; but it was only a postponement. He must pay at last his debt. Providence has so ordained that those who break any great law do not succeed in avoiding punishment. And what an awful death was Tito's! We approve of punishment for such a man as Tito. We say no suffering is too poignant for him, and it is not! But we cannot withhold our pity from a man caught in such a web of Destiny.

This Is an Age of Faith

There is no nook or corner of the universe free from the prying eye of the scientific investigator. There is no subject so vast or so mysterious that must not submit to his tests. History, sacred books, creeds, institutions, laws—all must pass under his eye. What appeared well established is dissolved into thin air under the heat of his reverent iconoclasm. There is no power to stay his mind or to withstand his questioning. He enters the most sacred precincts and lays bare the secrets of centuries. Temple and judgment seat, mart and altar must yield to the persistent questioner.

Every tradition is subject to examination. All history, sacred and profane, must pass under his microscopic eye. Nowhere can priest arise and with assurance of obedience cry, "Halt! Thus far, but no farther!" All things on the earth and beneath the earth and above earth are subject to the compelling power of the soul who has the passion for knowledge.

"It has been said of old" no longer has compelling power. We sometimes shudder as we see the irresistible man of science enter the holy of holies. We urge him to take heed and to beware. But he fears neither past nor future. All things are subject to this reverent passion for Truth.

There is no mystery too sacred or cult too old to cause the man of science to hesitate. His purpose is inflexible. This is the glory of the present age. It is the age of science. Men are satisfying the long pent-up passion for knowledge. Yesterday the few had access to the secrets of the past. Today thousands crowd the doors of our colleges, universities and libraries. No longer do these take the word of the wise. They seek for knowledge themselves.

Without fear they tear down ancient bulwarks of privilege. They unmask the pretentions of priests and kings. They no longer are humble servitors of tradition, but, rather, enthusiastic devotees of freedom and truth.

We may deplore, at times, this unruly army of truth-seekers. Their hands may seem to be ruthless and their hearts somewhat hard, but they see the beauty of truth rather than the ashes of error. Theirs is the reverence which springs from reason and not that which thrives on superstition. This is one phase of the great democratic movement. No more special privileges can exist in the realm of knowledge. Men are asserting the capacity of all men to think, to reason and to judge. The Bible is not the book which the chosen few must interpret. It is a book which all may read. That marks an almost immeasurable advance for the race. We live in a world where truth, not authority, is our object of worship.

This means that in all the phases of life the inquiring mind will assert itself, and that the interests and judgments of men are bounded by no authority imposed from without. Each man is dignified and glorified by the fact that he is a truth seeker. His faith is not what others have found, but in what he has felt, seen and known.

This is the democratic principle in religion. It is the right of individual judgment, exercised and recognized as the basic factor in the foundation of character. The spirit of the age affirms that each man must for himself discover his faith and create his own religion. The joy of discovery is the privilege of every free soul. The Divine Adventure is open to all the sons and daughters of men.

The ideals which stir and inspire are those which we discover for ourselves. We are not soldiers whose duty it is neither to question nor to doubt, but free citizens of the Universe.

This is not an age of irreligion but rather an age of faith. It is a time pregnant with high ideals and surging with great passions. Now as never before are men set free to find for themselves the grounds for a rational religion and a living faith that shall reveal to future generations of men the Way of Life.

Lincoln, Neb. A. L. WEATHERLY.

For days of health; for nights of quiet and sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for the glory of earth, and its ministry to our need and delight—

We thank thee, our Father.

W. C. Gannett.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIV.
Mark

(Second Lesson.)

Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not; for to such belongeth the kingdom of God.
x:14.

This book is a good one to begin on in the study of the life and message of Jesus, not simply because it is the earliest record but because it is the earliest it is the least sophisticated, the least elaborated, the most spontaneous. It has the characteristics of the old chroniclers of English history, which we read not because they are history but because they form the raw material out of which history must be made. This crude biography was formed out of the oral traditions which grew, as traditions have always grown, even as they grow in the present printing age where facts are so accessible, like the snowball.

If we could trace John Muir through the mountains with alert ears, mingling among the old hunters and trappers, we would get a rare conception of his personality. The exaggerations would testify to his power. Reading Mark in this light, remembering that we are dealing with the most original sources, it falls into little stories, incidents and moralizings which, quite detached the one from the other, form the best material for us to come to a certain appreciative sense of the power and an adequate estimation of what followed.

What did follow? In the loving traditions that finally made for us a New Testament, the story followed the centers of the then commercial world around the Mediterraean, in Syria and Rome beyond, where were planted those fertile garden spots that sprang up into historical Christianity and all which that implies; it followed this simple Nazarene, the son of a carpenter, with his little coterie of rustics, most of them neighbors, fishermen and countrymen, all but one of them probably Galileans like himself; that one, Judas, came from the south.

In the last lesson we found that the books of Mark and Matthew and Luke carry Jesus through the revival period. We follow Mark in an outline of what happened to Jesus on his missionary career which led him from Cesarea-Philippi, which name indicates that he was beyond Jewish dominance in Roman precincts. Some kind of a crisis came and he turned back. From that time on he kept telling his disciples the doleful story of opposition and death that he realized was inevitable. He invited them to go with him to the annual festival at Jerusalem, the ancestral, sacred city. Interesting details of that journey from Galilee to Jerusalem are given, beginning with the tenth chapter and running through the thirteenth. Note the disjointed character of the narrative. It is not a diary. But as we turn the leaves of our book we find that the incidents are characteristic. On this journey Jesus encounters the curious, searching questions which run all through these gospel stories, some of them evidently by questioners who wanted to trap him, who sought to discover the weak points in his message, but others, and as often, by sincere investigators. He, himself, was disturbed by the mental uncertainty all about him, in this transitional period when the prophets of the old régime, the Torah, were being challenged on every hand, when the very children of the Temple were talking Greek rather than Hebrew, affecting Greek culture.

In the tenth chapter one was disturbed about the divorce problem. The answer of the Master was very brief, just enough to show that he went beyond the mere letter and technicalities of divorcement to the heart of the matter.

Here we have the touching story of how mothers brought their little ones that he might say a word and put his hand on their heads. The disciples, perhaps jealous or stolid, demurred and he replied in the tender words of our text.

Here is another searching problem. You remember Hoffman's picture, a wonderful interpretation of the story of the elegant young man, well dressed, with a refined face: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The conservative answer, "What does the law require of thee?" But, says the young man, I have kept those requirements from my youth up. Then says the Master, "Go, sell what thou hast and give it to the poor." A home thrust and the young man "went away sorrowful for he had great possessions." This story strikes through all time and all ages to the core of the problem of wealth. What are you going to do with your wealth? Is your consecration commensurate with your riches? As I understand it, life's bounty must be interpreted in terms of service. These questions show what was in the air.

On the way Jesus began to see the clouds on the horizon. To his disciples he said: "We are going up to Jerusalem; and there the Son of Man will be betrayed to the Chief Priests and the Teachers of the Law, and they will condemn him to death and they will give him up to the Gentiles." In the last analysis it was a Gentile execution that Jesus suffered. The Cross is of Rome and not of Jerusalem. Roman soldiers arrested him and divided the spoils. Jesus went on to say that after three days he would rise again, which, if actual, contemporary history might distress some of our conclusions, but we will remember that it was the accumulated tradition of forty years. This sense of inevitable doom on the part of Jesus finds many parallel illustrations in history. He who is burdened with a message sees not only the cloud but something beyond, denoting a psychic condition, such as took possession of John Brown, who courted the doom that came. Hamlet says:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

Note again the artless, naíve hint in the request of the two disciples, they who had been with him so long but who did not understand his mission. How pathetic his answer to their request:

> You do not know what you are asking! . . . . Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant, and whoever wants to take the first place among you must be servant of all; for even the Son of Man came, not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.

The story of "Blind Bartimaeus" is one of the folk-lore tales which one may feel free to distrust if the probabilities account for it in other ways. The breaking down of the miracle does not in any way diminish the spiritual insight and leadership involved in previous incidents.

The old story of the coming of the "King," riding on an ass, the disciples meeting him with palm branches, crying, "Hosanna!" is psychologically acceptable, but historically doubtful.

The story of the "Fig Tree" is incredible on the face of it, unenlightening on its spiritual side, but so revealing of the folk-lore that followed.

There is good, rich spiritual content in the story of Jesus entering the Temple Courts, when he was so impressed with the mercenary character of the dealers in sacrificial animals, necessary offerings and part of the Jewish obligation at such festivals. The words,

> My house has been called a house of prayer for all the nations, but you have made it a den of robbers,

are pretty drastic. Such commercial tendencies are not confined or peculiar to the Jews, for always everywhere religion has had to contend with the commercial spirit.

Many of these stories are very human, very tender, very psychologically credible, and you strangle them if by compulsion you try to fit them into bonds of an infallible text.

Jesus finally comes in conflict with the chief priests and authorities and we have the story of the agitation, the search, the final arrest and very cruel and unjustifiable trial and death.

We will have a lesson by itself on the Resurrection, the New Testament story of it, the conception of Jesus and the relation of the resurrection to our thought of immortality.

TODAY.

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life, it aint no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

The American Lumberman. —*Douglas Malloch.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Some Choice Books

We are overrun with books on the social problem; but there is one from Professor Elwood of the University of Missouri that is worth the while. It is dedicated "to the far thinking men and women of the twentieth century." This is not a rambling talk about social affairs, but a brief analysis of the social problem in western civilization, and aims to outline a scientific social philosophy, which shall serve as a basis for well-balanced progress. I like the book thoroughly from end to end, and am sure it will do a deal of positive good. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

From the same company I have a group of novels, "Getting the Wrong Start," supposed to be a genuine autobiography—and there is so much in it that belongs to an author's or preacher's life that it is well worth reading. I like these rather unpretentious books that nudge you in the ribs. Another in this group is "Arrows of the Almighty," by Owen Johnson. Johnson is author of "Stover at Yale," "The Salamander" and "The Varmint"—none of which I liked. It is a new style, and rather taking to a crowd of readers. I shall read this book more thoroughly, although in opening I find samples of the new style of eloquence, which consists mainly in profanity. A third of this pile is "Brunel's Tower," by Eden Phillpotts. I shall read this novel thoroughly and with a resolution to like Mr. Phillpotts if I can. His men and women belong in a pottery community, and the story is intensely interesting from that standpoint. H. G. Wells appears as author of "Bealby," also in this list; and we wonder what Wells will write next. Is he always joking, or is he always terribly in earnest. England always has a prophet on board; and for several years H. G. Wells has been a seer of a wonderful sort. Whether he ought to be stoned as a false prophet or given a place in the Cabinet it is hard to tell. At any rate, read "Bealby," which is the first one in this pile that I am working through. I except "The Harbor," by Earnest Poole, a novel of the every-day classes around New York. It has in it a lot of good stuff.

E. P. Powell.

BOOKS RECEIVED

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
- Germany, France, Russia and Islam, by Heinrich von Treitschke.
- Can Germany Win? By An American.
- Patricia, by Edith Henrietta Fowler.
- The World Crisis and the Way to Peace, by E. Ellsworth Shumaker.
- Is Death the End? By John Haynes Holmes.

Andrus and Church:
- Millard Fillmore, by William Elliot Griffis.

Harper Bros.:
- Johnny Appleseed, by Eleanor Atkinson.

Fleming H. Revell Co.:
- Asia at the Door, by K. K. Kawakami.

The University of Chicago Press:
- Religious Education in the Family, by Henry F. Cope.

The Abingdon Press:
- Wesley and Woolman, by Joseph Fort Newton.

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FESTIVAL WEEK AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE.

Those who attended the whole or a part of the Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church Spring Festival last week had a splendid chance to see in practice the principles for which the Church and the Centre have always stood. The very keynote of the whole exhibit was co-operation; the most striking feature, even to the casual observer, was the number and variety of ages and interests gathered together in one common interest and one common purpose. It seemed very fiting that this festival should take place in a building which has so long been a center of work toward world-wide peace and human brotherhood, that those who have preached and labored for the great scheme should have worked out around them one little corner of the big idea.

During the festival week each of the departments attempted something a little more ambitious than the daily work and yet something growing out of and a culmination of what had been going on all winter—and so intermingled and inter-related are the activities of the Centre that many participants found themselves representing two, three or four different phases of the work, while mothers, brothers and sisters represented yet others.

The regular work and play of the Centre went on as usual, Kindergarten, Mothers' Club, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, gymnasium, singing classes, cooking classes, craft classes and all the others, each in open session, ready for the inspection of the friends of Lincoln Centre. And then there were the more special programs toward which had gone much work and much thought during several busy weeks.

Monday evening was a particularly gala occasion. Little tots and older boys and girls joined together in the dances and songs of many nations, ending with a fine chorus of "The White-Bordered Banner." On Tuesday there was more folk dancing at the open meeting of the Mothers' Club. Wednesday afternoon the piano department helped by the singing classes gave a musicale of violin solos, piano solos and songs; and on Wednesday evening the Senior Boys' and Girls' Clubs combined in a charming presentation of "Pride and Prejudice." Thursday afternoon the Junior Girls' Club gave a dramatization of "Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs" to the great entertainment of an audience of children just a size smaller than the actors.

On Friday evening there occurred an entirely new departure in the history of Lincoln Centre, a debate between a picked team of the older boys, banded together as the Lincoln Literary Club, and the Demosthenes Literary Society of the Northwestern University Settlement. From this most successful initial trial there grew and was formulated by Mr. Jones the idea of a triangular union, a Rostrum League, to keep up this competitive intellectual upreach year after year and train more and more boys in clear thinking, forceful expression, and the spirit of the game.

On Saturday afternoon came two cunning plays, "Little Red Riding Hood" and the "Three Bears," by the members of the Dolls' Club. Sunday morning Mr. Jones preached a splendid and inspiring sermon to the members of the Confirmation Class on a text of their own choosing:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.

* * *

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

The Festival was wound up on Sunday afternoon and evening by two presentations of a moving picture exhibit in the interest of peace, a dramatization of Baroness von Suttner's "Lay Down Your Arms."

Those who followed the festival through the week either as participants or as onlookers, saw its end with regret, yet with an added realization of the possibilities of service to the community for an institution which believes that "To share and to serve is the glory of life."

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Father of Life, I thank Thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away.

—*Adele R. Ingersoll.*

Just a word of kindness,
Just a laugh and song,
Makes our dear earth brighter
As we march along.

—*Edwin Markham.*

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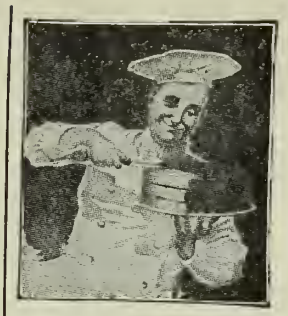

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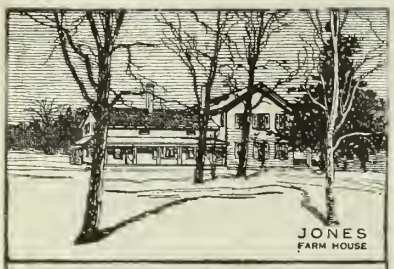

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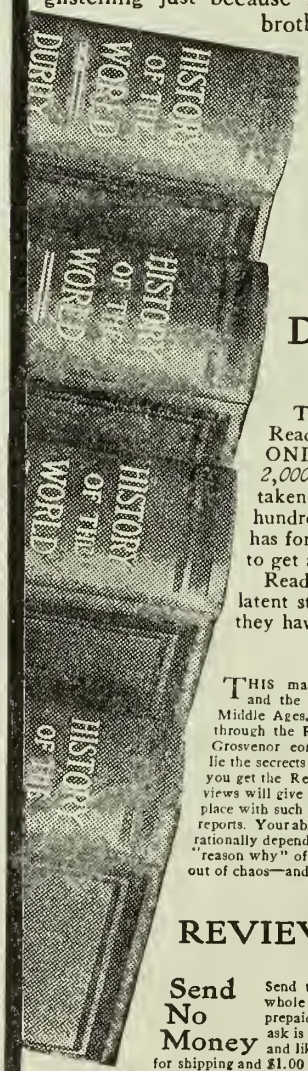

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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 13, 1915 Number 11

UNITY

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"I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England, having courage in the face of his countrymen to assert of some suggested policy: 'This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people further off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore, away with it! It is not for you or for me.' When a British Minister dares speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must—from the alliances she has fostered, and the peoples she has saved."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

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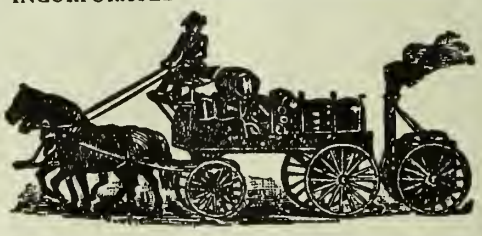

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915. Number 11

WHEN DREAMS DEPART.

When dreams depart, then it is time to die.
Nay, thou art dead when thy dear dreams depart,
Even though thy ghost still haunts the crowded mart,
Still with proud grace salutes the passer-by,

Reaps golden grain when the hot sun rides high,
Sails the far seas with compass and with chart,
Of the world's burdens bears its wonted part,
Or faces doom with calm, undaunted eye.

For dreams—they are the very breath of life;
The "little leaven" that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;

Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for the strife.
Fetter thy dreams and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thyself that dies.

The Century Magazine. —*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

That was quick returns to our note in last week's Unity concerning the Lincoln Centre Farm in Wisconsin that by return mail brought a check with the following kind words:

> We have just read in the last Unity that you are anxious to raise $1,500 for the improvement of the "Children's Summer Camp." It is a very worthy object and we sincerely hope you may be able to accomplish your desire. We are sending a check for $200 to help in the good work.

The American League to Limit Armaments, of which L. Hollingsworth Wood, 43 Cedar Street, New York City, is Secretary, seeks "to combat militarism and the spread of the militaristic spirit in the United States, to promote a sane national policy for the preservation of international law and order with the least reliance upon force and to seek the efficient use of money appropriated for the purpose." It solicits memberships with the annual dues of one dollar. It is a most worthy cause which needs befriending. We hope many Unity readers will enroll themselves.

The government has developed a new insecticide, "non-inflammable, harmless to human beings and odor not very bad." All that is necessary is to expose it in a room and its evaporation will kill moths, flies, roaches, ants and similar pests. If this thing works, what a boon! If it could only reach the spiritual pests that distress the mind and heart with envy and jealousy and the distressing gad-flies that promote gossip and make "tell-tales," how much greater the boon? This useful discovery bears the formidable name, Paradichlorobenzene, which is conveniently pronounced for us: Pear'-a-die-chlo'-ro-ben-zene.

The recent survey taken by the United States government in Ohio discovered that it costs on an average to board and house each person on the farm $197 per annum. At that rate it takes forty acres to pasture a person. Surely intensive farming is needed in the United States. But the *American Magazine* for May figures out that it costs the average golfer in the average town $182.50 per annum, and it reasons that there will be thousands who will spend three or four times this amount. Perhaps there is no connection between the farmers' necessity and the golfers' luxury; but, perhaps, also, there is.

A correspondent, reared in the All Souls Sunday School in Chicago, trained to its activities and a constant reader of Unity, writes from a western state, accompanying her subscription, "I certainly could not do without Unity in my home. I have been casting my first vote this morning and hope the best people win. We had a splendid Sunday School Conference here last week and we were fortunate to have a dear little woman delegate as our guest, who has lived twenty years in Denver, traveled extensively and is Superintendent of Elementary Sunday School Work in Colorado. We had a splendid Union Meeting at the Methodist Church with a large audience of Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists. I miss the Unity hymns ever so much in the church service here. They are sweeter and more beautiful than the ones we have to sing. I have worked, however, as faithfully as I can among the women." This is high practice of the faith Unity professes, to receive and give such fellowship as circumstances will permit.

And still it is true that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." The darkness that settles upon the earth reveals the stars; the calamities of time forge the golden links in the endless chain that binds the fateful life of man to things eternal. The great dailies have their dark pages illuminated in these days with the stories of self-sacrifice, of deliberate action in the wild moments of the Lusitania's wrecking. Last Monday's issue of the *Chicago Tribune* contained many columns of interviews coming from a dozen or more state governors, eminent men in the professions, bankers, politicians and men of affairs—and there was a touching and wise unanimity in their confidence in President Wilson's policy of deliberation and in their recognition of the complexity of the situation and there was almost an unani-

mous desire to avoid war declarations which would be only a preliminary for further atrocities, the killing of more innocent men by men as innocent. In the mad determination to perfect the militant power of nations there has been sad and criminal neglect of the study and practice of diplomacy. Indeed, this highest exercise of the social functions has come to bear a sinister meaning and "diplomat" and "diplomacy" are words more often used in contempt than in respect. Now the United States is called upon to display the higher statesmanship and the profounder wisdom.

Programs for the annual May meetings in Boston and elsewhere are lying thick on the editorial table, among which there is none fresher or likely to arouse more enthusiasm and consequently lay the outlines for future work and growth than the one issued by the "Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice," the anniversary meeting of which will be held at the Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, on Thursday, May 27. A Sunday evening meeting is planned at which the Rev. Everett D. Martin of Des Moines, Iowa, is to speak on the "Social Factors of Pragmatism," the Rev. Alexander Padgham on the "Economical Value of Woman in the Home." At the laymen's meeting Charles H. Livermore of the World's Peace Foundation and W. Harris Crook, representing the Woman's Peace Society, are to discuss "International Justice." The Free Religious Association has come to its forty-eighth annual program, to be held in Boston, May 27. These meetings have always been glow points during the anniversary week in Boston and the layout for the festival program promises to maintain the brilliant reputation of the past. "New Wars for Old" will be discussed with Dr. Charles W. Wendte presiding and with Mr. Charles Beals, Mr. Robert Woods, Mr. Edward Cummings and Mr. Charles Fleisher to speak. Program for the sixty-third meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference is before us. This year the Unitarian Church of Cincinnati is to be host. "Our Missionary Motive," "What Men Have a Right to Demand of a Free Church," "The Necessary Synthesis of Socialism and Mysticism," "The Necessary Synthesis of Socialism and Individualism," "Religious Patriotism and Internationalism" are some of the topics that fill up a rich program for May 18-20, the whole to close with a banquet with the Rev. John W. Day of St. Louis as Toastmaster.

It was a happy reunion at the Lincoln Centre last Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. William Kent were at their old places in Church and in Sunday School. Mrs. Kent spoke interestingly to the Sunday School, over which she once presided as Superintendent, and Mr. Kent shared the sermon time with the minister. His words were such as well deserve the wider hearing which we are able to give to them in the columns of UNITY this week.

The Nation, published in London, of April 27 publishes what it calls the "Scenario of a play that might some day be written" entitled "The Great Chance," with Bertha Krupp, Gustave von Bohlan (her husband) and Uncle Nat (an American) constituting the chief characters. The play is in four acts in which the story of the secret of crucible steel is woven around the Krupp family, which, finally, installs and crowns this lone daughter of the great iron master as the "Cannon Queen of the World," the real director and dictator of wars. Germany, Austria, Russia, Belgium, France and England each bring their wreaths to lay at her feet with a presentation speech burdened with gruesome eloquence. The refrain to each address is "Glory, Glory, Glory to the Cannon Queen." The facts of the business sufficiently substaniate her imperial dignity. Eighty thousand work people are in her shops at Essen, three thousand miners in her coal mines in Silesia, five thousand in the copper mines of Spain, six thousand building battleships, submarines and torpedo boats at Kiel. Surely is not the responsibility settling down as a crown of thorns upon the brow of this "Cannon Queen," and does not this responsibility fall onto the humbler shops in America and elsewhere that are busy night and day in forging cannon, charging shells and making cartridges, every one of which is designed for murder? Whether this work be carried on in the United States or elsewhere the only justification offered is that it is good business, there is money in it. The United States has developed here and there a business man who carries his Sunday pretensions into the shop while he says, "I will not stain my hands with blood money. I will not pervert my business into the death dealing trade." Some day nations cannot preserve the confidence of the civilized world who practice neutrality in the letter and violate it in the spirit; and some day not far distant, nations will, at least, eliminate the thirst for gold and the sordid fever of greed from this hellish business by nationalizing the manufacture of all munitions of war and thus retire from the lobbies of parliaments and congresses the vicious influence of "Big Business" interests in war.

"All the others can sing," he dolefully said,
"All the others can sing," said he.
So he sat and he drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred;
"If I cannot sing, I can listen!" he cried,
"Ho, ho! I can listen!" he cried.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Susan Look Avery

We have been so preoccupied with things near and things transient that we have been scarcely conscious of a translation that though so natural, seems to human eyes so unnecessary. The name printed above stands for an energy, a moving spirit, a flowing stream, a life ever enlarging, a mind that defied the decrepitude of the body and the limitations of the flesh. Well up to the century mark, in the ninety-eighth year, Mrs. Avery, the tireless champion of the unfortunate, the persistent student of radical movements, the abolitionist when abolitionism meant heroism, the friend of the blackman in circles where such loyalties were unfashionable and scarcely respectable, the interpreter and supporter of Single-Tax, the sympathetic student of socialism, the woman of means who carried the burdens of the poor, the tireless friend of UNITY and the cause it represents and its constant supporter; as naturally as the closing of the eyelids of the weary child, as beautiful as the fading rays of the setting sun, Susan Look Avery fell asleep on the first day of February, 1915, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, at Wyoming, New York. Her friend, Louis F. Post, in an appreciative notice in the *Public*, said, "The love of this wonderful woman, strong in its personal qualities as all normal human love is, overflowed the bounds of personality as all democratic love must. Her democracy neither bent nor cringed; it was upright and stalwart."

On the very last days of her life she was defending President Wilson from the partisan aspersions that reached her. She wanted to begin again her study of the tariff problem that she might expose its fallacies. She wearied her trained attendants with her greed for the latest news from the highest fields of thought, reform and progress.

A Memorial Volume with a sketch of this remarkable life, some of her own reminiscences and selections from her tireless pen will be forthcoming, and the many who were privileged to call her friend, and found her a support in life, will await with interest the coming volume. It will be a welcome reinforcement to the unceasing work of the deathless worker, she who said, "It is bad for the ignorant and vicious to do ill, but it is worse for the educated and the honest to do nothing." She loved to quote Voltaire, who said: "It is more difficult and more meritorious to win men from their prejudices than to civilize barbarians."

Time and space forbids that the Editor of UNITY should seek among his files for stimulating letters, the frank approval and as frank disapproval of those things that came under her vigilant eye in the columns of UNITY, but we cannot refrain from testifying that her continuous support in many ways and on many lines has been one of the high rewards, the adequate "pay" for keeping UNITY alive and the Editor on the high job.

The well-worn body was purified by fire at the crematory at Rochester. The ashes will rest in the beloved Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville, where it will mingle with kindred dust. After the reading of George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" the following lines by Charles Buxton Going were a fitting benediction:

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long
'And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road.'"
"Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."
Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,
Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.
"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"
"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:
"Was I not always here then, as today?"
He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, or my name?"
"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"
"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:
"Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death."

THE GREATER VICTORY

The blood of men is flowing
And the world is full of dead;
The soldiers kill, not knowing
Why the streams are running red.

The kings hurl forth defiance,
And defiance is flung back;
The white man makes alliance
With the brown man and the black.

The wrecks of ships are strewing
The floors of all the seas;
Mad men are busy hewing
Their way to victories.

The villages are burning
And starving orphans cry
Where poor old men, returning,
Have no wish but to die.

The women dread tomorrow
And fear what it may bring;
The world is full of sorrow
And Hatred is its king.

But though the lands are blighted
And peace is shunned with scorn,
The nations have united
To whip John Barleycorn.

Chicago American. —*S. E. Kiser.*

For days of health; for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for the glory of earth, and its ministry to our need and delight—
We thank thee, our Father.

—*W. C. Gannett.*

Address by
The Hon. William Kent of California

Delivered at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday Morning May 9, 1915

I am glad to be home again here but I really do not know exactly what to say. I am not embarrassed—most of you are my friends here—but it is very difficult to know just what line to speak on. Among other things, I have insisted on being an "Independent" whether I got to Congress or not, and I have found that it is useful and worth while to hang on to a flag of one who proposes to be free from partisan bias. Every one is entitled to home-made opinions, to self instruction. To have your bias made by somebody else has always seemed to be an impertinence on the part of the people that do the biasing, and a weakness on the part of the person who is thus biased. I have found out during my four years' service in Washington that a man may be "Independent" down there and may try to be fair to all parties and all individuals without losing influence, standing or personal strength. This is one thing I have learned since I left Chicago that is worth while,—that there is an efficiency about being Independent even in Congress.

This church has been an inspiration to all those who have had a desire to think and to act for themselves along this line of independence. Without this foundation gained right here I am quite sure that Mrs. Kent and I would not have made our small contribution to the world.

As I come back to Chicago it is fine to realize that you still have a Council governed city and the right sort of Council to govern it. Things seem mighty good to me in Chicago, politically. I don't think that the man elected mayor is the man we would pick out above all others for that position, but at any rate there is nothing sordid or mean about him, and I believe that if he is backed up by those who have long struggled for the welfare of the city, and the Council is remarkably promising for such a mixed community as Chicago, you will have a pretty good city government along democratic lines—and that is worth while. As I have traveled around the city it seems cleaner than it used to be, and I think things are better than when we left you some eight years ago.

In the welfare of the nation there is much about which to be hopeful. My work in Washington has been mostly concerned with the Public Domain as a member of the Public Land Committee. As a member of that committee we did one big piece of work when we decided for the benefit of the people that we,—all the people—should build a railroad in Alaska, turning the building over to those who would not have to be paid in terms of almost limitless concession in land and in mineral values.

We did another big thing when we passed a bill providing for the leasing of coal lands in Alaska by a system of leasing which we were bound should have such conditions of ownership whereby men must so co-operate with one another in the utilizing of natural advantages, streams, tunnels, etc., that the mining can be more efficiently done. The whole plan recently adopted has been so worked out, or will be by the time operations begin, that the coal mining in Alaska will be done for the general benefit. I have not a doubt that the terms of leasing will be such that will invite private capital.

We had another measure of vital importance up before the last congress. We established the possession of, and Federal control of, the water power on the great navigable rivers of our country. We won out against the reactionaries of both parties in a vote of 143 to 45, showing where the House of Representatives stood on these important matters of public control of public properties in the interest of the public.

At the close of this last Congress it was my privilege to talk to the President on these matters, and with others in the lead in Washington, and I feel sure that if time be given in the next Congress, with no complications, we shall carry on this great question of conservation which so vitally affects the welfare of all of us and our children forever. These things are now more and more becoming matters of public sentiment. The reactionaries are having a harder and harder time stopping their enactment.

It has been my privilege to know the President and members of his Cabinet. For many of them I have the highest possible regard. The President, to my mind, is one of the most satisfactory and one of the most impressive men I have ever met. He entirely lacks anything that approaches that plus to good nature, political "jollying." At the same time when you talk to the President on matters of public business you find him delightfully courteous and very quick of apprehension, and when he has stated his position you do not have to bother about watching him any further—you know where he is. He is a man who has merited my admiration and my best loyalty, and I feel that at this time of trouble we are singularly fortunate in having a man of his good judgment, his analytical ability and his really calm, Christian spirit in that position.

We cannot talk much about this war business. I suppose it is even hard to think out loud, it is all so ghastly, horrible and incredible. Whoever is to blame, it is not for us to determine at the present time, but we know that there is a situation in existence that represents absolute crimes and follies. These nations that are struggling for what they call their "national existence," when their struggles and aspirations are added together, mean the destruction of all the rest, and we from our vantage ground over here can only hope and pray that we do not become inoculated with this hydrophobia, do not become a part of this awful crime and misery. It does not behoove us to lay to our souls any unction of superior virtue. We are all of the same blood as these people. We have their antecedents. We are simply more fortunate geographically, more fortunate historically, and more fortunate, perhaps, in our form of government. I do not have any plan in the back of my head as to what we ought to do in the present situation, but I am absolutely certain of one thing, and that is that when we consider a choice of evils, that a war other than that of defence is the worst of all evils. Whether we shall be called upon to defend ourselves is an open question upon which people differ. For my part, loathing as I do the economic risk and folly, I am not certain that this great, big nation can afford to remain defenceless. Contrary to my wishes, contrary to my form of belief, I voted for an increase of armament. But as I wrote to a man who asked me to join the American

Legion, that while willing to serve my country, I should feel that I was out of place in an organization that talked about "world power," or "national honor" when that might involve war; that I was willing to be killed in defending our social and democratic position for which so much blood has been sacrificed, but that I, myself, ought to be killed if I tried to enforce it on other people in their country with a gun.

This is a hard time of the world to live in and it is going to require all the cool judgment, all the human charity, that we can possess, to exert a proper influence in existing affairs. It seems to me that we shall be utterly miserable if we do not under such strain and stress and pressure take to ourselves the study of the philosophers, of the stoics and of the Master. We need to live fuller lives inside of ourselves at a time when the external life of the world is so horrible.

In closing, I am glad to be here and I am glad to bring before you my tribute of respect to the sad, overburdened man in Washington who needs your help and who I am sure will be worthy of the awful task before him.

O LOVE DIVINE.

O Love Divine!—He came, and gently singing
At earliest dawn in secret to a bird,
Thrilled it with joy till it awoke, and winging
Its way aloft, proclaimed Him with no word,
Yet suerly, sweetly, by the holy sign
Of his own melody. O Love Divine!

Then, in a little while, bent low and kneeling
Deep in a leafy wood with dew bedight,
He lured a wilding flower forth, unsealing
Its tomb with living touch, and toward the light
Turning its face, that these dull eyes of mine
Might trace His presence too. O Love Divine!

Nor this alone: but, where angelic fingers
Wove pearl and rose amidst the orchard trees,
He came again—to breathe the breath that lingers,
When Spring is at the flood, on every breeze;
That, deaf and sightless, I might not repine,
But still discover Him. O Love Divine!

And then—e'en at my hearth—when day was ended,
And in the dusk I soothed my suffering child,
He, crowning all His tenderness, descended
Once more, unseen, and where I sat beguiled
The little one to sleep. "Ah—else than Thine—
There is no heaven!' I cried: Thou Love Divine!

—*Augustus Wright Bomberger.*

A BYWAY.

The highway marches sturdily to market-town and mill,
But I would find a little road that loiters up a hill,—
A little vagrant, woodland road, gray-ribboned through the green,
Where berry brambles bar the way and orchard elders lean.

The highway is the World's way, but I would drop behind
To follow little luring paths that only laggards find;
The challenge of the bandit weeds, the tilt with startled bees,—
What can the dusty highway give for tourneyings like these?

The highway is the sun's way, and follow east to west,
But there are yellow, vagrant beams that love my road the best,—
That linger down the weedy ways where lady's-lace is spread,
Or slant through shady orchard paths and tint the tree trunks red.

The highway, the highway!—you follow where it calls;
I watch you through a leafy screen from crumbling orchard walls;—
I wait and smile among the green and know that by and by
We'll lure you back through dust and dew—my little road and I!

Harper's Magazine. —*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

THE PULPIT

The Triumph of the Defeated

Annual Confirmation Class Sermon

Preached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Before the Confirmation Class Chicago May 2, 1915

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

We thank Thee, Father, for this place of worship, for these hours of communion with one another and with the great souls of history. Turn our hearts and the hearts of those we love toward things enduring. Make us better children of thine for our having been here. Amen.

SERMON.

It is my pleasant task once a year to try to interpret to my Confirmation Class a text of their own choosing. This custom has grown with the growth of years to be an event in my year's work. For the thirtieth time I face this inspiring task. The text you have handed me is this:

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;

. . . . . .

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

All preachers like to begin with a text and the first consideration is the context, for no text can be rightly understood until you understand the connection in which it was uttered. These golden lines are taken from a poem written by a young man in strenuous days, for an anti-slavery picnic held at Dedham, Mass., in 1843, seventy-two years ago come next August. The whole consists of four stanzas, entitled, "Stanzas on Freedom." I could do you service by reading to you the entire context of your text, but I take it that you all have access to the writings of James Russell Lowell, and I commend to you the committing of this poem to memory while your minds are still receptive.

Men! Whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

I will omit two stanzas and read again the whole stanza which you cut in two in order to make your text. The entire stanza reads:

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Next to the context let us turn to the author. James Russell Lowell a year later wrote his "Present Crisis," which some of his nearest college friends said ruined his prospects as an author. It caused the elect of Harvard College to lament that this bright young man had so given himself to a freak reform. James Russell Lowell, in whose veins coursed the bluest blood of Boston, the pet of the Campus, the poet of his class, who had the position of a teacher offered him by his Alma Mater before he had graduated—according to the estimation of his colleagues had ruined his prospects by writing such a poem.

So back of your text lies the splendid poem, back of the poem lies the splendid man. I am glad you selected a text from this author. From my own experience and out of over forty years' experience as a minister, I want to say to you my children, that of all the poets I know, James Russell Lowell is the youths' *poet par excellance*, for he sings the song of life in such a way that boys and girls of your age can catch its rhythm. He, more than any other man that I know of, has written poems that ought to find easy lodgment in your minds. And if it were to my purpose this morning I would be glad to help you to an appreciation of James Russell Lowell, the poet. I would be glad to tell you how wise and noble he was; how early he gave his life to reform. He was a man who loved books and worked among them perhaps more persistently and incessantly than any other man born in America, Emerson always excepted. Still he never took his life out of the fight and was ever on the firing line of every reform. In his day he was the pen if not the prophet of the slaves, when the term "nigger" was a term of reproach, even on the lips of the wise. Now you will see as you read the history of the United States that the cause of the Negro represented the best thinking and the bravest voting in the United States in the years immediately preceding the war.

Such was James Russell Lowell, author of so many poems you already love and more of them you will acquire as you go through high school and college. Turn yourself loose in the Lowell orchard and gather the golden apples to be found there. Go find your "favorite poem." Do not ask your teachers. Lowell's books are rich, particularly in the literature of reform and progress.

I read this morning a confidential letter written to his pastor, the venerable Dr. Briggs, at the time when he was beginning to feel that poetry was his vocation. He said: "My earlier ventures have been mostly on themes of love. I felt the charm of beauty. Now I feel as though I must serve an apprenticeship as a poet of freedom. I cannot keep out of the fight. I must enlist in the war for liberty. Then perhaps in riper years, when my hair grows gray, I may give myself without reservation to the Muse and write of the universal themes." A great program largely lived out by one of the dearest and sweetest of American citizens as well as American poets.

In saying this I am confessing my own debt of gratitude. I find when I look back that my earlier sermons ring with the words of James Russell Lowell, and however poor the rest of the sermons may have been, there was always something good for my people when I quoted from Lowell.

After the text the context and the author, then comes the lesson of the text. You have already anticipated it. You know that truth is never told by numbers. You know that a majority is never to be trusted as a leader. We are fresh from our Sunday School study of the life of Jesus, and you know that it was not the palms that were waved on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem that have passed his name down in history, but rather it was the cross which he bore up Calvary, and on which he was nailed It is the story of the cross which has come down through the centuries. You know, too, that it was not the popular Sokrates whom people rushed to hear; but it was the unpopular truths that he spoke, it was the plain talk that offended the politicians, that confused the students, that perplexed the judges. It was his serene indifference to a crowd and its clamor that enabled him to drink peacefully, heroically, the deadly hemlock. His unpopularity has put the name of Sokrates in the minds and hearts of the young of the long centuries up there next to the name of the Nazarene. You know it was not the *Prince* Siddartha, the favored scion of royalty, who might have ruled a kingdom, but it was the *mendicant*, Buddha, that made Asia mild. And you know all the way down through the ages that it is the man who has dared to "stand with the two or three" as your text has it, he who has dared to withstand the majority, to side with the unpopular, that has swayed the generations.

Your text finds interpretation in any chapter of history, whether it be the story of science, invention, of political progress or of literary fame. Honor and power finally goes to the man who stands by the truth that is refused by the crowd.

In 1872 Julia Ward Howe, impressed with the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war, went to Europe on a peace campaign. She said, "I will appeal to the mothers of Europe, I will find open ears among the women who are close to royalty." She was gone two years and came back disappointed, though not discouraged. She found not only coldness but something more hopeless. She lost the position that as one of the first ladies of America she could have occupied had she gone without a message. In these days the hearts of the women of Europe and America go with the pilgrims who are at The Hague, filling the largest hall, pleading for the cause which Julia Ward Howe stated with absolute clearness in 1872, over forty years ago.

New England has another beloved daughter, Lydia Maria Child. She had the gift of making friends. She had the genius for writing bright things. She had written a book on domestic matters that had already passed through thirty-three editions. She was crowned with success and was passing out of the hard life of poverty into a life of glad prosperity when in 1833, twenty years before Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she wrote "An Appeal in Behalf of the Class of Americans Called Africans." Instantly her popularity deserted her. She was publishing the first youths' paper ever published in America, but the subscriptions dropped off and it had to be abandoned. The District Attorney of Boston took his tongs, carried the book to the window and threw it out. Her literary fame had brought to her a free ticket to the Athenæum, the culture library of Boston, the favorite resort of the learned, but the authorities of the Athenæum Library withdrew the privileges of the library to the author of so contemptible a book, a book that plead the cause of "Certain American born citizens, called Africans."

But I cannot tell in detail the stories of even a few who dared to be "in the right with two or three."

If I turn from history to the pages of literature we can illumine your text as vividly and as forcefully.

Browning tells the story of the "Patriot" who one year came to receive the plaudits of the crowd, the next year went on his way to the scaffold. "The Patriot" is "An Old Story," as Browning called it.

It will fit into the lives of innumerable lands and in all ages.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.
. . . . . .

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind:
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?—God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so."

Sometime you will study the lines in which Browning tells of his great disappointment of "The Lost Leader," he who

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shaespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

But I need not dwell upon the general principle. If in our studies I have given you anything, my children, it is the conviction that truth is never to be told by numbers, that popularity never indicates the way of the noble, that a sympathy with the wronged and a devotion to the ideal offer the only rounds in the ladder upon which you can rise to the only success that is worth seeking.

So for the rest of my time let me dwell upon the application of this principle.

Here is a little book from the press of the McClurg house, Chicago, compiled by the principal of a boys' academy in Indiana, entitled, "Right Living; Messages to Youth from Men Who Have Achieved." It contains eighty-seven messages from such men. I know of no other recent book so packed with good advice to young people. One of these messengers is Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent*. Let me read to you his list of the great problems which are left at your door:

In reply to your very kind invitation I take pleasure in suggesting that there are four great problems that will confront the American people during the active life of academy pupils today.

I do not know the order of their importance, but they are:

First. The economic problem, which is largely the problem of the just distribution of wealth.

Second. The race problem, or the ways and means by which helpfulness and hopefulness may be substituted for hatefulness in those sections of the country where two or more races abide.

Third. The sex problem—largely the adjustment of woman to new conditions in state and home.

Fourth. The peace problem, which is nothing but the substitution of law for war.

Any boy or girl who can do anything in a constructive way to help solve any of these great problems during his life will not have lived in vain.

These four great problems, my children, are right at your door now. You already feel them. Just a minute to each of these and my little sermon on your big text will be preached.

The first mentioned is the economic problem. Never mind whether it is of the first importance. Neither he nor I will stop to arrange them. Millionaires, multi-millionaires on the one hand, starving babies and over-worked women on the other; palatial residences on the Lake Front, slums "beyond the tracks." I do not know, I cannot say who is to blame. I am disposed to feel that nobody is to blame; that is, no one body or one class. But things are not as they ought to be. Things must be changed before "right is done and freedom is won." It is your problem.

The second is race prejudice. How to substitute "helpfulness for hatefulness." This was the great cause that inspired your great poet to write you your great text. This is yet the unsolved problem,—the hatred of your brother man because of the texture of his hair, or the color of his skin, the bounding of your sympathies by race or national lines. All my lessons fail if Japanese and Chinese, Hindu and African have not a standing in the House of the Lord and a place on his footstool. I would not, if I could, hold this problem at arm's length. The morning paper is stained and soiled to me, and I hope to all the rest of you, when you read of the compact of neighbors here on a near street that must remain nameless because it is in disgrace. Elegant men and women, prosperous men and women have combined to keep a man out of his own property by violent means, a man who with his wife is in the honorable service of the nation, rendering a *quid pro quo* for fair wages, simply because there is a tint of color in their skin. These free citizens of America, by unfair and illegal means, have declared almost within the hearing of my voice, "No color admitted on our street!" If pushed for a reason they will simply declare that such invasion will endanger the commercial value of their property. They will confess that it is simply a matter of real estate. In this affirmation they are doubtless right; but what if it should? Will you boys and girls in this presence justify an indignity to brotherhood and the violation of the law of the land, to say nothing of the higher laws of justice, for financial reasons? Particularly at this time when millions of men and women are sacrificing their homes and laying down their lives for what they deem the cause of righteousness, the claim of the whole. If Chicago cannot afford to give elbow room to these dainty ladies and members of aristocratic clubs without offering indignities to the law of the land, let them

seek the wider ranges of the more open country. But there should be no home in Chicago where its citizens can sleep well o'nights, where the principles of fraternity and the rights of property are violated in the interest of real estate. This may not sound much like a Confirmation Class Sermon to a group of little girls and boys, but I leave the problem with you, pledged to stand by you as long as life lasts.

Next comes the third problem. Mr. Holt calls it the "Sex Problem." Two things, my friends, two words stand for it. One is justice and the other is purity. Woman's rightful place in the state, woman's sanctity in the home. You have not come to it. I would not hasten it, but along side of this great word justice must always be written the word purity. Love, the word that is the best name for God, is the high privilege of men and women, but lust is the destruction of men and women. Keep not only your bodies clean but your minds pure. Let no lustful pictures be painted on the walls of your imagination. Dare stand for things pure and then justice will come.

Lastly in Mr. Holt's list comes the question that presses home on all of us in these days,—the substitution of law for war. How to lessen the brutality that belongs to those "lower animals" we talk about, the domination of force which ought to have been left behind, when fangs and claws and horns were outgrown?

My dear children, you must dare stand with the unpopular if you are to help disarm the nations. You must say to the nations as you now say to individuals, better glorified death than ignominious life. If He of Nazareth won His translation on Calvary, it may be that some nation or nations will yet have to climb that mount.

Be that as it may, it is for you to stand with cause unpopular. Stand rightly on these four great issues. I have given them in Hamilton Holt's name to you because I wanted to reinforce my own word. I have been saying these things in one way or another in this pulpit for years.

These then are four great problems before the young men and women of today. One is the proper distribution of wealth, the adjustment of capital and labor; another is racial justice and the elimination of the cowardly wrongs that come to those who assume superiority and in the assuming prove themselves the inferior oftentimes. Then come the questions of sex and of peace. I am in the habit of putting a fifth in the list. Perhaps it is implied already, in what I said of purity, if you will stretch the word to cover sobriety. The great question of dissipation, intoxication, is a great, live question of our day that rolls from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under the popular words of the "Drys" and the "Wets." It is your question. You will have to take your stand on it, boys and girls. The "Dry" and "Wet" battle is on and it will not end until sobriety reigns supreme and the dissipations of life are curbed at least by law, and eventually by individual practice.

All this is my Confirmation Class Sermon on the text of your own choosing, which is made still more noble when illuminated by the context and enforced by the life of the author. To put it in a nutshell: You do not have to be successful but you must be true. You may not be popular but you must be honest. You may not reach the truth but you must forever be free to seek it. Never mind the crowd, it is always a lonely place for the thinker. Remember rather with that heroic black man whom you may well emulate in many ways, Frederick Douglass, that "one with God is a majority."

For the joys of service, for the triumphs of the past, the generosities that have moved us forward and the greater opportunities that await us, we thank Thee, Father. We give thanks for the holy past, thanks for the rich present, thanks for the beckoning future. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XV.
Matthew

The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. ix:37.

This free-handed and apparently reckless handling of the record, that has gathered about it the reverences of the centuries, may seem painfully iconoclastic to the uninitiated; but we must not form conclusions too quickly. That literary imagination which is indispensable to all culture must be exercised.

We shall need our imagination in accounting for these four biographies of Jesus. That they are inconsistent the one with the other, that they do not tell the same story, that they are fragmentary, that one to a degree is dependent on the other, and that each one has some element peculiar to itself that the other biographers did not know, or, if knowing, did not think it worth while to record, is all accounted for in an intensely interesting way.

We must bear in mind the conditions of culture two thousand years ago in what was then the battlefield of civilization. The movement was born out of unsophisticated, non-literary minds. Whatever this movement was in the mind of its leader, it suddenly flashed out, even in his own time and immediately after his death, into a great intoxicating Messianic dream of a world revolution that would realize the promise of the patriarchs and the prophets. The hope of the Messiah, the Second Coming, was amply guaranteed in the literature uppermost in the minds of the Jews at that time, not simply by what is found in the canonical books of the Old Testament, but in the revealing wealth of the literature we call the Apocrypha. The result was a criminal neglect of records and an indifference to writing. One other thing more difficult to realize is that during the dark decades that followed the death of Jesus, Palestine was in the dying throes of an invaded nation. Suppose that at this very time Maeterlinck should put forth a masterpiece, a great contribution to literature. Would the historian of fifty years hence be able to reproduce authentically with details this masterpiece produced in the year 1914? Who is going to make a record of literary contributions in Belgium this year? Just such conditions existed in Palestine. In 70 A. D., about the time Matthew was written, the Jewish nation so far as possessing political autonomy ceased to exist.

Biographical material at that time was not so meager as now. Luke wrote that he supposed libra-

ries could not contain all which was written about the movement, but that he would make one more contribution. Harnack, one of the great authorities, has compiled a list of twenty different gospels, once current, which the early fathers quoted from.

1-4. The canonical gospels.
5. The gospel according to the Hebrews.
6. The gospel of the Twelve Apostles.
7. The Peter gospel.
8. The Egyptian gospel.
9. The Matthias gospel.
10. The Philip gospel.
11. The Thomas gospel.
12. The Protevangelium of James.
13. The Acts of Pilate (gospel of Nicodemus).
14. Basilides' gospel.
15. Valentinus' gospel.
16. Marcion's gospel.
17. The gospel of Eve.
18. The gospel of Judas.
19. The gospel of Mother Mary, and the "Great and little questions of Mary" (probably a little mother catechism prepared for kindergarten purposes away off there).
20. The gospel of T.

All but four of these are lost. Instead of losing faith in the virility and vitality of these gospels saved to us we may be reassured by the fact that these four have survived the wreckage of time, the vicissitudes to which a document of that time was subjected. There were no printing presses, no libraries, no city authorities to guard literary treasures. These gospels were perpetuated only by being copied by hand, which gave many opportunities for mistakes. They must have had inherent vitality or they would have gone with the rest.

Matthew is the second biography in the point of time, proved to be later than Mark, because not quoted from by him. The ascribed authorship to Matthew is not found in the earlier manuscripts and we have undoubtedly one more anonymous document. In 325 A. D. the first Council of Bishops and Cardinals was held at Nicæa, previous to which no attempt had been made to discriminate between the twenty or more documents. There the first vote was taken as to what was worth saving and the four Gospels took their place under the law of the survival of the fittest. The earliest collection of the sayings of Jesus, the "logia," was written on parchment, in Aramaic, for the benefit of the Hebrews, probably by Matthew, who was the one educated man on the staff of the Nazarene, possibly the only one who could write. Matthew, a banker of Capernaum, very probably was a man with a sufficient degree of culture, foresight and ability to catch those rare sayings and transcribe them.

The book of Matthew is much richer than Mark but less graphic. The author of Matthew gathered together the great and imperishable things he could find anywhere, in the logia, in Mark and in the unwritten traditions of his time. Jesus filtered through the mind of this man who had fixed ideas of a certain kind, among which was that Jesus was the Messiah, so his narrative became an unconscious argument in that direction. He was growing bitter against the conservatism of the Jews and much distressed over their defection. Whatever the mind of the Master was toward the artificial quality of conventional religion, it was intensified and focalized by this man. And as Mark was written for the Gentiles, so Matthew was conceived by a mind which thought in the Jewish attitude, one familiar with the Jewish traditions but who wrote in Greek. It was written possibly in Rome or Alexandria, hardly in Jerusalem. Matthew, unlike Mark, apparently subordinates the chronological to the logical sequence.

The great and imperishable wealth of Matthew is, of course, the Sermon on the Mount, which is found incomplete in Luke and scarcely suggested in Mark. It is not a sermon but a collection of sermons, a collection of great sayings, found in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters. In the eighth chapter the author has grouped a number of miracles probably not performed at one time.

In the thirteenth chapter we find grouped the parables, all of them highly polished literary gems, condensed, graphic. This chapter alone would make the reputation of Jesus as a parable maker. Looked at from a literary standpoint, no one comes within hailing distance except perhaps Tolstoy, who was a great modern preacher by parables. Lincoln also was a parable maker.

The Encyclopedia Biblica gives an interesting elaboration of the mental attitude of Matthew:

> Matthew's parables point less to the inclusion of the Gentiles than to the exclusion of the unworthy Jews. He alone has the saying: "Many are called but few chosen." He seems to move amid a race of backsliders, among dogs and swine unworthy of the pearls of truth, among the tares sown by the enemy, among fishermen who must cast back again many of the fish caught in the net of the Gospel. "The broad way" is mentioned by him alone, and the multitude of those that go thereby, and the guest without the wedding garment, and the foolish virgins, and the goats, and those who even "cast out devils" in the name of the Lord and yet are rejected by him because they "work lawlessness." He alone introduces into the Lord's Prayer the words "Deliver us from the evil (one)." Elsewhere he alone gives us a reason for not being distracted, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Matthew gives the genealogy of Jesus from Abraham, of the House of David. Luke carries it clear back to Adam. In the journey from the north down to Jerusalem, Matthew and Mark take us round east of the Jordan, John through Samaria. One account of the death of Judas makes him hang himself, the other, giving more detail, says he "burst asunder." But these minor differences only re-establish our interest and confirm our faith in the underlying reality.

---

(1) What were the conditions at the time of their writing which account for the differences in the four gospels?

(2) How many gospels have we record of which were once current?

(3) What is the great and imperishable treasure contained in Matthew?

HER LIFE.

She lived and labored midst the lowliest things,
Walked at my side, and talked, and oft did fill
The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings,
With toil, naught questioning if good or ill
Were hers; soft lullabies she crooned at eve,
Like poppies' breath, falling down tenderly
On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave,
To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.
Her life was colorless and commonplace,
Devoid of poetry, I thought it so,
For I was blind, and could not see the grace
That grew through common duties; now I know,
Since she has gone from me and all her cares,
I entertained an angel unawares.

—*Zitella Cocke.*

My Library No. XXVI.

"Their national industry was untiring," says John Lathrop Motley, of the Dutch; "their prosperity unexampled; their love of liberty indomitable; their pugnacity proverbial," he continues. And this was the people who were to find their most accomplished and eloquent historian in his person. It is now more than half a century since "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" captured the reading public, and the author's succeeding volumes have also held their own with almost equal pertinacity. As "source-books" of the spirit of national liberty, Motley's volumes are of quite unequalled worth to the student of American history. As he himself says, "The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty." Hence to all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have a peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race—essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England or Massachusetts." It is hardly conceivable that our own early political fortunes would have been of such a prosperous order, had it not been for the example and the inspiration of the Dutch Republic. Motley's volumes help greatly to keep the Republican spirit up to a high standard, both in kind and devotion. No young voter can very well afford to neglect the reading of such basic works as these, that is, if he wishes to understand the genius, the scope and the mission of his own republic. Something of this sort is universally needed, especially now, to offset the influence of the more superficial, shorter sighted statements and persuasions of much of the "current literature." These latter speak mostly for the day; solid histories speak for all time.

Born and brought up within a dozen miles of Old Fort Stanwix, in Central New York, and almost within sight of the monument that marks the spot where General Herkimer's forces, while going to its relief, were ambushed by Indians of the Iroquois Confederacy; and always now and then going to the city where Fort Schuyler formerly stood, it was natural enough that when but a child I should have become interested in the Red Man and his doings, and should have read more or less that would satisfy curiosity, at least. But, unfortunately, what I had already heard of him was chiefly of the negative and forbidding order. To the people I best knew, the Indian was a cruel, dangerous, disreputable savage only, and the specimens that I occasionally saw said or did little or nothing to remove this impression. Nor did I get rid of it when I read about him in the "Life" of one, Joseph Brant, that chanced to come my way; while reports from the great West that confirmed every prejudice and every misrepresentation came frequently enough to keep me as ignorant and antagonistic as my childish scorn and clenched fists could express.

But how different was it, when in after life I came through the pages of Francis Parkman to learn something like the truth of the matter. Here the accounts of the Indian's nature, his difficulties, his doings voluntary or constrained, his treatment by his white "Fathers," his disillusionments concerning the "Christianity" that was forced upon him, as well as the veracity and reliability of many of its conspicuous and powerful representatives, and especially his final conflicts and struggles for his very existence, and not successfully,—when I came to read all this in Parkman's illuminating volumes, I confess to a change of feeling and opinion that was radical. "A Century of Dishonor" is the way Helen Hunt Jackson characterized our treatment of the Indian, and one has but to read Bishop Whipple's "Lights and Shadows" to see how precisely true her designation was. Of course the Indian was in the white man's way; of course he tried to keep his own, and resented intrusion and theft and cheating; of course he had little or no law to sustain and protect him; of course his native instincts were the only defense he could marshal; of course he proved defiant, self-sufficing, and energetic and revengeful. But William Penn showed that it were better by far to understand him and treat him justly than to do as either the English or French had done as a rule, and proved, too, that the American Indian in all his primeval ruggedness was often more of a man at heart than the civilized white man that out-tricked and overpowered him. Parkman's pages from first to last suggest, reveal and confirm this, if they be read without prejudice or partisanship. Besides, how clear and well-ordered and altogether interesting they are. Working as the author did under the terrible disadvantage of wretched health and professional attentions that were absolutely wide of the mark—a pair of properly fitted spectacles and a slaying of the demon "Exercise" would have saved him years of suffering—it is a wonder indeed that Parkman succeeded in giving the world such full, enduring, reliable and withal such readable volumes, as he did.

Then there is that other heroic historian, with his loss of one eye, and his "study darkened by green screens and curtains of blue muslin which required adjustment with almost every cloud that passed across the sky," in order to save the use of the other, to increase his difficulties beyond calculation, namely, William H. Prescott. When I first read his "Conquest of Mexico" and his "Conquest of Peru" I was simply stunned by surprise at the revelations that any people on the American continent could have attained to such a degree of prosperity and culture as were there described. Save certain superstitions and practices, which, however cruel they seem to us, served not altogether useless purposes for the people themselves, those were nations that in some respects compared favorably with their conquerors, to say the least. It was like reading the pages of a romance, or like seeing some of one's own dreams in a printed book, to come across Prescott and literally swallow him at will. Of course more recent accounts of what is there to be found, while confirming the main features of my first impressions, have modified them somewhat healthily, although I like still to imagine these pre-Columbian democracies, including the Central Americans, the Mound Builders, and all the rest, as being not entirely unworthy the high respect of more modern, and, let us hope, more advanced ones. Certainly some of their features of government as long ago as the eleventh century (A. F. Bandelier) were respectable. Even when the Inca conquered other tribes, they were left to their own devices—"The vanquished remained autonomous, unless so refractory or so reduced in numbers that extermination or removal became advisable." Here was a "policy" that we seem to have hard work to adopt, even after eight

hundred years of advancement! Prescott's books are yet readable—are a sort of food for one's imagination that is wholesome and of long savor.

But of all the American historians that I have read, I must express my preference for John Fiske. No one has been able to present the case more clearly than he, or better to give due proportion to detail, or to build up a more satisfactory perspective. Were I to characterize him it would be, History without rubbish! Nor does he present bare bones only, in any connection. His accounts of men and events are full-fleshed, alive, vivid and convincing. They remind me of the Greek finality—Nothing too much. By way of illustration, take his boiling down of Thomas Hutchinson, the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts, and the difficulties arising from the so-called Whately "Letters." If here is not literary focusing that justifies itself absolutely, then, where is it? "It was Hutchinson's misfortune," says Fiske, "that with such a rigidly legal temperament, he should have been called to fill a supreme executive office at the moment of a great revolutionary crisis." So we see how naturally it followed that "this old Tory Governor, maligned, misunderstood and exiled, but never once robbed of self-respect," never did "flinch a hair's breadth for the sake of personal achievement." Or, look into Fiske's more extended histories anywhere. Columbus sails, and you feel his trials, hopes, struggles and joys as though they were your own. The Puritan lands at Plymouth, and all that is within you sets foot on that hallowed rock by his side. As you ride past the old ruins at Jamestown, you remember how Fiske lovingly describes Virginia and her neighbors, and to your liking, as well. The Dutch in New York and the Quaker in Pennsylvania and all the things that led up to their ever being there, stand out from his pages as if they were all of today and just before you. It is evident that John Fiske loved his work as his friends and the truth alone that belonged to either. An old friend of mine that was his classmate at Middlebury College, went, forty years after, to hear him lecture. At its conclusion he went upon the platform to greet him. The audience were soon amazed, undoubtedly, when they saw the two over-joyed chums with arms about each other actually waltzing about to express more fully than they otherwise could the on-rushing memories of the dear old times. I can imagine John Fiske putting some such ebullience into some of his work, if not all. And it is this, I suppose, that makes his books all so elucidative, convincing and entirely satisfying.

Not in the style of the older historical standbys was the coming of the volumes of John Bach McMaster, by any means. Some people said, upon the appearance of the first volume of his "History of the People of the United States," that no one could write real history from newspaper reports of events, and that McMaster's attempt to do so was only interesting, at best. But "only interesting" served its day, nevertheless, and in my case served it well. The doings of the "People" of our whole country proved to be worth noting and putting into permanent shape. Even their hatreds and local quarrels and stupid blunderings and all the rest that seems so unphilosophical and futile, constitute, after all, quite the basis upon which the more seemly structure of society rests. Out of the account of the rearing of a governmental structure, it will not do to leave the everyday speculating and experimenting of the people altogether. As one reads McMaster's breezy pages, one often feels that what Robespierre said, was right: "The people only demand," said he, "that which is necessary; they only wish for justice and tranquility." And again: "The interest of the people is the general interest,"—words that may well and always be kept in mind by both maker of history and its ultimate recorder. To one interested in the better sort of "news," whether of past or present times, McMaster is a source of enjoyment for many an hour of urgent need of distraction. He may not rank with Thucydides or Gibbon; he entertains, nevertheless, and, what is of more consequence, makes one feel more surely that he is a genuine part of these great United States.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

This is only the first of May, and the war is still raging; and I am told that the book trade has been terribly hurt, because the crowd of readers have been busy reading up about the European struggle. Yet on my table the pile is about as usual. I referred recently to The Rocky Mountain Wonderland, one of Enos A. Mills' books, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Since then I have read it carefully through, and it lies with John Muir's books, where I can reach it for refreshment. It is one of the really good things, full of juice, and fresh air through the branches—that is chapters. It recalls to me Our National Parks, which I took down from the shelves, and shall keep for an afternoon delight till it is used up. Wonderful John Muir! Dear and noble friend! I never saw you, although I heard from you personally a few times. This book alone is a gift to the world. Reading it lengthens life, and makes one so familiar with the world in its best phases that one can afford to live a long while. He was a genuine man, not a trifler. He loved Nature, and every bit of Nature loved him. These pages are to me richer than those of even Thoreau; and as for Burroughs, why there is too much of Burroughs in his books. John Muir is the most unselfish and least conceited of all writers. I advise you to get his National Parks (of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and get a habit of reading a few pages before you go to bed at night—something to take you out of the sordid, and even the common weariness of the day.

I have a few more books here, but they must lie over. They tell me that the war rage in literature is wearing out, and we shall begin to get royalties once more on our books that are pacific in topic and treatment. Ah well! we are glad to hear it. It will restore us to our natural methods of thinking and working; and as for Europe, it has got to readjust itself to justice and good fellowship. The Slavs can no longer be banked in, but must be let loose to do their level best to help us all onward to higher political and social life. The great day is ahead and not behind.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL CONVOCATION WEEK

June 5th to 11th Inclusive

Friends of the School, and all interested in the great problem of immigration and the adjustment of race differences, are reminded that Convocation week at Meadville, which was postponed on account of local conditions, will occur early in June. Announcement of the program, which is substantially that before offered to the readers of this paper appear in the latest Bulletin of the School, and are being sent to the ministers and churches of the Unitarian body and those of other friendly groups. All the speakers previously promised are to be at Meadville; and the change of date has allowed the addition of the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who can come now, but at the earlier date was on the Pacific Coast. There is no question except the War that is more pressing for consideration than that which has to do with the problem of race adjustment in the United States; and since race friction is one of the causes of war, any wise and broad discussion of this question is one contribution to the lessening of those elements of evil feeling in society which lead toward brutal struggles.

To have from the Unitarian fold such leaders of thought and action as Celia Parker Woolley, Abraham M. Rihbany, Mr. Jones and others, and from the public service and academic groups such experts as Booker T. Washington, Graham Taylor, Rev. Dr. Griffis, Professor Ross, Frederick C. Howe and others, is to be privileged to offer to the clergy and laity of the Unitarian communion and to all who desire to come a feast of good things rarely compresed into one week. All desiring information are cordially invited to write to Meadville Theological School for all particulars.

A SELF-MADE PATRIOT.

Those of us who are American-born may occasionally betray a lack of sympathy with our less fortunate fellow citizens who have had to do more than emerge into the world and manifest a disposition to exist in order to qualify as Americans. Some of us do not quite grasp what it means to leave our country, settle in another, and change our allegiance. If you have not thought of the blessing of citizenship from this angle, consider the story of Mane Travica, a Croatian who, the Columbus *Dispatch* explains, really wanted to be an American. In brief:

"He dropt off the train several years ago as it was passing through Milwaukee, and became a 'citizen' of that thriving community. He made application to become a citizen—took out his 'first papers,' as it is called—and settled down to the business of driving a team for a brewery.

"When he underwent the examination now required by the United States Government before granting citizenship papers to an alien, Mane failed to answer the questions satisfactorily. Later he again failed to convince the court.

"The other day Mane showed up in court. Every conceivable question was asked him. He answered all of them. He knew more about this country and its institutions than anybody in court—or just as much. He could read and write our language, and he talked learnedly about our traditions, and explained the spirit of our Constitution. The Court allowed him to become naturalized, and then asked him how he had managed to acquire so much knowledge about our affairs.

"Mane told him. He said that as a teamster he had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to begin his work, and that it was after 9 o'clock when he got home. He could not, therefore, study. That was why he knew so little upon the first two examinations. But he was so anxious to become an American citizen that he had given up his occupation for the time being and had lived on one meal a day while devoting all of his time to study. Then it was easy.

"Does any one doubt that Mane Travica, once a Croatian, is now an American?"—*The Literary Digest.*

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On such a diet as is his,
How much more blissful is our lot
Upon the bill-of-fare we've got!
If he can sing his tooral-ay
Upon the worms that come his way,
I sort of think one strawberry
Should get an anthem out of me.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

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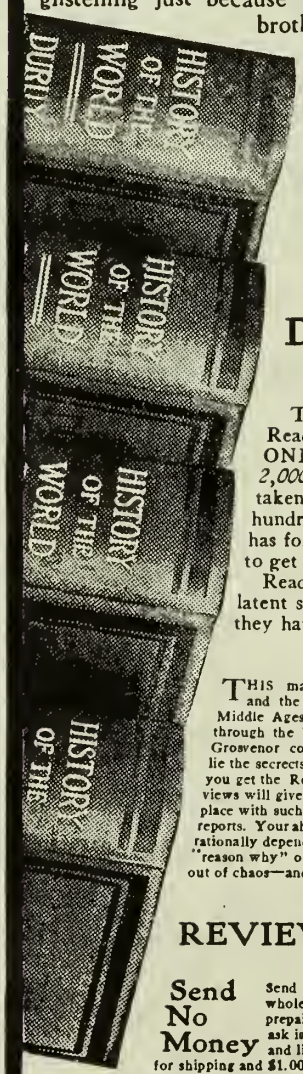

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THE FIELD—
General Conference Program....

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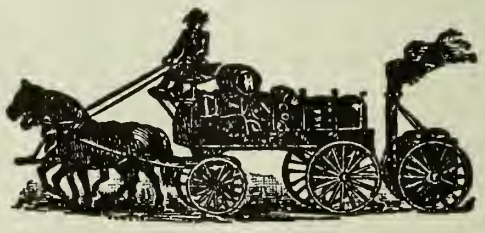

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1915. Number 12

MESSAGES

Ws speed them over the land,
Illimitably along.
We breathe them under the sea,
By our cables dark and strong.
We hurl them into the air,
From shore unto farthest shore,
And soon from mind to quivering mind,
We yet shall wing them o'er!

And then shall a thousand miles
Indeed be shorn of its strength,
And God not seem denied
By the breadth of space and the length.
For if our spirits may fling
Their power and thought afar,
His soul, it may be, to infinity
May spring, from star to star.

—*Cale Young Rice.*

A sympathetic reader of Unity "struck a little incident" recently which she has sent in as a possible "keynote for a 'Note' for Unity." It needs no editing to fit it for the editorial columns of Unity: "In the rest room of our big office building I found a bunch of typewriters and stenographers discussing the topic of the day, the President's demand on Germany, and one little girl was just saying, almost under her breath, 'And the paper says the President wrote it all with his own hands on his own typewriter.' I couldn't but realize that to more than that one little girl her daily occupation had been touched with a new dignity, and I was not conscious of irreverence when my thoughts sprang back to the poem you read last Sunday:

"'He was a carpenter just like me.'"

The Sunday School children of All Souls Church, Chicago, are to have charge of the introductory services at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday, May 30, which is also Memorial Day and which will be "Peace Day" in this church. A special program is being prepared and the minister's sermon will be an introduction to a rendition of Aristophanes' "Peace," which will be rendered on the Sunday afternoon following, June 6, by the Sunday School children under the direction of Mr. Maurice S. Kuhns. For many years under Mr. Kuhns' skilful direction the Sunday School of the Abraham Lincoln Centre has closed its year's work with a dramatic performance intended to intensify and enforce the year's work. In this direction there have been rendered in the years past Longfellows' "Pandora" and his "Judas Maccabæus," a dramatic interpretation of Buddha and his work and "Job," a notable interpretation, which was repeated in Mandel Hall at the University of Chicago to a great audience which was profoundly impressed by the rendition of the children. We have reason to believe that the rendition of this great peace argument written in 421 B. C., and which is strangely modern in its exposition and arguments, will be worthy of a place in the above list.

The annual meeting of the Progressive Friends at Longwood, near Philadelphia, is an institution of long standing and of interesting history. In the old, heroic days before the war Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass and their fellows were wont to declare the full counsels of the Lord as they understood them. The call for this year's meeting on June 4-6 is out, Mr. Frederic A. Hinckley, Presiding Clerk. The call says, "Let us gather with the old enthusiasm for humanity that we may help the world toward justice, equity and peace." On Friday, the 4th, the opening meeting will be at 10 o'clock a. m. At, 11:00 Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago will speak on "Peace—Above All Nations Is Humanity." In the afternoon at 2 o'clock John Haynes Holmes will speak on "From Absolute Monarchy to Pure Democracy in Industry." At 3 o'clock Frederic Hinckley will speak on "Old and New Reasons for Temperance." At 10 o'clock Saturday morning Professor Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania will speak on "Work versus Ownership." At 11 a. m. Miss Maud Gorham of Swathmore College will speak on "Woman Suffrage." At 2 p. m. Frank P. Chisholm, a graduate of Tuskegee, will speak on "The Negro: His Fifty Years of Progress." At 3 p. m. Prof. John P. Lichtenberger of the University of Pennsylvania will speak on "Eugenics, or The Science of Race Improvement." The Sunday morning meeting will be taken up by Frederic A. Hinckley on "America's Mission to the World." Surely the program indicates that the Progressive Friends of Longwood are still progressing, that they are still out on the picket line of reform.

The following greeting comes from far off Vesteros, Sweden: "Love and Peace on Earth! Greetings from this Peace Congress. The First International Peace Congress of Women has been a great success." (Signed) Ruth Randall Edström, Florence Holbrook, Jane Addams, Rosika Schwimmer, under date of May 1, 1915. We are glad to pass it along to the readers

of UNITY, who will rejoice with us in the triumphs of the Women's Congress. Perhaps no direct result will be traceable. Little in this direction was to be expected and, perhaps, the prime movers were the most modest in their expectations, but indirectly the influence will be far reaching. The words spoken at The Hague and, still more, the personalities there assembled will undoubtedly go far, reaching from royal mansion to peasant's cot. These delegates have left a trail of benignity behind them, like Christ's visit to Hades as described by Stephen Phillips. They have modified the climate, lightened up the gloom and shed the fragrance of spring wherever they have gone.

"The Collegiate Anti-Militarism League," the President of which is a Columbia man, the Vice-President a Harvard, the Secretary a Princeton and the Treasurer a Yale man, while the University of New York, Barnard College and Cornell are each represented on the executive committee, carries a clumsy name, but it represents a live body of earnest seekers. Upon investigation they find that in thirty-seven colleges 63,000 students are opposed to the practice of military drill and summer military encampments, while only about 17,000 are in favor of the same. Twenty-two colleges are opposed to military drill while only fourteen favor it. Investigation also shows that military drill does increase the military spirit, thus refuting the argument that "preparedness for war makes for peace." The President, Prof. Carl G. Karston of Columbia, reports that "one of the most significant facts revealed by the letters sent out is that no jingoistic sentiment exists among the students. There is nothing of a desire to build up an army to conquer foreign territory. The possible fate of the Philippines arouses no particular anxiety. The demand for a greater America is barely present. One must rather look for these in the secret chambers of "dollar diplomacy," in the executive offices of the manufacturers of shrapnel and 14-inch guns."

These are the times when would-be teachers of moral and religious theory and practice are summoned to the front. Are our rationalists badly confused by war manipulators? Are the judgments of courts and the administrators of justice in danger of missing their mark and perpetrating injustice? With the President much besieged by the clamorous militants who display impassioned and impetuous rancor when a deliberative body of philosophers is needed, then is the time when the churches should exert their influence, if they have any. Then should preachers declare their visions, if any be vouchsafed them. Among commendable activities in this direction may be mentioned the vigilance on the part of some preachers and some churches in Chicago concerning the action, or rather non-action, of the Illinois State Legislature on temperance lines. Last Sunday, Powers' Theatre was well filled by a representative audience largely of men to listen to a protest against the hanging of Leo Frank, which culminated in a respectful appeal to the Governor of Georgia. This meeting was addressed by many speakers, among whom were Father O'Callaghan of the Roman Catholic Church, Rev. R. A. White of the People's Liberal Church and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Recently the following dispatch was sent to President Wilson: "All Souls Church and its minister send profound thanks for the wise forbearance exercised by you in these trying days. We pray that you may continue to show that diplomacy is higher than war. No indignity can be atoned for by the slaughter of the innocents. Keep the gun unloaded. Kent of California paid you high tribute to my congregation last Sunday." This dispatch brought the following reply:

My Dear Dr. Jones:

The President directs me to thank you for your kind message, and to assure you and the members of All Souls Church of Chicago, Illinois, of his deep appreciation of your generous expressions of confidence. He bids me to thank you also for your thoughtful kindness in sending him the enclosure, which he noted with appreciative interest.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. P. TUMULTY,
Secretary to the President.

Let the forces of righteousness be mobilized. Let the preachers marshal their pacific brigades. Let the students, colleges, public schools and Sunday Schools be aroused by the fluttering of the white bordered banners, be stirred by the logic of peace and be enlisted in the army of love. There is need to enlist the higher courage in this war against war.

Miss Scripps, who bears a noted name in the journalistic world, from which she has received great wealth acquired largely in the newspaper business, and who recently has been spending $175,000 in making an amusement center for her town of San Diego, Cal., has given $100,000 to Knox College, $100,000 for the biological work in California and $50,000 to increase the facilities of a girls' school in San Diego. Slowly but surely the holders of riches are learning that they are the trustees of a bounty in the interest of humanity. At best their right of possession is a passing one and the more honorable the accumulation the more profoundly will the obligation be felt. Let the example of Miss Scripps be laid to heart by other "trustees" of the world's bounty. Immense fortunes are constantly passing into the hands of women and with them a larger life is opening up before these women. Let these favored trustees of destiny learn to think large of their opportunities and study well the prospective of the world's needs. Let them not fritter away a fortune on the small and passing repair-shop

work of the world, but let them turn to the great creative agencies that are bearing humanity forward.

Mr. Norman Angell, who has already conducted two summer schools in the interest of peace, one in Le Toquet, France, in 1913, and one near Bickensfield, England, in 1914, is expected to arrive from London on May 16 to conduct a similar "School of International Relations" at the Cornell University from June 15 to June 30. Two representatives from each of thirty universities and colleges are to have their expenses paid by the Carnegie Foundation. The Church Peace Union is to similarly send twenty students from the theological seminaries of the United States. A few others are to be admitted for a small charge. Dr. George W. Nasmyth, one of the directors of the World's Peace Foundation of Boston, is to have charge of the work, and the students are to be chosen with special reference to their qualities as to leadership. The aim is to make every one a center of fermentation for rational ideas. It is expected that some of them will go into the work as a profession. Ten students already selected are to be sent out on lecture tours immediately after the school closes. This is a wise movement. There is still need of much education on this subject. Even educated men and right-hearted women who hate war flounder in patriotic blindness when it comes to questions of "international honor" and the settlement of disputes between nations. The old question of "The Flag" and "My Country" and the providential function of "My Nation" is involved in a sentimental ignorance of the simplest principles developed by international science and the study of universal interests. College professors, presidents and students are sadly in need of education along these lines. Churches are apathetic, preachers give forth uncertain notes for want of more intelligence on these subjects. Oh, they all "want peace!" They are all ready to sing the angel song at Christmas time, but they are not persuaded that war is first, last and all the time a survival of brute biology and that organized society has outgrown war and its accursed methods. Let the scholars be turned loose that they may work upon preachers, governors, senators and college presidents. The time has come when international warfare is first, last and all the time accursed. It settles no questions except as to which power can be the most successful murderer; which country has displayed the most skill in raising the horn, the fang, the crocodile's armor, the shark's disemboweling instrument, the skunk's stink-pot to their highest human efficiency.

How to Wage a Peaceful War

The possibility of diplomacy has never yet been tried. It is a sad commentary upon our statesmanship that the words "diplomat" and "diplomacy" have come to be used almost exclusively as terms of reproach, as if they carried an element of "crookedness," subtle deceit or hypocrisy. But the fact remains that diplomacy is the main antidote to militancy. The appeal to arms is destined to give way to the appeal to reason. When that time comes the diplomat will come into his full power.

The segregation of the guilty parties, the withdrawing of all public confidence, the forbidding of commercial intercourse, are all possible ways of dealing with lawless members in the family of nations. Among the higher developed animals the troublesome are discarded. The beaver world has its "bachelor" beavers, those who are not worthy of a place in the community, and they are sentenced to live apart. There are "rogue elephants," those who will not play the game of life fair, they are dismissed and are compelled to wander apart in single wretchedness. May not the time come when there will be "bachelor nations" and "rogue powers?"

Apropos to the President's sane letter to the German Powers, J. H. Whigmore, the eminent Dean of the Law School of Northwestern University, has submitted a memorandum to the President of the United States, suggesting the possibility of a "Peaceful War," either carried on by the United States alone or by a union of neutral nations. His suggestion as to how the United States could carry on a "peaceful war" is full of original and creative suggestions. Such a peaceful war could be based on the principle:

(a) That war by human slaughter is wasteful and needlessly cruel, and (b) that a political and commercial boycott is equally effective, and is more civilized, because it does not take away human life forever, but merely restrains liberty temporarily. It would be the civilized successor of war, just as prison and fines are the civilized successors, in criminal law, to the death penalty invariably imposed for all crimes in the crude Middle Ages.

The specific measures that would affect a political and commercial boycott are enumerated as follows:

1. All *bank credits* and other accounts payable to the offending nation, or to its citizens domiciled abroad, would be indefinitely suspended; their payment in any form being neither obligatory nor lawful; and no new ones should be lawfully incurred.

2. All *shipments of merchandise* to that country would be embargoed.

3. All *ships* belonging to that nation and found in American harbors would be impounded by the government; their use to be leased at public auction to our citizens; subject to the service required in paragraph 1 below.

Among the "personal measures" suggested:

1. All *citizens of that country,* now being within this country, would be given thirty days to abjure allegiance to the offending country and to take oath of allegiance to the United States (thus placing them under the criminal law of treason). At the end of thirty days, those failing to abjure would be given another thirty days to leave this country (the impounded ships being used for the purpose). Judicial receivers would be appointed to care for their estates until, after submission of the offending nation, terms were imposed by treaty permitting their return.

2. All *immigrant citizens* of the offending country, arriving here after the beginning of the boycott, would be allowed to land only after abjuring allegiance as above.

This bloodless war could be carried into the printing world as follows:

All *printed matter* in the language of the offending country would be treated as follows: (1) The importation of any such printed matter would be forbidden. (2) The publication in this country of periodicals in that language would be suspended.

Other suggestions are made. We have printed enough of them to show how far-reaching and how practical are the enlightened substitutes for war—brutal, physical, inefficient, and so awful in its wastefulness.

Students of American history need to re-read the life of Thomas Jefferson, to re-examine his argument and his official act concerning the "embargo." He was simply ahead of his time by two hundred years, in this as in so many other respects. What if such a warfare should bring some loss of trade or a disturbance of business? What is such a *calculable* loss compared with the *incalculable* waste of even one day of such wicked wastefulness as is involved in the present war devastation of the world?

Some More Editorial Wanderings

Again the Editor has been on wheels. Two visits were recently made to the Champaign-Urbana University community, the first time to take part in a unique School of Religion, a six weeks course under the joint management of the pastors of this hyphenated town and certain professors of the University of Illinois. The attendance was voluntary, but credit was given for work done under prescribed conditions. The course of study was arranged with a view, primarily, of enlightening and quickening Sunday School workers, present and prospective. All the churches of the community heartily joined. The enrollment was large. The meetings were held in the evening, each session lasting from 7:30 to 10 o'clock. The first period was given to more or less technical class work, the last to a lecture of a more inspirational character, designed to awaken the right emotions and to strengthen right purposes. The Editor spoke on "The Common Elements in All Religions or the Overlapping Territory of the Denominations." It was after nine o'clock in the evening when his number was called. But the large audience seemed not weary and their interest did not flag. We are promised a full account of these meetings and when it arrives we will be glad to add further editorial comment upon this altogether interesting, suggestive and prophetic gathering.

The last visit was under the joint auspices of the Educational Department of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, of which Henry S. Haskell, 407 West 117th Street, New York City, is the Director, and the University Committee, of which Professor John D. FitzGerald is Chairman. The lecture was given in the auditorium of the university and the audience of students was large and their interest was manifest.

On this occasion the lecturer dined with the Cosmopolitan Club, where thirteen nationalities, including members from India, China, Japan, Russia and all the belligerent nations, were represented. It was a concrete demonstration that the hard lines of nations, the assumed antagonisms of principalities and the fundamental differences of races exist only to the militant and to the dogmatic.

Last week the Editor attended the "World Court Congress" at Cleveland, Ohio. These meetings, of which John Hayes Hammond and John Wesley Hill were the prime movers, developed unexpected interest and increasing enthusiasm. The program was a notable one, the speakers were eminent, including ex-President Taft, both the United States senators from Ohio and noted jurists and men of business from various parts of the country. The meeting was most fittingly held in the "Armory," a prophetic suggestion of the high uses to which these embodiments of public money and public interest are eventually to be dedicated. Ex-President Taft's opening address drew together an immense audience and made a profound impression. Mr. Taft has always been consistently sound on Peace questions.

All the speakers were unanimous in their demand that the disputes of nations should be settled by fitting courts of law rather than by an appeal to arms, although there were some haltings on the part of some of the speakers as to applying this principle at once, and living up to the logic of the situation. Perhaps there was too much rhetorical confidence in the "Flag" in some quarters and a disposition to discount the hyphen.

Why are we so prone to disclaim our love for our parents, or at least our grand-parents and great-grandparents? Are not all American citizens very directly "hyphenated Americans?" Is it a crime to love one's grandfather-land as well as fatherland? Is it not possible to love the "Stars and Stripes" all the more because its protecting folds were sought by those who still love the land of their birth and are still proud of the "pit out of which they were dug and the rock out of which they were hewn?"

The Congress made a dent on Cleveland, as the colors everywhere displayed, the large space given to the meetings in the daily papers and the great audiences which crowded the sessions testified. Steps were taken to give permanence to the organization, and if there is room for one more society in the field already burdened with presidents, secretaries and "boards," surely this latest child of a high movement has its claim for a place and for the respect of the public.

Gerrit Smith

Interesting Incidents and Testimonies Brought out by the Publication of his Biography in the Pages of Unity

BY CHARLES E. PERKINS.

The publication of my Life of Gerrit Smith in UNITY has brought to me many letters of uncommon interest, having reference to the period of our country's history in which he was so active, and to his own part in vastly important affairs. Some of these letters are reminiscent, written by persons yet living, who knew Mr. Smith or members of his family. Thinking it likely that readers of UNITY might be glad to share the gratification I have experienced in receiving such letters, I have decided to give extracts from a few of them; and herewith do so.

Rev. Dr. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the first of her sex to be regularly ordained to the ministry of the gospel, and who still lives, and has signalized her intellectual and physical activity, at the age of nearly ninety years, by the bringing out of a book on the philosophical bases of religion within a few months, knew Gerrit Smith intimately, and was often a guest at Peterboro. Mr. Smith took part in her ordination in September, 1853. Writing to me last summer, Dr. Blackwell says:

> At my ordination Gerrit Smith's part was the address to the pastor. He gave us sensible, acceptable words, also to the congregation. Not very long after the ordination an anonymous $100 came to me to be used for the benefit of my work. It is probable that Gerrit Smith was the donor.

Referring to the esteem in which the great citizen was held, Dr. Blackwell writes, in this same letter:

> He (Gerrit Smith) was admired, beloved and believed in in the whole region where he lived, and widely elsewhere.

Then folows this curious anecdote:

> I had a conversation once with a man who lived at a considerable distance from Peterboro, but in that part of the country. He told me he had heard Mr. Smith's addresses and liked what he said so well that he decided to see his personal surroundings, so as better to realize the character of his hero. He happened to arrive at Peterboro at a right time to see Gerrit Smith and me walking and talking together in the garden. It reminded him, he said, of "Adam and Eve walking in the Garden of Eden." He did not enter, but walked to and fro for a time, and then departed, "amply rewarded for his trip."

Dr Blackwell continues:

> I cannot recall the man's name, if I ever knew it, and do not think I met him except on that occasion; but your letter recalls those past days so vividly that the long-forgotten incident comes as freshly to my mind as though it occurred yesterday.

Dr. Lyman Ward, founder and principal of the Southern Industrial Institute at Camp Hill, Ala., writes to me of his delight in the story of Gerrit Smith's life, saying:

> His (Gerrit Smith's) name has been a household word in my family for years. My grandparents were Oneida and Madison County people and always believed in Gerrit Smith. Some years ago, at the home of my cousin in Bridgewater, I saw a bill of sale executed between Peter Smith, Gerrit Smith's father, and my great-uncle, Joel Ives, conveying a slave woman and her children from Mr. Smith to Mr. Ives.
>
> It was my good fortune in the last years of her life to have known Mrs. Miller and her daughter Anne. I was a guest at Lochland once, and this visit is among my most cherished memories. . . . Gerrit Smith was an institution in himself.

Judge Peter Smith, the father of Gerrit, was not a large slaveholder—there were no large slaveholders in New York—but he owned a few blacks, some of whom he sold and others of whom he freed. In the back of the ancient family Bible, now in possession of Gerrit Smith Miller, at Peterboro, on a flyleaf, is a record of the birth of several slaves. After the name of a slave named Pomp the word "Sold" is written; and after the name of a slave woman, Jenny, the following record of manumission, in Judge Smith's handwriting:

> After the death of my beloved wife, Saturday evening, August 28, 1818, I told Jenny in the presence of Rev. Mr. Kitchell and my son Gerrit that she might have her freedom whenever she desired. So would her mistress have done if she had lived.
>
> P. SMITH.

It was necessary that the overseers of the poor should be satisfied that Jenny would not become a public charge upon being freed. Accordingly the case was investigated by those officials, who gave their verdict in the following document, which I found among Judge Smith's papers, which he had written out for them, and they had filed with him as county judge:

> State of New York, }
> Madison County. } ss.
>
> We, the undersigned, Overseers of the Poor of the Town of Smithfield, in said county, do certify that the colored woman named Jenny, now or lately owned by Peter Smith, appears to be under the age of forty-five years and of sufficient ability to provide for herself. And likewise that the female child named Florence, of which the said Jenny is the parent, is about two years of age, and that the said parent is willing and able to maintain and provide therefor.
>
> SAMUEL NICHOLS,
> WRIGHT BRIGHAM,
> Overseers of Poor.
>
> Dated July 29, 1819.

Gradual emancipation had been provided for in 1799, and slavery came to an end in New York in accordance with its wise terms, in 1828. At the date of the freeing by Judge Smith of the bond-woman Jenny, there were only about ten thousand slaves held in the state.

Miss Ellen S. Barnett of Washington, D. C., lived in Peterboro when a child, and has a whole volume of memories of Gerrit Smith and all the members of the Peteboro household. She is a niece of Caroline Freedom King, governess in the Smith home, 1832-35, citations from whose diary kept during the time of her residence, form, according to my notion, such an attractive feature of the early chapters of the Life of Gerrit Smith. Miss Barnett has written me at length of her recollections of the idyllic Peterboro circle, and several years ago she wrote for publication an entertaining article on "How Gerrit Smith Appeared to a Child." I should like to quote from her letters but should not know where or when to stop.

The descendants of Joshua R. Giddings, the distinguished abolitionist member of Congress from northern Ohio, cherish, among the voluminous letters and papers preserved in the family home at Jefferson, Ohio, many letters of Gerrit Smith to Mr. Giddings, and recall the intimate friendship that existed between the two men. In the Giddings' home, they have informed me, Mr. Smith among all the

great leaders in the reform era of the nineteenth century, was held in peculiar veneration and honor.

A particularly interesting letter came to me some two months ago from W. D. Hoard, of *Hoard's Dairyman*, Fort Atkinson, Wis., from which I extract a few paragraphs. Mr. Hoard writes:

> I knew Mr. Smith very well, living in the adjoining town of Stockbridge till my majority in 1857. My father was a strong abolitionist and a friend of Mr. Smith. He lived on a small farm in a very intense Democratic neighborhood. My father, who was the school district clerk, allowed an escaped slave to hold a meeting in the district school house. The result was the raising of a mob among the young Democrats in which my father and the negro were very roughly used.
>
> This incident, I remember, brought a letter of sympathy from Mr. Smith to my father. It was with difficulty that my father could decipher the meaning of what Mr. Smith wrote, owing to his very peculiar chirography. That letter I have never been able to find.
>
> Mr. Smith was a matchless orator. No man I ever heard, not even excepting William Jennings Bryan, could equal him in the wonderful sonority of his voice, its penetrating quality and his command of English. I remember very well when a youth about sixteen, I think, of hearing him defend a German farm hand by the name of Zecker for the alleged crime of killing an old farmer by the name of Buck, in the town of Nelson. The county seat, Morrisville, was crowded with people from all over the county. . . . Mr. Smith's plea was one of the most impassioned utterances I have ever heard. I remember well what a shudder went over the audience as he uttered these words: "Blood! Blood! Blood! The people have grown bloodthirsty." The culminating power of the three first words, each one exceeding the other in thrilling effect, was, as I recollect it, a marvelous exhibition of the power of eloquent speech to move the hearts of men. Zecker was acquitted, although in the sober judgment of those who heard the evidence he was believed guilty.

In the final chapter of the Biography, I have referred to the Zecker murder trial, and given the testimony of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Kennedy, to Gerrit Smith's wonderful plea to the jury, a testimony which agrees in all respects with the impression made upon Mr. Hoard's mind. That Mr. Hoard should retain this impression in all its vividness after nine and fifty years, having heard, in the meantime the greatest orators who have addressed the American public, constitutes a tribute to the great citizen's earnest eloquence of the most convincing character.

Mr. Hoard's reference to the difficulty of deciphering Gerrit Smith's hand-writing recalls my own early struggles with his letters and journals. But I became expert in reading his writing before I finished my task He was not nearly as blind a writer as Horace Greeley, one of whose letters to Mr. Smith I was more than a year in completing the deciphering of. I mean to say that I took it up at intervals for renewed study through as long a period. When the last puzzling word cleared up under my repeated efforts, I breathed a sigh of relief. There was no form or method in Greeley's writing. Gerrit Smith's had its characteristics which, when one had mastered, the reading was not so very difficult.

In bringing his letter to me to a close, Mr. Hoard writes:

> Those old days of anti-slavery agitation were, in my estimation, without a peer in the annals of political agitation in this country. Madison County was a storm center, being the home of Gerrit Smith. His great fortune and wonderful talent were thrown into the balance in support of the cause. . . . I heard Mr. Smith when and wherever I could get a chance before the year 1857, when I removed to Wisconsin. . . . . I shall always retain, as long as I live, a deep affection for Gerrit Smith. It was a blessed thing for this country to produce such a man. For this reason I beg to thank you for what you have written concerning him.

It was with feelings of profound regret that I wrote the words "The End" at the close of my Biography. But, may I confess it? the long and close relations into which my labors brought me with Gerrit Smith, his family and the noble company of his friends, make the country where all are living now more attractive to my thoughts. One day I confidently hope to see them, one and all, in that world in which love and justice reign, and joy is duty and duty is joy.

Keosauqua, Iowa, April 20, 1915.

My Library—No. XXVI.

In one of the so-called "Upanishads" there may be read this most vital prayer:

> Out of the unreal lead me to the real;
> Out of darkness lead me to light;
> Out of death lead me to deathlessness.

Perhaps no one has traced the history of mankind's efforts to find the way out from the evident dualism presented in this prayer, which in many senses may be called the most universal prayer of all, than Paul Elmer More, in the sixth series of his "Shelburne Essays," now numbering altogether some ninety or more, and gathered into eight permanent volumes. It certainly was a happy day when their author set out to write them; may he live long to continue them in ever-diversifying scope and manner.

In these essays one finds just the extra light and suggesting and prodding that one so often actually needs, even after having read very much of what has been said respecting the most ordinary of their themes; while, when one comes to his treatment of matters that are by no means so ordinary, one is almost flooded with elucidation that is final and judgment that convinces. In this, what a difference from what one derives from the commonplaces of even the "critical" reviewer, as he usually presents his subject. In Mr. More's distinctive phrases, people live over again, or rather have never died, and give out new aspects of themselves and the things they were most interested in By comparison, reading More is like passing from a field of stubble and weather-spoiled grain to one that is resplendent and redolent with leaf and blossom and fruit that have caught every sunbeam of the entire summer.

Especially have I been struck by the truth-provoking insight which Mr. More has exhibited respecting the obscurities and intricacies of the things that have most interested esoterics everywhere. For instance, his "Drift of Romanticism" is a volume replete with flashes of helpfulness respecting the nature of this particular "drift," one that has more often perplexed if not disgusted those who have tried to understand it, than otherwise. Even after reading George Brandes' six big volumes on the literary aspects of Romanticism, to say nothing of what Heine and DeQuincey and Royce and others have said, one has need nevertheless to con as carefully as possible what More has to say before thinking himself fully prepared for anything like a fair conclusion. Upon every revelation of theirs, More has reflected a light

that brings into sharp differentiation that which before was too vague to be satisfactory.

And so it is with respect to his studies and writings upon the sources and history and promise of man's religious and philosophic yearnings and experiences. Here, too, there is so much that is helpful, that one must look far for anything that is quite their equal. Passing from what was current in "The Forest Philosophy of India," through discussions of such varied students and experimenters as St. Augustine, Blaise Pascal, Bunyan and Rousseau, even unto what modern scientists have made current today, this volume is at once a guide and instructor and convincer that one has seriously to reckon with at almost every step of the way, and again most certainly at the end also. Then add to this his sun-clear account of the life and death of Socrates and its significance for our present times, and one finds oneself quite capable of subscribing to More's final summary, as after all the one thing most needed at the present time for an as yet superstition beridden world, namely: "By his life and death, he gave to doubting men renewed assurance that virtue is the only real happiness, more to be desired than riches or honor or favor of life itself, and that there is a lamp of truth to guide us in virtue's path." Certainly, as compared with the Nitschean "Will to Power," Socrates may be wisely considered the better inspiration and guide. How clear, too, does More make the meaning of the old and ever new conflict between Infinite and finite, Eternal and temporal, mind and matter, soul and body, mortal and immortal, and all the rest, stand out; and how none the less clear also does he make the many speculative attempts to bring these contending or diverse notions into one philosophic or religious concept and then to deify this with all the energy and persistence of agonized souls—a success by no means as yet evident and probably never to be evident, so long as facts are as they are and not as someone may imagine them to be. In fact, the All-abiding and the All-transitory are to remain as they ever have been in unresolvable diversity; and More shows us how every attempt to marry them into some mystic or rational unity, while undoubtedly affording comfort meanwhile to few or many, in no wise assures the world that such a union has ever been or ever will be a permanent one. At least, the longing and speculating and imagining world, with all its claims otherwise, has not yet found out the bridge imaginary or rational that the soul can cross from diversity to unity with anything like satisfying certainty. Nor has the Creating and Revealing Spirit yet said how this is ever to be done, or when. In the meantime, *In luce veritas* must be the only comprehensive watchword. "I will lead you" must also be read, "I will be led."

So again it is when More comes to discuss such a book as G. Lowes Dickenson's "Justice and Liberty," or his "Greek View of Life." Here again in either case he is so masterful of the subject that he takes you along to his conclusion without noticeable resistance from either your prepossessions or your distinct knowledge. Let him likewise offer his thoughts about, say, "The Pragmatism of William James," or about Matthew Arnold or Walter Pater, or about any other one of his numerous topics, and one feels the contact of a knowing, truthful, skilful man and writer, one, too, who has learned the happy art of condensing his matter, saying what he means, and—stopping!

I have asked myself many times, What it is in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Essays" that keeps me from quite unreservedly yielding to their distinctive spell, even while granting all the desirable qualities that have been so universally accorded them? Nor am I able satisfactorily to answer it now. One thing comes to mind, however, that may serve until something more exact is discovered. Those who have read his Life and especially his Letters will remember that he served an apprenticeship that was unique so far as imitation of various favorites could go, and so far as rigid construction and criticism of his own work could discipline him for ultimate determination as to what the standard for his own matter and style was to be. Quite probably all his later writings show the effects of this to an extent that more or less veils the actual Stevenson who did the writing. There is such a thing as too finished a style, too abstract a conception and treatment, too exalted a standard, to be exactly applicable to the given author. In either of these cases, the writer is apt to be elusive and uncompanionable. I sometimes think, or rather feel, that Stevenson, with all his apparent frankness and affability, was yet something more than his deep or canny Scotch nature would let him fully reveal.

However this may be, and I suppose to most readers it appears as simple nonsense, Stevenson's volumes are so worth owning and reading that My Library would be "queer" were they not conspicuously on its shelves. "Familiar Studies" especially do I like, and no one can read "Virginibus" or "Memoirs and Portraits" without developing a liking, as well. Then there is "Across the Plains," with its chapter, "The Lantern Bearers," from which Professor James quoted to me so felicitously, once upon a time, and with such a glow of praise for the Stevenson he had known and loved! On the whole, however, were I to select my choice of Stevenson for a castaway hour, it would be none other than the indescribable, unsurpassed "Travels with a Donkey"! How my heart does throb with undisguised companionableness, when I read, "A little out of the village, Modestine (was ever a beast so gently cognomened), filled with the demon, set her heart upon a byroad, and positively refused to leave it." Ah, "filled with the demon!" Why not? Forsooth was not ancient Socrates likewise filled with the demon, and would not budge an inch, in consequence? 'Tis ever thus, the Old can become married to the New, and the world be allowed the ever and ever blessed privilege of learning that philosophers and donkeys are a caste just by themselves, not to be neglected by anyone who can kill or even "chastise," so be it ostensibly for the unalloyed satisfaction of his own differing notions!

Nor would I forget Stevenson's unique volume of "Prayers," with all their cheery, sweet notes, almost from the Just Beyond! I happen to know of one pain-crushed body and spirit who was lifted and comforted by these, as by none others. I would that millions more might have their similar benefaction. Perhaps after all I would better take back what I said about the veiling of Stevenson's selfhood, and see if the veiling does not more appropriately belong—perhaps to my own unseeing self, instead. Such

things have happened in the writing-reading world not infrequently. I trust it is no unforgivable sin if once again a similar mistake has been made.

Speaking of Stevenson and More very naturally leads one to remember the earlier French Essayist, Sainte-Beuve, who in his celebrated "Monday Chats" (*Causeries du Lundi*) and "Portraits," gave the reading world pictures of the celebrities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that are as interesting as romances and as instructive as set biographies. Of course the subjects are very largely French; but as our own Franklin as well as several Englishmen are included, one does not feel entirely in a foreign land, on account of this. Although Sainte-Beuve has been more or less disparaged as a critic, it is very certain that his insight and skill and prodigious industry and withal his independent spirit, has made the day when he turned from the pursuit of medicine to the vocation of authorship a happy one to multitudes of readers, who, without his help, would have mostly remained in ignorance of the subjects he so lucidly portrayed. Undoubtedly his inner change of sentiment from provincialism to a truer catholicity, his friendship for Louis Napoleon, his delving on many years as "a workman by the piece and by the hour," as he says, until in fact he came to look upon himself "as a player forced to go on acting at an age when he ought to retire, and who can see no term to his engagement," even his unswerving truthfulness, all made it hard for him to do his best at times; but his industry, coupled with a temper that was unremittingly happy, made it possible for him to write as one wishes many another might write upon the lives, the politics, the religion, the philosophy, of his own land.

Such a shelf of volumes as those comprising "The English Men of Letters" series, it is difficult to find the right word for. First, they were edited by John Morley, a man in whom it is natural to place literary confidence, and who never makes you feel a mistake has been made. Then they were written by authors who knew not only their subjects proper, but the setting in which they were to be found, as well. Hence as one reads, one after the other, "Chaucer" and "Milton" and "Fielding" and "Spenser" and "De Foe" and "Johnson" and all the rest, one not only gets an accurate and vivid portrayal of the many described, but an equally interesting account of his *milieu*, as well, and so is most delightfully made master of the whole of English history that is best worth knowing.

And quite the same may be said of the sister series, "The American Men of Letters." Here "Poe" and "Hawthorne" and "Ripley" and "Margaret Fuller" and "Emerson" and the others are seen as they appeared to their contemporaries, such as Higginson and Sanborn and Holmes, and so on. Through the clear eyes of these able delineators, we, too, can see, and the goodly vision never palls or blinds.

Speaking of "Series," reminds one of the contemporaneous list of "American Statesmen," after much the same style. To one who has need to get a vital sense of what certain exceptional individuals have had to do in building and preserving our United States, here is a help that almost exceeds every other that I know of. As "Footnotes to History" they should not be neglected. Indeed, owning them might be something for most households to be exceptionally proud of.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVI.
Luke

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. vi:31

The great radical critic, Ernest Renan, called the book of Matthew "the greatest book ever written." Canon Farrar has told us that the book of Luke has earned the praise of being "the most beautiful book that has ever been written." Perhaps this morning we may be able to see how on the severest rationalistic ground, judged by the standards of literary excellence and spiritual influence, both these men were right. Matthew still looms up as the greatest book ever written because it alone gives us the Sermon on the Mount, and it alone gives us some of the greatest and most imperishable parables. There we reach the highlands of literature, the tablelands of the spirit. The Book of Luke is from a literary standpoint almost self-interpreting. There is little doubt in the minds of the critics that whoever wrote them, the books of Luke and the Acts are the work of one hand. These books, almost after the fashion of modern authors, each have a preface, an introductory word. It is literal vivisection to tear apart the two books which should be printed one following the other.

The name Theophilus, to whom the introductory words are addressed, indicates that he was a Greek and a nobleman. He seems to have been a literary companion of Luke, interested in the movement, a lover of books, perhaps, of whom we know nothing except as he is addressed by this unknown writer. By inference the name of Luke has been attached to this book, as Matthew was attached to the Gospel bearing his name.

There are some very interesting passages in the book of Acts which suddenly drop from the third person singular into the first person plural, known by the critics as the "we" passages. They have the earmarks of being a diary of someone who accompanied Paul on his journeys. Only three times does the name of Luke appear in the New Testament, each time in the letters of Paul. Writing to the Colossians incidentally and affectionately he speaks of him as "the beloved physician," to Philemon he mentions "Luke my fellow-worker" as being with him in Rome, and to his dear young colleague Timothy, speaking of his disappointment over the men who have left him, says, "Only Luke is with me."

So by constructive study, scholars have come to the conclusion that the "we" passages were written by Luke, and by the same sort of a process they infer that the man who wrote these two books was someone who had access to this diary and quoted from it. He must have been a Hebrew scholar, knowing the Hebrew scripture as one from the inside. He also wrote in the best Greek of the New Testament writers, Paul not excepted, unless it be the author of the little book of James. While a Greek scholar, authorities think

he must have had a Jewish background to his mind and culture, and they form the conclusion that he was an Hellenistic Jew, one of the many Jews who had been scattered abroad at that period, which represents the Jew at his best in point of scholarship, freedom and culture. As a Hellenistic Jew, living somewhere in one of the thought centers of Asia Minor, where there were many rallying points of the new movement, Luke came into the zone of Paul's influence. This unknown author picked up the material at hand and wrote the connected story.

In the intensive study of this book, differentiating it from the companion biographies of Matthew and Mark, you realize that you are in the atmosphere of a Universalist, not in the denominational or sectarian sense, but in the atmosphere of one who believes that sect and race lines fade in the faith of the new movement. He resents the narrowness of certain Jews who wish to fence in the message of the Nazarene.

This author frankly and, oftentimes, quite literally, uses material from Mark, indicating that he had that book before him; so when the three, Matthew, Mark and Luke, have the same material, it is clear that Matthew and Luke borrowed from Mark. But there is an interesting line of argument showing that it is very doubtful whether the author of Luke knew Matthew, else he would surely have quoted the Sermon on the Mount as a whole and not have broken it into three pieces. However, this is to be expected because they were not contemporary. Professor Christie puts Luke quite at the end of the century. Mark was in the stream of Petrine traditions and had spent his earlier years in Jerusalem when Peter was building up the new movement. Luke came into the stream of tradition that caught Paul, and he picked up some things of surpassing value that Matthew and Mark did not have.

It would be difficult to find a critic more satisfying from an appreciative standpoint of literary criticism than Canon Farrar, although for better technical and analytical criticism there are higher authorities. Farrar was a preacher more than a critical student. He has summed up the characteristics of the four biographies in this way:

St. Matthew's is the Gospel for the Jews; the Gospel of the Past; the Gospel which sees in Christianity a *fulfilment* of Judaism; the Gospel of Discourses; the Didactic Gospel; the Gospel which represents Christ as the Messiah of the Jew.

St. Mark's is the Gospel of the Romans; the Gospel of the Present; the Gospel of incident; the anecdotal Gospel; the Gospel which represents Christ as the Son of God and Lord of the world.

St. Luke's is the Gospel for the Greeks; the Gospel of the future; the Gospel of progressive Christianity of the universality and gratuitousness of the Gospel; the Historic Gospel; the Gospel of Jesus as the Good Physician and the Savior of Mankind.

St. John's is pre-eminently the Gospel for the Church; the Gospel of Eternity; the Spiritual Gospel; the Gospel of Christ as the Eternal Son, and the Incarnate Word.

He says further: "St. Luke wrote in Greece for the Hellenic world." In this he is hardly justified, but he did write *for* the Greeks.

In style this Gospel is the purest; in order the most artistic and historical. It forms the first half of a great narrative which traced the advance of Christianity from Jerusalem to Antioch, to Macedonia, to Achia, to Ephesus, to Rome. Hence it neither leans to the yearnings of the past nor is absorbed in the glories of the present, but is written with special reference to the aspirations of the future. It sets forth Jesus to us neither as the Messiah of the Jews only, nor as the Universal Ruler, but as the Savior of sinners. It is a Gospel not national, but cosmopolitan; not regal, but human. It is the Gospel for the world; it connects Christianity with man. Hence the genealogy of Jesus is traced not only to David and to Abraham, but to Adam and to God.

There are six miracles and five parables peculiar to Luke. The parables are those of the two debtors, the good Samaritan, the importunate friend, the rich fool and the barren fig-tree. There are four parables which I have called the four-square of the Gospel, viz.: The stories of the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the Sower, and Dives and Lazarus. These enclose the essentials of the message which Christianity has tried to give to the world. Worked out, thought out, loved out and lived out, they would make a life of beauty. We would not have had the story of the Good Samaritan had it not been caught by this Hellenistic Jew who wrote about the end of the first century.

There is a clear line of reasoning which is most interesting and which leads the critics to feel quite sure that this book was written after Jerusalem capitulated to Titus 70 A. D. Luke writes in the guise of prophecy that which was history,—the thing had happened, the Temple had been destroyed stone by stone.

There is much in this Gospel that shows that Luke's sympathies were with the poor, with the Ebionites, a sort of communistic band who espoused the cause of poverty. In his version of the Beatitudes Matthew says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Luke has it, "Blessed are ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."

If the contents of these three biographies which we call the "Synoptics" should be represented by 100, the original material out of that 100 used by Matthew is about 34 per cent, Mark's original is only 7 or 8 per cent and Luke has the balance, which is perhaps 56 or 58 per cent.

Let us not be satisfied to gain a dead level respect for the New Testament, to like it because it contains many good things and is the handbook of Christianity. We want Matthew, Mark, Luke and John to stand before us with as distinct features as would four friends. Let us have more than a mere composite photograph of Jesus.

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(1) Give some of the reasons for attributing Luke and Acts to the same author.

(2) Where does the name of Luke appear in the New Testament?

(3) What were Luke's "sources"?

(4) What are the points in Canon Farrar's appreciation of Luke?

(5) Give parables only found in Luke?

THE JOURNEY.

We were so young, so glad,—is it not so?
And joining hands we frolicked in the sun
Glad with the flowers and birds,—is it not so?
And no one said us nay,—not one.

Today we are surprised,—is it not so?
That all the lovely morning hours are gone,—
Surprised at our own faces, that they show
Us different than we were at dawn.

We are surprised,—a little. Even so
The summit has perspectives to the sun
Glad with the flowers and birds, come, let us go
No one shall say us nay,—not one.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE STUDY TABLE

A New Book by Alexander Webster

In the last ten years I have heartily commended to the readers of UNITY two books by Alexander Webster, for many years the eloquent leader of the Unitarians in Aberdeen, Scotland, a man of unusual ability as preacher and writer, who, by force of character and grace of personality, made himself for a long period a power for good in the educational and philanthropic activities of that city. One of these books was a novel of real merit, the other his own life-story. I wish now to call attention to another little book which he sent out on his recent seventy-fifth birthday, from his bed where he lies as an invalid, able only to write and make card games for the Belgian relief fund!

This last book of 150 pages (price, 50c) is entitled, "Theology in Scotland," which the reader will at once decide is a dry, uninviting theme. All "theology" is, in these days, viewed with disgust or indifference by most people, and surely *Scotch* theology must be exceedingly uninteresting or repellant. However, Mr. Webster has made the pages of this little book glow with intense human interest. This is no chip-basket of scripture texts; no dull web of mystical speculations remote from practical tasks; no arid exposition of dogmas which merely hang in the air; no tangled mass of theological controversies, which shine with the wrath of God or the anger of the writer against his opponents. We find ourselves face to face with a modern man, to whom "theology" is the science of life; whose religious horizon is as wide as history; whose religious life feeds on literature rather than rite and dogma; whose religious faith is as modern as the sun, incorporating the scientific discoveries and social yearnings of the present; and whose religious hope is throbbing with the heart-beat of universal Humanity, alive with love for grace and truth wherever found.

This little book has six chapters; the themes present a wide range of interest, while the discussion of each is vital and vitalizing. The first, "Development of Theology in Scotland," made a marked impression when given at the International Unitarian Congress in Boston a few years ago. In the second, "Revolt Against Calvinism in Scottish Literature," it is shown how Scotch writers have run to naturalism and humanism rather than in the ways of dogma. The fourth and fifth chapters deal in a most interesting way with Macdonald, Stevenson and Drummond. The whole book deals largely with personal and literary elements. The last chapter discusses suggestively and helpfully "A Vital Religion for the Scots People."

The most original chapter in the book is the third, entitled: "The Religious Message of Robert Burns." Mr. Webster has made himself a master of the subject, upon which he throws much light. He shows how the poet's mind was liberated and ennobled by certain Unitarian books which came into his hands as a boy. This chapter alone gives the volume worth and distinction. It presents a valuable contribution, which helps to explain this remarkable poet; a most admirable piece of work.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

New Books

I have waited cheerfully while the life of Gerrit Smith has been in the process of being written and published in UNITY. It seems only yesterday when Mr. Smith was a power in the social formation of America. I remember well when for the first time I came across his Ethical Grading—when in a superb oration he told the people that the true aim of the country was not patriotism but philanthropy. His Grading ran after this manner: first, manly selfhood; second, family dignity and purity; third, national honor; fourth, internationalism with justice as the basis; followed by human fellowship and finally sonship with God. The only religion that he recognized was that love of human kind, that universal justice that culminates in the religion of Jesus. He was a Christian in that sense and that only. This instruction, coming to me in my boyhood, was of vast value.

When I was in Hamilton College, in 1850, no name was more commonly used in association with independence and fun, alike, than that of Gerrit Smith. He was nothing of a Puritan during the Puritanic era of his college life. He liked to play cards, and he did it in spite of President Backus and College Laws. They used to tell that he went to the janitor's room, with half a dozen boon fellows—which the President suspected. Backus was of enormous build, and wore boots of bulk and weight. Taking a pair in his hand he went into the janitor's room, asking him to take them to the village to be mended. "Very well," said the janitor, "lay them down doctor, and I will see to them." The doctor strided up in front of the bed, and flung them under with energy. This was followed by an emphatic groan. Lifting the valance, the President discovered Smith, and asked with pretended astonishment why he was there. Gerrit rolled over pathetically toward the doctor, and replied: "President Backus! I am just now meditating on the mutability of empires." This was the President's topic in class room.

At about eleven years of age, while my father was milking his cows in the street, not far east of the College, and I was playing at this and at that, a man drove down the hill in an uncovered plain buggy; and when he came to my father he stopped and the milking stopped. The conversation that followed was full of friendly good cheer and not a little laughter. When he drove on my father said to me: "Remember that you have seen Gerrit Smith—a man of almost unequalled value." Not long before that he was Trustee of the College, or recently had been; but he had become very broad in his religious views, and had lost popularity with the hierarchy. Hamilton College, like other colleges, had its financial difficulties, and during Smith's official term these difficulties became very troublesome. He proposed to pay all the debts and the current expenses of the college, if they would turn over to him its general management, and to some extent the curriculum. This offer was refused, and the end was entire separation from his Alma Mater. I am very glad that the book will soon be within reach of us, and while I do not expect to see old times return, I feel that much of the best of the twentieth century was due to Gerrit Smith and a few other men like him.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Every man or woman is one of mankind's dear possessions; to his or her just brains, and kind heart, and active hands, mankind entrusts some of its hopes for the future; he or she is a possible well-spring of good acts and source of blessings to the race.

MON.—What Christ taught was not a code of rules, but a ruling spirit; not truths, but a spirit of truth; not views, but a view.

TUES.—The soul asks honor and not fame; to be upright, not to be successful; to be good, not prosperous; to be essentially, not outwardly, respectable.

WED.—I can think of no more melancholy disgrace for a creature who professes either reason or pleasure for his guide than to spend the smallest fraction of his income upon that which he does not desire. . . . Benjamin Franklin went through life an altered man because he once paid too dearly for a penny whistle.

THURS.—To go on forever and fail and go on again

* * * *

With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right.

FRI.—For it is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.

SAT.—If I have faltered more or less
In my great tasks of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE NEW HOUSE.

My little house is very young;
No shadow makes its grave.
With bluebird chintz and roses hung
Its chamber windows wave.

Here never blind-eyed grief has knocked
And entered groping in.
The doors that seem so free, are locked
As yet to Death and Sin.

Here only happy wondering dreams
Walk nightly to and fro.
They are the friends of white moonbeams,
And simple as the snow.

My little house is very young,
And very unaware
That dreams are wrought and songs are sung
In any subtler air.

Oh, might I keep its bluebirds bright,
Its hearth still warm and gay!
Oh, might my House but know delight,
And not be dark some day!

—Fannie Stearns Gifford.

The Real Discoverers

Uncle Robert had been explaining how messages could be sent back and forth between two far-apart places without any wires at all,—just telegraphed right through plain air! It was certainly very surprising! Morry and Paine went out on the doorsteps to talk it over.

"No, nothing but great tall poles at the places where you send them and get them,—the messages, I mean. You send them straight through nothing!"

"He said you set little waves moving in the air and they go all the way across to the other place."

"Yes," Uncle Robert's voice said. "And I really think the bunnies discovered it."

"Our bunnies?"

"No, not ours, but their great-great-great-grandfathers—oh, a great many greats!—way back to the first bunny family that ever was. They were the ones that discovered wireless telegraphy. I think they ought to have the honor. If there's a splendid statue ever made, I think it ought to have a big cottontail bunny on top of it!"

"Oh," laughed both small boys at once, "tell us why, Uncle Robert! My, a statue to bunnies!"

"Well, in the bunny family, when there is any danger from an enemy,—and the poor little wild bunnies are surrounded by enemies on every side,—the different members of the family telegraph a warning to each other.

"'Run! There's an enemy coming!' they telegraph, and all the bunny boys and bunny girls and the grown-up bunnies that get the message go scurrying, hurrying into their holes. I tell you, they don't wait a minute. The messages go a good many hundred feet sometimes."

"Through nothing, Uncle Robert—I mean air? Do they send them through the air?"

"No, through the ground. They stamp on the ground very hard with their strong little hind legs when they are alarmed. And they do it on purpose to warn the rest of the family at a distance.

"'Run! Run! Run for your lives!' The little message is carried through the ground much as our wireless messages are through the air. Little sound-waves are set in motion, one after another."

"Well," breathed Morry, "come on, Paine; let's go out and honor the discoverers' great-great-grandbunnies in our backyard!"

Youths' Companion. *—A. H. Donnell.*

MY GIFT.

What the gift that I may bring
For the Prince's cradle meet?
'Tis no costly offering
I may lay beside his feet.

Not of gold, as wise men brought,
For my store is very small,
But the gift of reverent thought,
Quick to list when He doth call.

Not the frankincense of old,
But some fragrance, if I may,
Of good deeds which, we are told,
Rise to God and seem to pray.

Nor the myrrh, though costly too,
But the love that serves instead,
Helping spread the Kingdom true,
Promised in that lowly bed.

From the Christian Record. *—Benjamin R. Bulkeley.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

GENERAL CONFERENCE PROGRAM

The program of the biennial meeting of the General Conference of the Unitarian and other Christian churches, to be held in San Francisco, Cal., follows:

Tuesday

4:00 p. m. Meeting of the Council at Hotel Normandie.

8:15 p. m. Opening Service, First Unitarian Church, Conference Sermon by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., President American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

Wednesday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

10:00 a. m. Address by the President of the General Conference, William Howard Taft, LL.D., New Haven, Conn.

10:25 a. m. Election of Assistant Secretaries and appointment of Committees.

10:35 a. m. Report of the Council by the Chairman, Rev. Minot Simons, Cleveland, O.

11:00 a. m. Address by Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph.D., St. Louis, Mo. "The Service of Theological Thought to the Religious Life."

11:45 a. m. Discussion.

12:30 p. m. Address, Henry M. Williams, Esq., Treasurer, American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

12:50 p. m. New Business.

Adjournment.

Wednesday Afternoon

1:30 p. m. Laymen's Luncheon.

Luncheon of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Minister's Luncheon.

4:30 p. m. Reception to the General Conference in charge of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Wednesday Evening

8:15 p. m. The Everlasting Necessity of Religion.

1. In Personal Experience.
2. Organized, Rev. Albert R. Vail, Urbana, Ill.
3. Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, D.D., New York.

Thursday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

Latent World Peace Forces in the Churches.

10:00 a. m. Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., Secretary of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

10:30 a. m. Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., Manchester College, Oxford, England.

11:00 a. m. David Starr Jordan, LL.D., Chancellor, Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

11:30 a. m. Discussion.

12:00 m. Report of Committee on Ministers' Salaries, Prof. Henry W. Foote, Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.

Discussion.

1:00 p. m. Adjournment.

Thursday Afternoon

2:30 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, William Howard Taft, LL.D., President of the General Conference, presiding.

ADDRESS

David Starr Jordan, LL.D., Chancellor, Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

ADDRESS

Rev. William I. Lawrance, Secretary, Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

4:00 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Young People's Religious Union.

Thursday Evening

8:15 p. m. General Topic:

"Democracy the Goal of Social Progress."

1. *Hon. William Kent, Kentfield, Cal.
2. Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer, Meadville Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pa.
3. Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Uncertain.

Friday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

10:00 a. m. Address, "Intellectual Enthusiasm and the American College," President William T. Foster, Reed College, Portland, Ore.

Discussion.

10:45 a. m. Recommendations of Commission of 1913 on Ordination of Ministers.

Discussion.

11:15 a. m. Report of Committee to consider receiving ministers from other Communions. Henry W. Sprague, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.

Discussion.

12:00 m. Business session.

1:00 p. m. Adjournment.

Friday Afternoon

2:30 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Friday Evening

8:15 p. m. The Unitarian Proclamation.

Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, Boston, Mass.

Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

Announcements

Headquarters will be at First Unitarian Church, San Francisco.

On Thursday evening, August 26th, an overflow meeting will be held in the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, under the auspices of the General Conference for the benefit of the large Unitarian population on the east side of the Bay. The speakers will be announced later.

Saturday, Aug., 29 1915

First Unitarian Church, Oakland, Cal., National Federation of Religious Liberals. Morning, afternoon, evening.

TOPICS

"Interdenominational Fellowship and Co-operation," "Sympathy of Religions," "Inter-racial Justice and Good Will."

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Rabbi Meyer, Dr. G. R. Dodson, Dr. D. I. Jordan and others will speak.

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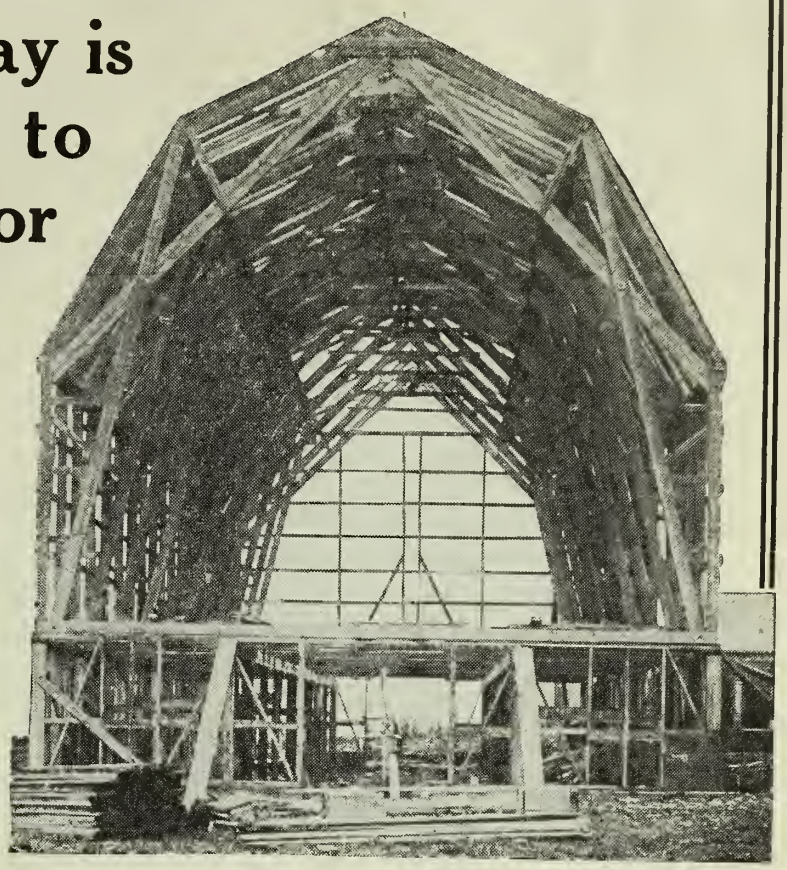

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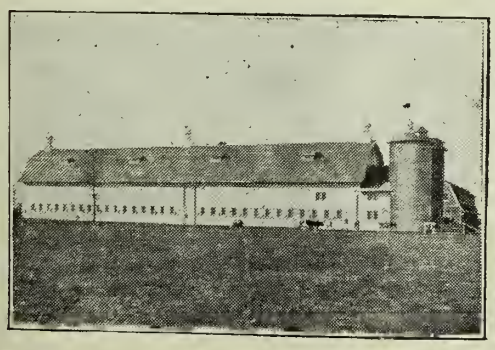

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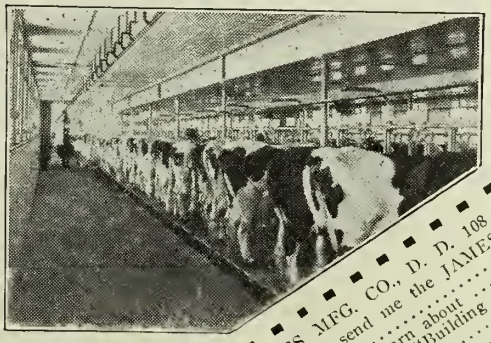

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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 27, 1915 Number 13

UNITY

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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Edward Payson Powell
(*See Editorial*)

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1915. Number 13

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
Where the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed,
He did it well.
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old
And hope-inspiring words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For man must feed
As well as pray.
What was his creed?
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
In faith his words were never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.
He took the lead
In each good task.
What was his creed?
I did not ask.

He put his trust in God, and worked
Ever along with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
Our lives amend,
Adopt his creed,
Nor fear the end."

—*E. P. Powell.*

The latest thing in "Leagues" is the proposed "Boycott the Fly League," which is to be organized in Chicago, and which is to seek the support of the City Council and the State Legislature with a view of compelling all dealers in food products, drugs, etc., to join in the war. Committed as we are to peace, we commend this warlike movement.

The Knights of Pythias of the city of Chicago have taken active measures to "separate their lodge halls from the buildings in which saloons and other sources of lawlessness are found." They also have taken steps to photograph all undesirable lodge-hall buildings in the city and have sent pictures of the same to the Mayor of Chicago, and have urged similar action on the part of the Odd Fellows and other fraternal societies. Thus, slowly but surely, the lines are closing in around General John Barleycorn and his motley army. They are facing death from thirst, if they don't capitulate in time to save their lives; for the country is "drying up," the drought is spreading and is felt in all sections of the world.

Last Sunday the Blackstone Hotel, the latest, best and most fashionable thing in the way of a hotel in Chicago, closed its bar, indicating its readiness to respect the Sunday law, a law which has always been openly defied in Chicago. The other hotels have announced their intention of staying in the ranks of the law breakers until they are all ready to quit together. Why not? That is the next step to take. The builders of the Blackstone have announced in connection with this step that they foresaw the coming of prohibition and their bar room was so planned that it could be dispensed with without disturbing the utilities and the beauty of the building. Let others go and do likewise. It is coming sure, and it behooves landlords to get ready for it.

The American Prison Association announces that its Congress for 1915 is to be held in Oakland, California, October 2-7. A special train tour will be made from Chicago to Oakland under the personal direction of the President and Secretary. This will give those interested in this work at least six days of delightful communion in an informal way where the mountains will mingle with the hopes for all men and the scenery will inspire them to plot and plan for the establishment of justice and the installation of wiser methods in the handling of those maimed in spirit and crippled in will. Joseph Byers of Trenton, New Jersey, is the President of the organization and George L. Schon, 1086 Baxter Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky, is Secretary.

Erving Winslow, a Boston man, whose interesting insight into national and international affairs would place him in Congress if Boston only knew its opportunities and its duty, has a wise word in the Boston *Advertiser* of May 15 on international action. He thinks that representatives of the South American nations, along with those from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal and Spain, might assemble for a short time in Washington, where they would undertake to "rebuild the shattered fragment of international law." He says international law will become a real entity when supported by world opinion, that that opinion, acting through such a league of the great nations, as is advocated by ex-President Taft, would oftentimes render an appeal to a court of arbitration unnecessary.

We are not able to tell what sins, theological or otherwise, were attributed to the Rev. Joseph E. McAfee, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, but we know that his dismissal was promptly resented by the progressive men in pulpit and press; that he has been reinstated to the manifest gratification of the majority of those in leadership, as reflected in *The Continent;* and that UNITY *would* be disloyal to its mission if it did not record its congratulations, not simply to the Presbyterians, but to all those who are trying to advance the cause of the forward lookers, those who are trying to interpret Christianity in twentieth century terms. *The Continent,* speaking editorially, says: "Like every other live American institution in this epoch, Presbyterianism is progressive and wants leadership only from forward looking men, as President Wilson would say."

An indignant correspondent writes explosively protesting against the ministers who indulge in the "vile and sinful habit of smoking." He foresees a tendency in this alarming increase of smoking on the part of the would-be best citizens and our moral and spiritual leaders, a tendency toward Turks and Spaniards. He urges that it is the duty of God-loving preachers, representatives of the Gospel of Christ, to call a meeting at an early date to "devise united action to clean our nation of this wicked and degenerating habit of a large portion of our men." When the Editor of UNITY recently remarked to the Chancellor of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Doctor Jordan, "As soon as we get this war business settled and the saloons out of commission, I am going to enlist in a crusade against tobacco and smoking," "Better not wait. Begin right now. It is needed," was the advice of the great educator.

The Dean of the Canterbury Cathedral has given notice that he will fight the idea of prohibition in the Kingdom because he does not propose to abstain from liquor. He says he has tried it and it has proved not good for his health. This drinking parson scarcely represents the England to which Helen Gray Cone has sung her splendid "Chant of Love," first published in the February *Atlantic,* the England that is to light

The lives that are yet unborn.

The express companies are again patriotically moved to oppose the suggestions of the Postmaster General that fourth class matter be accepted for delivery without prepayment of postage. This, we take it, would greatly facilitate parcel post activities in the handling of the edible commodities which the country has to offer the city and, also, the merchandise which the city has to give in exchange.

Uncle Sam is making a great success of it as a banker. The present Postmaster General is perfecting a system by which any citizen of the United States may become a depositor in his bank by mail, sending his deposits and drawing upon the same through his local postmaster. The new leaflet giving the details of this arrangement is being printed in twenty-two foreign languages, to be used in the local postoffice of Chicago. The need of this becomes apparent when we learn through the report that out of 500,000 and upward of depositors now in the postal savings banks, 40 per cent, or 200,000, are foreign born, and these represent more than 50 per cent of the deposits. The foreigner, alas, has learned through sad and humiliating experience the dastardly wickedness of "bogus private banks officered by swindlers of their own tongue, who have preyed mercilessly upon their loneliness and credulity." It is encouraging to note from the Government document that notwithstanding the hard times, perhaps on account of the hard times, there was a net gain of $8,000,000 in the deposits of the eight months prior to April first over the same months of the year previous, the aggregate being $19,000,000. Surely Uncle Sam is a success as a banker.

And now it is John Dill Robertson, M. D., that is Commissioner of Health for the city of Chicago. His initial Bulletin, which is issued weekly, starts out saying, "The city of Chicago is to be congratulated on the spirit of cleanliness which is spreading so rapidly throughout the city." This "spirit of cleanliness" must have been born under the administration of Doctor Young and his predecessor. It did seem that he was a good officer and his department was efficiently administered by the admission of all concerned. Why did he go? Did he have to go and a new man have to be installed, who must spend a lot of his time and the public money in simply getting acquainted with the situation, just because the new Mayor was a Republican, and all Democrats, however efficient, must be supplanted? Doctor Young was only one of the many expert departmental heads who had to be beheaded by a new Mayor in order that he might pay his political debts and organize his partisan staff. Perhaps it is unfair to expect that a partisan Mayor could do otherwise than to ruthlessly tear the municipal fabric. He and his friends may well retort, "They all do it!" But the poor, bleeding, politically ridden city ventures to pray, "God grant that it may not always be so." When, oh, when, will the Mayor arrive whose whole

duty will be to the city and when all acts that sacrifice the well being of the city to the promotion of parties will be considered acts of treason?

It is with sincere regret that we come to what is probably the end of Dr. Smith Baker's articles on "My Library." We hope our readers discovered their value early enough to profit by the series as they came. The intellectually thrifty ones have undoubtedly tried to preserve the series. Each article testified to the wide reading, the judicious poise, the ethical insight and spiritual loftiness of a cultivated mind. The present writer, whose book life has run strangely parallel with that of the good physician of Utica, would rejoice to know that this series of articles has found more worthy embodiment in a fitting volume. It would be a valuable guide book to the young men and women of high school and college ages who are lured into the higher realms of study before it is too late, and such a book would prove an antidote to the academic dangers of our day which threaten to fill our country with graduates who are ignorant of books—young men and women who are proud of their degrees, but who do not know how to spell and who are rather proud of their ignorance of the imperishable treasures of literature. The technical sciences, the many handed and much colleged specialties that foster the engineering arts all the way from a loaf of bread to a bridge, and from a bridge to a surveying of the community's needs are not to be despised, neither are they to be taken as a substitute for the poets, philosophers and the prophetic oracles of the ages. Many a college graduate, in his spiritual emaciation and intellectual hunger, may well cry with the dying Herder, "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it." On behalf of many readers we thank Doctor Baker for the richness from his "Library."

The preliminary program of the International Women's Peace Congress, recently so successfully held in Holland, April 28-30, which was beaten out by the American delegates on board the S. S. Noordam is before us. The definition of the terms of peace is worthy of wide circulation. It is significant that slowly there is growing a consensus of methods to pursue as well as of principles involved among the peace men and only the superficial skeptic can dispose of the demand of the pacifists with a "Why don't you tell us what to do?" or "Until you agree on some plan among yourselves there is not much that can be done." Here is both principle and plan which practically agrees with the demands of peace societies and pacific statesmanship everywhere.

1. *Plea for Definition of Terms of Peace—*

A. Considering that the people of each of the countries now at war believe themselves to be fighting not as aggressors, but in self-defence and for their national existence, this International Congress of Women urges the governments of the belligerent countries: (1) First and foremost, out of respect for the opinions of mankind, to define the terms on which they are willing to make peace; (2) In order that these terms may be considered, immediately to call a truce; (3) In case they do not call a truce, to avail themselves of continuous mediation without armistice.

B. This Congress further urges that the neutral countries shall immediately be asked to take steps to create a Conference of Neutral Nations, and to send delegates to such a Conference, which shall offer continuous mediation without waiting for armistice or for the specific permission of the warring Powers, by inviting suggestions for settlement from each of the belligerent nations, and in any case submitting to all of them simultaneously reasonable proposals as a basis for peace.

2. *International Organization.*

A. This International Congress of Women, believing that war is the negation of all progress and civilization, declares its conviction that future international disputes should be referred to arbitration or conciliation, and urges that in future these methods shall be adopted by the governments of all nations.

B. In addition to disputes of a juridical character, however, we recognize that there arise complications growing not out of the violation of treaty rights nor the failure to perform duties imposed by the law of nations, but out of conflicting interests or ideals of an economic, commercial, industrial, social or political character.

For the adjustment of these issues there exists at present no adequate international agency. Such an agency would have to be so constituted that it could formulate and enforce those principles of justice, equity and goodwill in accordance with which the interests of the great Powers, the rights of weaker and backward peoples, and the struggles of subject communities for fuller recognition, could be gradually adjusted under an international public intelligence.

We therefore declare our conviction that future international complications resulting from economic competition, expanding commerce, increasing population, and changes in social and political demands should be dealt with by an international congress to be at the earliest practicable moment appropriately organized and adequately equipped. We take notice of the fact that under certain conditions of reoganization the Third Hague Conference could perform the services herein described.

3. *Political and Economic Readjustment.*

A. This International Congress of Women recommends that there should be no disposition of territory without the consent of the men and women in it.

B. Inasmuch as the investment by capitalists of one country in the resources of another country and the claims arising in connection with such investments are a fertile source of international complications, this Congress urges the widest possible acceptance of the principle that such investments shall be made at the risk of the investor, without claim to the official protection of his government.

C. This Congress further recommends the abolition of all preferential tariffs, and the neutralization of the Seas and of such maritime trade routes as the Panama Canal, the British Channel, the Dardanelles, the Suez and the Kiel Canals, the Straits of Gibraltar, etc.

4. *Protest.*

War, the *ultima ratio* of diplomacy, we women declare to be a madness, possible only to a people intoxicated with a false idea; for it destroys everything the constructive powers of humanity have taken centuries to build up.

5. *Women's Responsibility.*

This International Congress of Women is convinced that one of the strongest forces for the prevention of war will be the combined influence of the women of all countries, and that therefore upon women as well as men rests the responsibility for the outbreak of future wars. But as women can only make their influence effective if they have

equal political rights with men, this Congress declares that it is the duty of the women of all countries to work with all their force for their political enfranchisement.

6. *Women's Sufferings in War.*

This International Congress of Women protests against the assertion that war means the protection of women. Not forgetting their sufferings as wives, mothers, and sisters, it emphasizes the fact that the moral and physical sufferings of many women are beyond description, and are often of such a nature that by the tacit consent of men the least possible is reported. Women raise their voices in commiseration with those women wounded in their deepest sense of womanhood and powerless to defend themselves.

GENERAL.

7. *Promotion of International Good Feeling.*

This International Womens Congress, which is in itself an evidence of the serious desire of women to bring together mankind in the work of building up our common civilization, considers that every means should be used for promoting mutual understanding and goodwill between the nations.

It therefore condemns the denial by a nation of the equal protection of its laws to the citizens of any nation within its borders, and it recommends international co-operation in order that all nations may discharge together their common responsibility for the protection of health, morals, and other international interests.

8. *Education for the Promotion of Peace.*

Realizing that the outbreak of wars is greatly favored by the idealization of the military and the undervaluation of the civil aspects of life, and by the system of ideas which finds in brute force an honorable method of deciding disputes, this International Congress of Women urges the necessity of clarifying and moralizing conceptions of patriotism, heroism and honor.

To this end this International Congress of Women solicits the co-operation of the pulpit, the press, and of all patriotic, fraternal and educational organizations. It also urges that all believers in peace use their influence against the abuse of the military appeal in literature, the drama, music and the plastic arts.

Edward Payson Powell

The arrival of the "appreciation" by our esteemed contributor, Dr. Smith Baker of Utica, which appears in another column, was our first news of the going hence of the virile, fertile, frank, many-handed, always earnest and enthusiastic contributor and friend, whose name appears above. It is hard to realize that the familiar initials, "E. P. P.," are to appear no longer in our Study Table Department.

Mr. Powell's connection with UNITY parallels the life of UNITY. He was with it at the beginning and stayed by it to the end of his life. So far as his fellowship with UNITY and his continued support is concerned he grew not old. He wearied not. His contributions in these latter years were largely in the way of book reviews and literary comment. His judgments were always frank and fearless. He was as ready to commend as he was to blame, and his "blame" was such as to command the respect of the author. No better witness to the same can be offered than the fact that many of the standard publishers in America, knowing that he was on the literary staff of UNITY, preferred to send their books direct to him rather than run the risk of their being passed to less competent hands from the central office.

But book reviewing and book writing were but incidents in the life of this busy man. Sixty years or more ago he was ordained to the ministry and he was never disloyal to the high vocation. Before that he was born to the farm. His mother was the famous "Berry Woman" of her part of New York State and he was true to the land to the end.

The mere cataloging of the main facts of his life is stimulating and revealing. Born of vigorous, hard-working, farmer parents at Clinton, New York, on the 9th of May, 1833, he was a graduate of Hamilton College at twenty, of the Union Theological Seminary at twenty-three; was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1861. He served for two years a parish at Deansville, New York, after which he became pastor of a Congregational Church at Adrian, Michigan, for ten years. He was widely known through the state as the "friend of boys" and their spiritual guide on many lines. From 1871-73 he was pastor of a Congregational Church in St. Louis. Then, his active mind yielding to the forces that were revolutionizing the religious thought of the world, he left his orthodox surroundings and became pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, where he remained for three years. But his intense nervous energy caused the "sword of the spirit" to fret its scabbard, and for health reasons he retired to the old homestead, the little ten-acre farm near Clinton, to begin that marvelously fertile life with pen and hand. He became the tireless editorial writer on the staff of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* the *Independent,* the *Christian Register,* New York, the *Arena* and various other papers. He was a member of the Arbitration Congress which convened in Washington in 1896, member of the American Historical Association, Vice-President of the Congress of Religion. "Our Heredity from God," which appeared in 1886, served as an epoch making book in the lives of thousands of people who were trying to readjust their faith in God and man on the basis of evolution. It served as a text-book for countless study classes fostered by and through UNITY, and the nearly three decades that have passed since its writing has not rendered it obsolete. It has continued to be a selling book through all these years. Four years later his "Liberty and Life" appeared, being seventeen sermon studies along the same line, a book that would have had a more significant recognition were it not over-shadowed by its greater predecessor. In 1896 his historical studies brought out "Nullification and Secession in the United States." Then followed those charming books that are as delightful to the eye, hand and mind of the city bred as they are to country folk, his "Country Home," "In the

Orchard and Fruit Garden," "How to Live in the Country," "Windbreaks," etc. Mr. Powell loved his rugged New York. He was an enthusiastic champion of its winters as well as its summers, but his irrepressible spirit and keen judgment some years ago carried him into the summer land of Florida. Here he could be no winter boarder. No sooner was he there than he began to plant and prune and build, and the new home at Sorrento, Florida, came into being. It did not take him long to discover that *his* Florida was a good place to live in all the year round, and he became a garden missionary for the summer land. Truck and fruit engaged his enthusiastic study as they had done while on his New York farm. All the while his pen was busy, as the readers of UNITY know.

It is a most interesting and touching fact that his last book, which bears the date of 1914, was a metrical interpretation of the story of the New Testament and its spiritual hero. He entitled his book "He Who Won the World, a Poem of the Twentieth Century Christ." The book was lovingly dedicated to "Jesus, whose message was peace, whose gospel was love." It was not a case of a man in his old age returning to his early love, but it was the beautiful consummation of a life-long study, a tireless search for things eternal. The finale of the book may well be taken as his final message.

For the Golden Rule is the rule that wins,
And the nations shall heed its will;
And the days dawn close that will melt the sword,
And the might of right fulfill.

Straight down through the ages ever has run
One line of prophecy true,
That whatever of wrong might triumph today
Tomorrow shows champions few.

But rightness rises from every defeat;
The Christs come down from the cross;
The truth that dies is a buried seed,
And its harvest makes good the loss.

We are not informed at what time or how the good angel visited him. We trust that the flutter of its wings fanned him to sleep. We rejoice in his faith that he rests in the arms of the All Father, who to him was easily interpreted in terms of law and order, of science and progress.

THE BLENDING OF COLORS.

(AN OLD CONFED. WATCHES THE PARADE.)

When we had played the game, had laid
Our last lone stake, and all was through;
When those four years of blood and tears
Were done, we boys in gray were blue.

The years have passed, and now, at last
I stand and watch the lines today,
And think how strange to see the change,
For all the boys in blue are gray.

Ah! blue relents and gray repents,
And fiercest passions seem but mean,
When blue and gray both pass away
And God blends over both his green.

—*Exchange.*

In Memoriam

Edward Payson Powell

My consciousness of personal loss in the recent death of the Rev. Edward Payson Powell reminds me of the somewhat mitigating fact that it was he who introduced me to the Editor of UNITY, "a great, good man," as he then and always said, and in the fullest confidence that we "would like each other." What has since followed in the columns of UNITY would seem to confirm Mr. Powell's prophetic vison and hope. But this was only one of many instances where he proved a friend worth having; and as I think of it and feel it so gratefully now, I cannot but try to add one more star to the crown of his everlasting rejoicing, and thus seek to repay, somewhat at least, by this more vivid evidence of what is and always will be in my heart, as I remember him.

My introduction to Mr. Powell himself was as unusual as has been so much of our association since. He was to speak before our local "New Century (Woman's) Club," and I had been "smuggled" in by its friendly president to hear him and then to meet him. Imagine all our alertness and stir at his very first words, which were in effect, "I have addressed many audiences, but seldom if ever one composed entirely of women!" Smiles all about and something like blushes from within produced a most vivid impression on my mind, one, however, that served to spice the after meeting most acceptably.

Visiting Mr. Powell in his own home soon after, and somewhat frequently as the years went along, I duly found him to be what everyone else had said of him;—individualistic almost to eccentricity, forceful, intelligent, high-minded, original, and industrious to an exceptional degree. Whether it were recounting his experiences in the West, or with the neighboring Hamilton College, his Alma Mater, for which he held a most noble affection and a most conservative yet constructive interest, or whether it were explaining the various steps by which he had succeeded in producing some new "seedling" in his beloved garden, or whether it were up under the roof in the midst of his well-used books and original manuscripts scattered here and there,—wherever I found him, it was always an occasion for learning something good and for being inspired to something better. Strenuous he certainly was; independent to the backbone, too; critical, reforming, hoping; doing all he could from being so full of an "explosive sort of goodness," which, among other things, kept him from never ceasing and never despairing, so far as I ever saw.

I knew him perhaps most intimately in connection with the so-called "Greenacre on the Piscataqua," conducted then by Miss Sara J. Farmer, for whom Mr. Powell had the deepest admiration, and to whom he most heartily introduced me, that I might share in her beneficent enterprise. So long as he could, he loyally supported Greenacre, and often expressed regret that he could not continue to do so, and more influentially. Our conversations about all this were among the best and most fruitful of those that I was privileged to have with him.

Another source of friendly and cheerful fellowship with Mr. Powell was in the "Rural Art Association" of his native town, Clinton, N. Y. Here he was en-

tirely at home himself, and enthusiastically made everybody else feel so, too, especially when the meetings were held at his own home, as they sometimes were. It was a high order of entertainment just to listen to his advocacy of fruit for food, flowers for joy, and trees for seclusion and protection. One could well believe that his very own soul had sometime been even more closely akin to the objects that he so lovingly and so wisely dwelt upon.

And then there came erratically to be a little "club" of congenial spirits that held together at least long enough to find each other out somewhat, and to get the sweetness as well as the strength that naturally came from this. In this, Mr. Powell was again radical and energetic in thought, if no' always systematic and convincing in discussion. Speaking of system, brings to mind his tenacious effort to establish a somewhat more extensive club or "school" or "Chatauqua," which he planned to be held at his home, but which must be universally subservient to by-laws so numerous and unusual, to say the least, that system itself would have been quite out-systematized, beyond a doubt. One of them I well remember. "Everyone was to be in bed by eight o'clock,"—and this in June! Of course, one meeting proved enough; but the idea lingered in the projector's mind for many months, and I doubt if he ever entirely forgave the rest of us for not taking to the devious enterprise more enthusiastically.

But through everything, as well as through every kind of report about everything, about his abolitionism, about his educational notions, about his theology and philosophy of life and neighborliness and authorship and every detail of daily life as well,—about and through everything so far as I ever saw, Mr. Powell was absolutely true to his convictions, decisive in every action, and successful in all goodly achievement. He believed in things, he believed in himself, he believed in God, as he conceived him really to be, and in persistently trying to do all the good possible to his purpose and strength. He was very glad that his book, "Our Heredity From God," was called for so persistently, for as he would say, "The world needs it, I think." When most critical, he was yet most kind; when most misunderstood, he was ever most patient in the end; when most praised, he was seldom if ever over self-estimable.

It has been much to have known Mr. Powell. Often he was most instructive and stimulative of all that is best. Always he was friendly and careful and optimistic. The last time I saw him his eyes shone significantly with the gladness of meeting, even when he could not keep them from being dimmed with the pain of parting. And so, upon his Southern grave I would place a wreath of choicest Forget-me-nots; and to his memory would raise a shaft of bright and everlasting luster and on it would write, as most befitting his real self, HE FLINCHED NOT.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A small boy was gazing at the picture of a lion. "Don't be afraid, little chap," said the artist, genially, patting his small guest on the head. "He won't hurt you." "Oh, I'm not afraid at all," came the response in a clear treble that caused every one to listen. "He doesn't look a bit as if he were alive, you know."

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

IV.

Peter the Sectarian

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones delivered at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 6, 1914

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Teach us this morning, Father, one more lesson in the gospel of kindness. Lead us a little farther into the way of brotherliness. Reveal to us, Father, through our minds and hearts the quickening power of love for all the children of men, for all thy created children. Amen.

The old Masters loved to paint Peter with red hair. As he appears in the first three Gospels the fancy of the artists is justified. He is the impulsive, rash, explosive, changeable Peter. When we come to the miracles of Peter we see him rushing into the water, hoping to be able to imitate the Master and walk on the waves, but he sinks. It was Peter who in the hour of arrest carried a sword and drew it and cut off Malchus' ear. He received the prompt rebuke, "Peter, put up thy sword!" The exciting week was not over before this same valiant Peter, in the weary, small hours of the night, watching by the fire that burned low in the back yard, denied his Master with an oath, saying, "I know nothing of him." Once, twice, thrice. Then the cock crew and he came to himself. According to the story Peter was the first to recognize the returned Christ after the crucifixion. In the traditions of the Church Peter's name appears first in most of the lists.

In the Book of Acts Peter appears in a different rôle. This Book of Acts which was written forty years or more after the crucifixion, falls into two parts, roughly speeaking; the first part glorifies Peter, gives the details of the movement in Jerusalem. It is Christianity finding itself in its home town. The second part of the book is given to the adventures of the tireless missionary to the Gentiles; Christianity being cast out from the house of its friends, finds lodgment in the hearts of aliens, Gentiles, Greeks, Romans, barbarians, Scythians, who were caught by the message and touched by its power.

But the earliest glimpses of Peter are found neither in the first three Gospels, nor yet in the Book of Acts, but between the lines of Paul's nervous letters. Here he appears in a rôle very clear, very emphatic, but very unattractive. When Paul, some fourteen years after he saw "the great light," returned to Antioch, Peter came up from the capital city, a hundred and fifty miles away. He seemed to be content to eat and mingle with this missionary to the Gentiles and with his converts until James, the dogmatic brother of the Master, arrived. Then Peter withdrew his fellowship from the Gentile world. He seemed to be afraid that he would lose caste among his Jewish converts, and we have Paul's word that Peter accused him to his face, charging him with inconsistency and hypocrisy. Long after Peter disappears from the records of the New Testament there follows a malign influence on the trail of the heroic missionary to the

Gentiles. We come upon it in perhaps the earliest of Paul's letters, that to the Galatians. During a three years' absence somebody has been there, sowing the seeds of distrust in the minds of the Jews. There grew an anxiety lest somehow this new movement might escape the more fundamental boundaries of Judaism.

Whether he went to Thessalonica, to Corinth, Philippi, or anticipated his visit to Rome in his letter to the Romans, Paul faced this fundamental issue of the early Church. Was this new movement to be bound by Jewish rites and Jewish tradition, or was it to be thrown open to the waiting world? To put it more concretely, is there a way into the Christian fellowship other than through the Jewish door? The message of the Nazarene, "Yes." But the rites of Abraham, the ceremonies of the Temple, the fundamental requisite of Levitical law, says Peter and his followers, "No." "The old order gives way to the new," says Paul. Thus, Peter appears clearly as the leader of that Judaic-Christianity which was the marplot to Paul's open door Christianity.

So the irony of history! Organized Christian ecclesiasticism builded on Peter and not on Paul! Peter is the boasted cornerstone of a great historic section of Christendom. Peter has been glorified with the greatest of church buildings and the imposing line of Popes, reaching down through nineteen hundred years, date their credentials back to him, who, in the chilly dawn, thrice denied the Master, and who, through the superb heroic years of Paul's campaign, sought to undo the work he did because it was too broad, because it menaced the boundaries which made organization safe and effective. In the silence of history let me not lay any false charge at Peter's door. It is scarcely probable that he himself stayed the heroic work of Paul but if it was not Peter it was an influence that was Petrine that helped lay the foundations of sectarian Christianity.

So I take him this morning as a type of the sectarian. In this course we come first upon the valiant, crude, heroic reformer, John. Then the radiant, scholastic student Stephen, who died for the cause. Next, that little Jew, the marvel of history, the motive power of Chritsianity in the first century, the great "Planter" of the world in the field of the spirit. And fourthly, we come upon this impetuous, impulsive, ardent, repentent, irrepressible Peter, whom the artists interpret as red-headed. We will forgive him his denials, we rejoice in the impulses so genuine and so heroic, but history must reckon with the sectarian.

Wherein lies the inspiration of the sect, which comes from the Greek word meaning "to cut," that which cuts you out, and cuts one off, and the Sectarians to separate the true from the false, the good from the bad, the saved from the damned in religion?

Let us be fair with Peter. First, in the sectarian there is the pride of descent. He takes shelter in the past, he glories in ancestry and he rests in antiquities. It was not the Jew of Jerusalem, nor yet the Jew of the dispersion scattered throughout Asia Minor, a mighty power of thought before the word of the Nazarene was heard of, that Peter was valiant for. But it was the Jew that died twelve hundred years before. It was Moses, it was that career of the Jew that faced the polytheistic invasions from the East or from the West. It was not the Jew that confronted Alexander and captured his respect; it was not the Jew that held true to his convictions on the banks of the Euphrates and returned after fifty years of exile to reconstruct and rebuild, in those heroic centuries immediately preceding the appearance of Jesus; but it was the ceremonial Jew, it was the Jew of the ritual, the Jew of that favored first Temple, which was never realized except in some poor, halting, imperfect fashion.

In all Christiandom there is a Petrine appeal to tradition, a pride of descent, a boast of ancestry.

If it is not saying the same thing, in the Sectarian there is a conceit of artistocracy. A dread of losing something in the way of dignity, a fear of the contamination of the crowd, dread of cheapening the message, of consorting with the vulgar. How we have corrupted that word of good Latin origin. Vulgar comes from a word that means the common, the popular. We, Democrats of the United States, professors of popular government, have helped degrade the word "vulgar." We use it only in a humiliating and reflecting sense. The Sectarian, consciously or unconsciously, affects a superiority from those on the outside.

But I suspect the narrowing movement in Jerusalem was chiefly justified on the score of efficiency, in order to make the movement practical. In these days, to use the figure of the steam in the cylinder, we are told that steam must be confined within definite limits if you are going to move the piston and set the machinery going. So the ecclesiastic wall is put up in order to generate power and momentum. Now if the Holy Ghost is a material like steam and is subject to the laws of physics and not of psychics there may be some force in the figure, but, inasmuch as I do not grant the premises, I am not going to waste time in meeting such an argument. I am simply stating it.

Analyze sectarianism everywhere and always and you will find these elements. Sectarianism rests in the past; it assumes the superiority of those on the inside; and it justifies itself by the argument, that if you are going to do something, you have to put a fence around your force.

I remember that, in the early days, the Committee on the Parliament of Religions met week after week and got nowhere, until one day one of our number said: "You know what is the matter? We have not faced the main issue. We must fix a boundary somewhere, before we can go to work." And the Committee seemed impressed by the brave statement of the brother. Then it was that young Frank Bristol, pastor of a Methodist Church in Evanston, subsequently pastor of the McKinley Church in Washington and now a Bishop in the Methodist Church, rose and said: "If I understand it, this is to be a world's parliament of religion. If so, let it be understood that if we can catch a naked Patagonian priest, we are going to do so, and bring him here." This led the way to the bigger truth, and triumph which finally was reached. At last, nineteen hundred years after Peter was in the grave there was a band of many thousand men and women who dared measure the power of religion without a fence around it.

Following this much of an analysis of the nature of the sectarian, let us ask what are the remedies for the sect? How are we to escape from this awful wastage that comes from the over-lapping, not only

of religious money, but religious energies, and, what is still worse, religious sympathies?

More study! More study on three reforming lines, first along the line of science, the science of life everywhere. The processes of nature, when understood, eliminate the pride of race and destroy the distinction of sect. Evolution has no room for stationary lines. Evolution ever beckons away from sectarianism.

Second, more study is needed along the line of history. How the pride of birth, the assumption of the superiority of class and caste fades in the light of the centuries and how they are lost under the sands that bury them in the flight of the millenniums. The Roman Catholic Church, the most stupendous achievement in the way of religious organization the world has ever known, maintained its essential integrity and domination for a thousand years or more, then Luther came and it began to disintegrate. It is a power yet statistically, but its potency is going, not so much from any assault from the outside, but from being disintegrated by the power of thought on the inside. All aristocracies, whether of creed or of political assumption, in the long run, grow stupid, intolerable, inefficient and eventually die.

Third, the study of prophecy destroys the sectarian inspiration. Judaism as a principle has survived to this day by the power of the Decalogue, by the high demands illuminating the pages of its history. Judaism survives as a principle today, as a sect, from the inspiring message of her prophets and the glories of the Psalms. John Stuart Mill, the great radical of the early part of the nineteenth century, glorified the Hebrew prophets and placed them at the base of what he called the rise of representative government. The prophets salute one another across the distances. Isaiah beckons to Plato, Jeremiah to Confucius, Sokrates modestly subscribes to the ethics of Moses. But Judaism as a sect, a people apart, survives by the tyranny of the Abrahamic rites, by the inclusion of its ceremonies, by the insistence on the secondary conditions of the spiritual life, represented by the Kosher, and the formalities of the Synagogue. The poets of Israel will not stay hemmed in. Its prophets overflow all limitations. They will not be hemmed in by these formalities.

The story of Keshub Chunda Sen, the Brahmin who sixty years ago, with great insight and power escaped from the fetters of conservative Brahminism, felt the inspirations of the ancient Vedas, knew the dreams of the Hindu poets. He translated the story of the New Testament into Sanskrit—the ethical part of it—he said it was no use translating the miracles, "for we can beat your miracles and ours are more imposing ones." But even the sainted Keshub Chunda Sen, dying in a foreign land, was found to have the sacred cord still around his body. This was the last tie that bound him to the past; this one symbol of a gracious ancestry of inspiring descent, even he had not been able to break.

Now let us consider, for a few minutes, the economy of sectarianism, the oft-repeated claim that if we are "going to do anything we must set up our barriers." It is a wicked waste of human resources, born out of the attempt to confine the spirit within boundaries, to reduce the Holy Ghost into a steam engine. The Holy Ghost doesn't work that way. At most it never has worked with any great efficiency. You no sooner have your machinery started, the wheels flying, the cogs and belt fixed, than the fire goes out below. Then what is an engine without fire? What is a cylinder without steam?

The sociological student today looks forth upon a vast array of religious enginery, specially constructed and erected at great cost, of which the output scarcely justifies the expenditure. The best the sectarians achieve is to be able to furnish steam enough to keep the thing going. Nothing must be hitched to it lest it will stop the machinery. It has not steam enough for work, it merely goes.

The old quest for perpetual motion has fallen into disrepute, for what would it be going for? The wildest dream of the intelligent was to discover a machine that would run itself, but never anything else. So the mighty engines of religious sects and the still more mighty engines of the political sects of the world are exhausting themselves in trying to generate steam enough simply to keep alive, to keep going, to justify the sect and to maintain the party.

The other day I met a group of people in Chicago representing five different humanitarian activities in the city, each of them over-lapping the other, so that it became a scandal to the committee as to whose business it was to investigate the charitable activities of the city. They summoned the representatives of these five different associations in Chicago and said: "In Heaven's name, get together, so people may know where to put their money," "The Law and Order League," "The Committee of Fifteen," "The Illinois Vigilance Association," "The Anti-Saloon League," "The Midnight Mission" or where? After this scandalous situation was exposed by a few on the outside, then, promptly came the various representatives of these societies out of the fervor of their experiences and the sincerity of their hearts to plead for their lives. Of course, one said: "If you kill 'The Law and Order League,' who will there be left to enforce law and order?" "The Committee of Fifteen" said, "Keep hands off, for we are doing something. Don't touch us just yet." "The Illinois Vigilance Association" said, "We are quite willing to go out of existence but we must be assured that our work will be taken care of." So now when a poor girl is picked up on the streets, debauched and deserted, it takes a more analytic mind than mine to know just where to turn to get her help or comfort. But why are these five societies needed anyhow? Where are the fifteeen hundred churches of one kind or another? What are they doing about this girl? What are they doing about violated ordinances, about abandoned wives and beaten children? Where are the churches? Where are our mayors and aldermen? What becomes of our ordinances? Do we lie awake nights, forging new ordinances, too weak to be executed? For every new inequality that appears, behold a new organization to judge and correct it. One of the curses of the twentieth century is sectarian organizations in the interest of the humanities. I believe in peace. I stand for woman's suffrage, and a good many other causes of the Lord, but I am uncertain whither my obligations go when organizations present these efforts. There are more woman's clubs and woman's organizations and man-institutions than any sane mind can keep up with. There are more temperance societies

than any lover of temperance would consider it economical to put his life into. We are just now under the cry of more policemen, but what is the use of more when now we have a thousand or more inefficient ones, disloyal ones, already on hand. They are as a ball and chain to the ankle of the city, a handicap to progress. It all comes from the awful weight of enginery borne out of the sectarian cry for more organization.

It would seem as though the most important function in any of the would-be politieal and philanthropic organizations now-a-days is the "Committee on Membership," and their function is to guard the gate and see that no undesirable person gets in. That mystic "blackball' of the lodgeroom, that ominous "investigation committee" of the club that retires so many names that are never heard of afterward, there is the conspiracy of the organization not to tell secrets. No Jew can get into any of the so-called social clubs down town, the University Club among them, but no one knows why. The "Committee" is pledged never to tell the secret, all in the interest of an efficiency that is delusive.

The sectarian in religion has brought organized Protestantism into the scandal and imbecility of today. Sectarianism in politics has brought Europe to the dire situation in which we now find it. The mad Petrine conviction that the destiny of humanity is bound up, not with the noble in human nature, but with the noble in German, Briton or Slav nature. It assumes that there is a permanent difference, a radical distinction, that not only reaches back but reaches forward to whatever is noble in the future.

This Petrine handicap of Christianity has extended through the civic and political organizations of the world. A political orthodoxy is responsible for the present situation of Europe. King, Kaiser and Czar with their military staffs represent sectarianism in statecraft, the blindness of patriotism, the unscientific aspiration, that unlikeness and antagonism in interest is more profound than the likenesses and the community of interests that unite all races and all nations into a brotherhood that is real. A recognition of this brotherhood leads to the efficiency which is for all time, the competency which we have failed to reach, the prosperity and progress of the race for which we pray. War is sectarian and you might reverse the sentence and say that in crippling sectarianism there is a long war. So far as there is universal faith in the common elements in human nature just in so far shall we come to the pacific order.

Sir Thomas More said there were few churches in Utopia, but they were large. There but few parsons are, but they are men of exceptional piety and scholarship, and when the services are held they are attended by the whole population. This is a solution that is not Utopian. It is a hint that has in it intense practicability.

I told you how the Committee on the Parliament of Religions met and met again and failed to do anything until they caught the inspiration of the young Methodist minister, who said: "Let us see what we can do in a WORLD Parliament! For seventeen days, three times a day, two great halls holding thirty-five hundred each, were crowded, under circumstances by no means comfortable, because people from remote parts of the world with different names for God and varying rituals wanted for once to feel the power of a great togetherness of heart, so they left their creeds behind them at home and came into the consciousness of a greater brotherhood.

Max Mueller wrote some months afterward, "Why did you not tell us that you were going to have a Parliament of that kind. It will be the regret of my life that I was not there. It would have been the culmination of my studies." We wrote him, "We did tell you but you would not believe us. We hardly believed it ourselves."

Some months ago I talked with a representative of a religious body in San Francisco, regarding the coming Exposition. I said, "What are you going to do along the religious line? Are you going to have another Parliament?" He replied, "One thing we do know. We will not have a Parliament. We do not want that! We have never recovered from the Chicago disaster." The Parliament was a potency that endangered the potency of the sects. The sectarian, Peter like, was jealous of his God, anxious for his Savior. He had not studied the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Golden Rule. How far can we trust the law of gravity outside of a building? How far can we trust the multiplication table outside of the counting room? How far can we trust the Golden Rule without ceremonies to sanctify it, and without a constitution to qualify it and without a committee to watch it? The potency of religion has been thwarted, fettered, handicapped by the Petrine influences in Christianity. Noble as has been the achievement of Rome, imposing as is its territory, it is a vanishing thing in the history of the world. It will go like all the other great hierarchies have gone. Popes will lose their power as Kings have. The exclusions of the cardinals become imbecile, but the universalities of love and beauty, the awesome power of moon and sun, the innocence of a newborn babe, will continue ever to appeal to the human heart, and to lift it Godward. I don't know where the line is to be drawn that will stay, for "Line in nature is not found," says Emerson. "Unit and universe are round." Good and bad there are, better and worse everywhere, but there is no line that you can survey between Catholic and Protestant, between Judaism and Jesus, between the Hottentot and the civilized man. They all have a common nature down there. They all have a common destiny, I must believe, up yonder. I don't know where or how but the overlapping territory in religion is the sacred territory. There are a hundred and sixty-two different sects in religion according to the census in the United States, all of them more or less solicitous about their boundaries, but they all affect the same attitude toward the Divine and feel the same pangs of the human. Our inefficiencies are borne of our cowardice, and that I imagine was the most striking defect in Peter. The same thing that took the courage out of him that dark morning was the power that made him backwater at Antioch when James came, leading him to change his plans and say: "It is not safe to take in all these rag, tag and bobtail. There must be an element of aristocracy if it is to succeed." There is a lack of courage that stands in the way of making the overlapping territory the central thing in religion.

Some years ago I lectured in a little town down state. I was cheered by seeing a sign on a church, "The Progressive Church." I said that is mine, I

want to see about the progressive church. I inquired about it and found it was a progressive branch, a schism from the Dunkards, and the great element of their progression was that their men might put buttons instead of hooks and eyes on their coats. The parent church said, "You must put hooks and eyes," but this progressive church permitted buttons but insisted on the triune baptism. They must be placed under the water three times in the name of the Father, in the name of the Son and in the name of the Holy Ghost, in order to make the baptism efficient. This "progressive church" also stood fast on the ceremony of the washing of the feet which must be done every Sunday.

It was the joke of the good Brooke Herford that a certain reformed church had reformed a "quarter of an inch." How few of us have courage enough to believe that human nature itself is a good, safe ground upon which to plant the best Gospel in sight. The best is none too good for humanity at its lowest, and the best we can reach represents the best in human nature. If we want efficiency we must rise into the Pauline comprehensiveness and escape from the Petrine handicap.

Humanity is one, not only in a common origin, but one in a common yearning which justifies religion in predicting a common destiny. The sectarian may run his trial lines where he may, the dogmatist build his fences as he pleases, the social upstart and the proud representative of "leading" races, "triumphant" nations, "dominant" stock, and all that, and all that, but their lines are arbitrary; their fences are not only cruel but they are fragile; they tumble. Talk as you please about sheep and goats, believer and skeptic, theist and atheist, Christian and Pagan, civilized and savage, black and white, high and low,—science joins hands with religion in declaring these distinctions more rhetorical than philosophical; more temporary than permanent. All sectarianism in the end contains a lying assumption. All caste and classes in the long run are convicted of audacity in trying to make lines where God has made none. Better and worse there are everywhere; best and worst there must be somewhere, did we but know where to look for them. But "good" and "bad" as fixed and positive classes there are none and never will be. The purest hearts bear stains of hatred and bitterness; the blackest show touches of beauty, some folds of spotless white. Dig your hell as deep as you please, you cannot dig it so deep but what something good and beautiful will be dragged to the bottom-most circles, if a human soul goes there. Build the walls of heaven as high as the throne of God, and some weakness and wickedness will climb there, if human nature goes there.

I cannot forecast eternity. I know not what the infinite economies have in store for the soul of man; I am content to wait the unrolling of the scroll to my astonished gaze, day by day. But I do believe that the destiny of your soul and mine is eternally linked with that of the lowest wretch in the city on the one hand and with the peerless Jesus on the other. There are invisible but indestructible chains linking the purest woman to the coarsest and both move in a "chain gang," united ankle to ankle, wrist to wrist, not by a maligant fate but by a benignant providence. It is well for us that it is so. Who would dare ask to be cut loose from this far-reaching destiny, this divine kinship? They talk of "saved" and "lost" as if the immortal career of souls is to be determined by the accidents of birth, training, creed, inheritance or intuition; such talk is false to science, to prophecy and to experience. The highest hopes and instincts of the human heart say:

"Let me be damned with the struggling, toiling, pitiful millions rather than be saved with the selfish, complacent and dogmatic few, who say 'All souls are the devil's, but God is willing and able to rescue a few,' who are willing to cut themselves away from their kind and go to heaven in a special train under a bill of exceptions."

Peter still is dominant in the theology of Christendom, far beyond the limits of the Roman Catholic Church. In these days here in Chicago there is a bold attempt to federate the Christian churches. There is a Federation of Christian Churches with a University professor eminent in scholarship at their head. Read the list of these federated churches! I think there are thirty of them. When asked whether I want to go to Heaven with that federated crowd, or with those outside and beyond, I replied, "I find the "Federation" leaves out the bards and prophets in whom we find most inspiration. No Unitarian or Universalist or Independent must be allowed to pass into this federation of "Christian Churches" because as the leaders tell you they want efficiency, they want practical results, so they want those who are confined in the cylinder where the steam will generate such. The world shivers today for the want of the shelter that religious fellowship and love and sympathy might give, had the processes of the spirit not been hindered by the sectarian lines of the world. These "Federated Churches"—Heaven save the mark—are today guilty of an impiety that the Roman soldiers at the foot of the cross would not perpetrate. When it came to the last garment, "woven from the top throughout without seam," even the flippant soldiers would not lay destructive hands on it. "We will not divide this garment, but preserve its integrity and give it to him who receives the successful lot."

I wish I might, as I must every Sunday, try to bring this sermon to bear on the problems of today. No, it is not the Kaiser, the Czar or the King of England who is responsible. It is the deep-rooted fallacy of Christendom that can be traced in its malign influence all the way down from poor, impetuous Peter to the last mustered soldier under arms, the innocent peasant, who leaves behind him starving wife and crying children, to destroy his brothers, with no sin to justify it. It is a culmination of sectarianism which in the last analysis is born out of the conceit of descent, an aristocracy of the present, a cowardice in regard to the future.

Give us courage, Father, to rise above our prejudices, to lay aside our conceits and to find Thee in the outreaching love of the human heart, in the broadening fellowship of humankind. Amen.

"A friend in need"—my neighbor said to me—
"A friend indeed is what I mean to be;
In time of trouble I will come to you,
And in the hour of need you'll find me true."

I thought a bit and took him by the hand:
"My friend," said I, "you do not understand
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme,
A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Art Aids the Humanities in the War Play "Moloch"

At last, art has come effectively to the defense of the humanities in this dire emergency in human civilization. Art is always at the service of peace. It is the ultimate refutation of the sophistries of war and the platitudes of conventional statesmanship. Art always builds on the truths that are universal and on the common humanities. When Vereschagin simply transferred the truths of the battlefield to his canvas it was such a demonstration against war that it compelled the militant centers of Europe to deny his pictures exhibition room. The Baroness von Suttner's realistic descriptions of the battlefield, plain, honest interpretations of the camp, confounded the cabinet officers, compelled the civilized world to take new reckoning of the situation.

It is significant that the most effective exposition of the horrors of war and exposure of the fallacies that fire belligerent nations with murderous patroitism has been produced by the hand of an American woman.

Judging from the standpoint of art, "Moloch," now being performed at the Powers Theater, is a most notable creation. Were its scenes not so grewsome and its lesson less effective, it would be destined to a great run. It yet remains to be seen how much truth about war and warlike men and maneuvers the English-speaking people will endure. This play is not destined to become a matinee favorite.

Two forces will work against its popularity. One, the timid recoil from disagreeable facts, the people who do not wish to go to a theater to be harrowed, who think that "life is sufficiently grewsome anyhow and that the theater should relieve its tension." These people will not go to see "Moloch." Then there are the people who believe that the country is in danger from some imaginary "nerveless pacifists," the "cowardly men," who believe that the bayonet and the cannon are survivals of brute weapons that are to be outgrown.

The editors and preachers who want to secure peace by provoking war, the army and navy "league" men who are carrying on a gum-shoe campaign among business men, trying to impress them with the fear that the nation that has been undisturbed by an outside power for over a century is liable at any time to fall a victim to some invading power because of the inadequacy of our navy and the inferiority of our army; such people will do what they can to break the force of this tremendously strong exhibition not only of the accursedness of war but of its imbecility, the foolishness of battlefield patriotism and the military wastefulness of national resources.

Holbrook Blinn's company has left nothing to be desired in the rendition of this powerful drama. It is a company of common people, reflecting the ordinary experiences in times of war. There is nothing of the melodramatic in it. The points are made without argument.

There is no speechmaking. The dialogue is crisp, abrupt and marvelously simple. From the little boy to the sophisticated bachelor professor, so militant in spirit, so solicitous of his goldfish, there is a suppressed force, restrained energy. Every actor compels attention and contributes to the artistic finish.

The lines are so brief and terse and telling that they testify to the fact that the whole drama was born out of an emotion that could not be wholly suppressed, out of an agony that must find expression.

Such a masterpiece as this does not need to carry its foot notes on to the stage. The characters have no occasion to interpret themselves, they are self-interpreting. It is impossible to keep the study of this drama from the conclusions which it enforces.

How inevitable and swift are the savageries of war! But the highest cost of these savageries are not represented by the burnt homes, the ruined orchards or the physical wrecks, but by the spiritual degeneracy.

How has this plain gentleman, a man of refinement, devoted to his home, a loving father and tender husband, by a few months of war become degenerate by the dissipations incident to the camp life! The younger brother comes home paralyzed by a bullet from the enemy, which chained him for life to his wheeled chair. The older brother comes home paralyzed of will, wrecked by rum, nerveless and helpless.

How cruel are the superficial alignments of war! The young chemist, the physician with high ideals, with dreams of future conquests of disease, betrothed to a charming maiden, because he was a "foreigner" must go home to fight the enemies of his country, to take up arms against those whom he loved, to be destroyed by those who loved him and whom he had served. In this drama we see the conventionally patriotic mother, proud of her military ancestry, one who has "lived through two wars" and who sent her "little boy" away with her blessing, brought at last by grief to respect the mother in her heart above the call of "patriotism," that changed the enemies of one war into the allies of another. The sophistries of the academic uncle are familiar to the readers of newspapers, even in this democratic land of ours.

No one conversant with the facts of war can accuse the author of "Moloch" of exaggeration. Any old soldier who saw service from '61 to '65, in the most intelligent war ever waged can verify these experiences out of his own experiences or those of his immediate comrades.

Unless this drama be interdicted by a public sentiment akin to that which intercepted the Vereschagin exhibits in Europe, because the truth is told too plainly, "Moloch" is destined to have a great career as a stage play. If it falls short of this for the reasons ascribed, it will still stay in literature as a great work of art, charged with humanity, a contribution to contemporary statesmanship, an exposition of the fallacies of war lords and militant legislators. The dictum of the man of battle, that "so long as man remains war will remain," is refuted by the play itself. Intelligence will dismantle the hosts. A realization of the simple facts of the battlefield will vitalize our religion, summon our boasted Christianity to the front, and war will become a thing of the past as dueling, feudalism, the "rack," the "wheel," the "thumbscrew," the "iron maiden" are things of the past. The cannon and the bayonet will be relegated to the same museum, and this woman's brain, quickened by a woman's heart, interpreted by the masterly company of Holbrook Blinn, will help bring about this consummation.

The citizens of Chicago cannot afford to miss this great contribution to the issues of the day, and splendid display of dramatic art and skill.

The Chicago Examiner, May 25, 1915. —*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A CORRECTION.

It is the Rev. Elizabeth Padgham of Rutherford, N. J., that is to address the "Fellowship for Social Justice" during the Anniversary Week in Boston and not Alexander Padgham, as was stated in a recent note.

ANNUAL CONFIRMATION CLASS ALUMNI BANQUET.

On the evening of May 14th the Confirmation Class Alumni gathered in Emerson Hall, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, for their twenty-sixth annual dinner. Of the possible seventy alumni in the city, thirty were present and with their guests made a company of over fifty.

After the time-honored dinner of chicken and ham, which was arranged by Amy Foster, had been fully enjoyed, the following program was given:

Song.

President's Address.....Alice Thayer

Reports of Secretary-Treasurer.. .....Edith Lobdell

Welcome to Class of 1915..... .....Cleaver Thayer

Response .....Catherine Collins

Song.

What the Alumni Are Doing—
Adah Whitcomb Edith Lobdell
Helen Johnson Joseph Hanson

Our Friend and Pastor..... .....Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Our Chorus of Faith..... .....Response by Alumni

Song.....The Crowing Day

Benediction.

The president asked that a committee from the Alumni be offered to the other agencies at the Lincoln Centre to help with the general propaganda of peace with the idea of enlarging the work through the non-resident alumni. Later in the evening a motion for such a committee was carried. The committee will work during the summer and have plans ready for an early start in the fall.

Adah Whitcomb, the successful head of the largest branch of the Chicago Public Library, talked on the "Business of Being a Librarian." Helen Johnson, a freshman at the University of Chicago, gave her ideas on the choosing of a vocation. Edith Lobdell, who for several years has been composing for the piano, played several selections of her own composition, and Joseph Hanson told what it means to be in business and how much he tried to carry the ideals of his Confirmation Class training into his work.

Perhaps the best part of the evening was when Mr. Jones, after he had spoken his kind, friendly words which always mean so much to his young pupils, took up the copy of "Unity Hymns and Chorals," which has all the class mottos, and called the roll of the classes. Representatives of the various classes rose as their numerals were called and named over those who had been with them, and if possible, what they were doing. The names of many absent ones were recalled and reminiscences were indulged in. The whole spirit of the evening was one of fellowship and a desire for renewed efforts.

The officers for the coming year are: Robert Hammond, president; Ruth Lobdell, vice-president; and Helen Johnson, secretary-treasurer.

A. C. T.

PROPERTY LOSS IN THE WAR.

At the end of December, M. Henri Masson, Avocat of the Court of Appeals of Brussels, placed the loss to Belgium at over $1,000,000,000. The main items in his account were $235,000,000 in the destruction of buildings and trade in the cities of Liege, Louvain, Namur, Charleroi, Malines, Dinant, Alost, Tirlemont, Termonde, and Aerschot. The loss in Antwerp and vicinity was estimated at $100,000,000. Damage in rural districts to crops, cattle and buildings was placed at $280,000,000 and to state buildings, railways, bridges, roads, etc., $240,000,000. Finally, interruption of trade, loss of pay, etc., was put down as $200,000,000. Three months have elapsed since this compilation was made.

That part of France occupied by German armies since September represents about 4 per cent of the Republic, in which 8 per cent of the French population lives. An officer of the Credit Foncier has computed the territory under occupation to have a value of $1,900,000,000, or 7 per cent of the entire land value of France. The commercial and industrial implements of the region are appraised at 11 per cent of the total. All of the Department of Ardennes, 55 per cent of the Department of Aisne, 12 per cent of Marne, 25 per cent of Meurthe and Moselle, 30 per cent of Meuse, 70 per cent of Nord, and from 10 to 25 per cent of several other departments are under German control. In this territory immense property destruction has occurred. In Rheims alone the loss is said to have been $250,000,000. In Lille the damage has been almost as great. The fugitive population numbers several millions. A very conservative figure of property destruction would be $1,500,000,000. France last month appropriated $100,000,000 for loans to small business interests who had been ruined by the war about them.

When the Russians made their first raid into East Prussia they did $250,000,000 worth of property damage. Since then towns that were partially destroyed have been wiped out of existence in being caught between the fire of the opposing armies. In Poland devastation as complete as in parts of Belgium has occurred, not only in little villages but in great cities. So the property loss at the eastern battle front has probably not been less than $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. One authority estimates a loss of $500,000,000 worth of steel in the sinking of merchant ships and war vessels, and this constitutes only a part of their total cost. One, therefore, can conceive the property loss of the war to date to have been four or five billions of dollars. Judge E. A. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, believes this loss in eighteen months of war will be $35,000,000,000.—From "What the War Is Costing Europe," by Charles F. Speare, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.

THE WAR'S COST AS REVEALED BY GOVERNMENT LOANS AND ESTIMATES.

One cannot go far wrong in footing up the operating cost of the war if one follows closely the government loans and the frequent estimates made before the British Commons by Premier Asquith or Lloyd George, by Finance Minister Ribot of France, and in the German Reichstag, of the daily toll to the Allies and their opponents. From these sources we have official sanction for the use of the following figures of

the military and naval cost from August 1 to April 1:

Great Britain	$2,000,000,000
France	1,750,000,000
Russia	2,000,000,000
Germany, including Turkey	2,500,000,000
Austria-Hungary	1,500,000,000

On the side of the Allies there is a further cost of, say $200,000,000, for services of Belgium, Serbia and Japan. Mobilization has cost Holland and Switzerland fully $150,000,000, and if we use the minimum figure, its cost to Italy has been $300,000,000. This gives an actual and verifiable cost of approximately $10,500,000,000, equaling the combined direct and indirect costs of the Napoleonic and Civil wars, the two most expensive of the last four generations, and we will not include in it $200,000,000 which Spain has had to raise to meet her deficit.—From "What the War Is Costing Europe," by Charles F. Speare, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.

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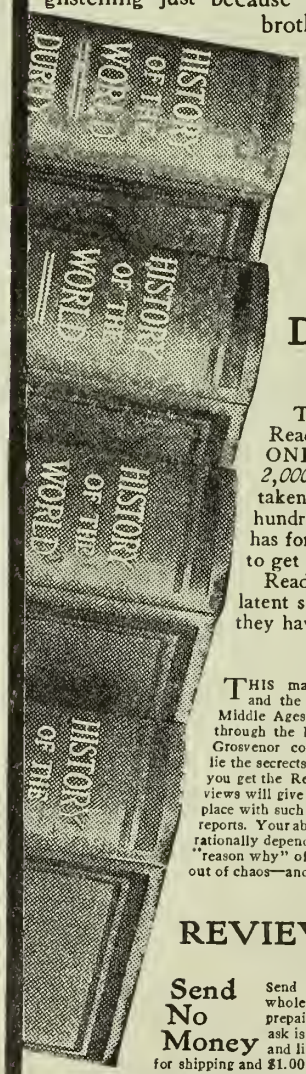

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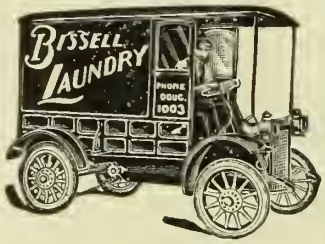

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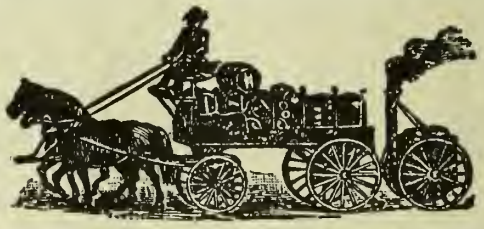

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1915. NUMBER 15

SPECIAL EDITION

For Free Distribution at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

We are glad to hand to our readers this double number of UNITY *which is dedicated to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. A special number is printed for free distribution, and grateful acknowledgment is here made to the Unitarians of the Pacific Coast who have kindly consented to aid in the distribution from their headquarters in the Palace of Education.*

GOETHALS

A man went down to Panama,
  Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
  And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the mountains stood aside.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak,
  Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the isthmus,
  He made the engineer,
And the good God he made Goethals,
  To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek of fevered ages rose
  From poisoned jungle and strand,
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
  Lay sunk in the torrid sand—
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
  And venal contraband:

Till a mind glowed white through the yellow mist
  And purged the poison-mold,
And the wrecks rose up in labor,
  And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world-divide,
  Untarnished by world gold:

For a poet wrought in Panama
  With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
  To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs,
  And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind, it is not his
  Alone, but a million men's:
Far visions of lonely dreamers
  Meet there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent by stormy time,
  Leap through, with flame intense:

So from our age three giants loom
  To vouch man's venturous soul:
Amundsen on his ice-peak,
  And Peary from his pole,
And midway, where the oceans meet,
  Goethals—beside *his* goal:

Where old Balboa bent his gaze,
  He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
  Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed,
  Steamed Goethals and his crew;

So nevermore the tropic routes
  Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals,
  The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of men are led towards peace
  By the prophet-engineer.

—*Percy Mackaye.*

From "The Present Hour," a book of poems by Percy Mackaye, by permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, New York.

Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Special Number.

Not many of the UNITY staff or its farther away readers can enjoy the splendid vision at the Golden Gate or take part in the stimulating proceedings of conferences, councils, conventions and congresses that will follow in brilliant succession through the summer days. But none of us want to be counted wholly out of it, so we send this "Special Number" of UNITY across the mountains with some account of the words and works of the activities most intimately connected with it. Indeed, all of which activities, it may be said, were born out of UNITY's loins, are children of its dreams, whose care and growth, as well as their birth, are largely indebted to its fostering care.

First, then UNITY makes its bow to any new friends it may find under the sunny skies and on the radiant grounds of the exposition, as well as grasping the hands of old friends in true conservative style by printing its traditions. We will let its past interpret its present, and indicate its still unrealized but ever pursued hopes.

Unity

UNITY first saw the light of day on the first of March, 1878, so it is now in its thirty-eighth year, still in the adolescent period, still young and hopeful. It was launched under the name of *The Pamphlet Mission*, with the names of Robert Collyer, *Chicago*, W. C. Gannett of *St. Paul*, Jenkin Ll. Jones of *Janesville*, C. W. Wendte of *Cincinnati*, and J. C. Learned of *St. Louis*, as publishing committee; Miss Frances L. Roberts of *Chicago*, business agent; J. T. Sunderland of *Chicago* and George W. Cooke of *Grand Haven, Mich.*, editors of its "Notes and News." Robert Collyer wrote the greeting.

> We want to make this *Pamphlet Mission* go like a benediction among liberal thinkers all through the West; to feel, when the work gets fairly under way, that our little messenger is the most welcome visitor, especially in the lonely homes and thinly scattered communities of free religious thinkers, that ever comes. We trust they will look for it then as one of their choice blessings and find nobler uses in it than we can yet dream of. But this can only be done as those who are like-minded with ourselves take hold with us, and spread the news far and wide, of its birth and promise; subscribe for as many copies as they can well afford to and send them out where they know they will be a blessing. . . . We need not say that our whole desire is to promote God's truth. If there should ever be any money in the venture, it will go right back in the publication, to the last cent, so as to make it still more worthy and more useful. And we cannot doubt that if all our friends will take hold with us, the *Pamphlet Mission* will grow in time to be one of the choicest agencies for the promotion of truth we can possibly desire.

Following this genial and hopeful greeting from the then pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, came the prospectus, which said:

> It is proposed to publish a fortnightly series of religious pamphlets on "The Unity," "The Evolution," "The Doctrines," "The Bibles" and "The Leaders of Religion"; on the "Relation of Religion to Science," to "Devotion and Conduct," and on kindred topics, written by men whose word combines liberal thought with religious feeling..... We hope that each number will make good the promise of its title; *i. e.*, that each will stand for real freedom of mind, for real fellowship between differing minds, and as most important of all, for character as the *test* and *essence of religion.*

At the end of the first six months the new volume announced:

> With this number we enter upon a new volume and hoist to the mast-head a new name. "What's in a name?" Much. The *Pamphlet Mission* did not meet with general favor as a name. We trust it will be different with UNITY.

With the beginning of the second year UNITY was enlarged and H. M. Simmons, then of Kenosha, was editor-in-charge, and its position was thus stated by the new editor in its greeting:

> UNITY will aim to be as unsectarian as its name. Many of its contributors are indeed Unitarians; but the better Unitarians hold that name in no sectarian sense, and are, as Dr. Bellows said, "a sect only in their opposition to sectarianism." They aim not to divide, but to unite. The old theologic doctrine of the unity of God, from which the name came, has led logically and historically to a belief in the unity of all religion, and of the race. So we have long been wont, in pronouncing the word *Unitarianism*, to pass lightly over the *arianism*, and lay all the emphasis on the *Unite*. And now gladly dropping the *ism* and every trace of sectarian hiss, and returning to the root of the word, in which its historic meaning and real spirit lie, we proclaim our faith in UNITY.
>
> This, too, is the word in which modern thought centers. History is showing that all religions are *one;* ethnology that humanity is *one;* biology that all life is *one;* chemistry that the earth is *one;* and astronomy that all worlds are *one*. Our paper aims to be faithful to this rising truth—the unity of religions in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. For this truth of unity will in turn prove itself a gospel, bringing a larger charity and a wiser life to men.

Another year, first of March, 1880, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, then of Janesville, Wis., assumed the responsibility of senior editor, which position he has since occupied. On this, its third birthday, UNITY again stated its position as follows:

> Unity does not stand for freedom alone, nor for fellowship alone, nor for character alone in religion, but for all three of these as a con-substantial trinity. For some we are too free; for some we are too charitable; we hope that for none we are "too good." Not all even of our own household seem to fully understand our purpose. When they do, we trust they will believe in it enough to help us to more fully represent them.

On the first of March, 1884, it reiterated its purpose to "work for universal truths independent of geographical lines and to seek a broader fellowship than that represented by any denominational name."

On the first of May, 1885, UNITY, up to that date issued semi-monthly, became a weekly, and at that time it took occasion to say that its work was for the

> Church of the Spirit, based on practical piety; the home of thought, and a fellowship broader than any sectarian name, and aglow with a missionary purpose to rationalize and humanize religion, that it may the better sanctify the life that now is, and increase the capacity for a life that is to come.

We make these citations from the earlier editorial columns of UNITY, hoping that they will show that through all the thirty-seven years and more UNITY has not been disloyal to the initial "heavenly vision;"

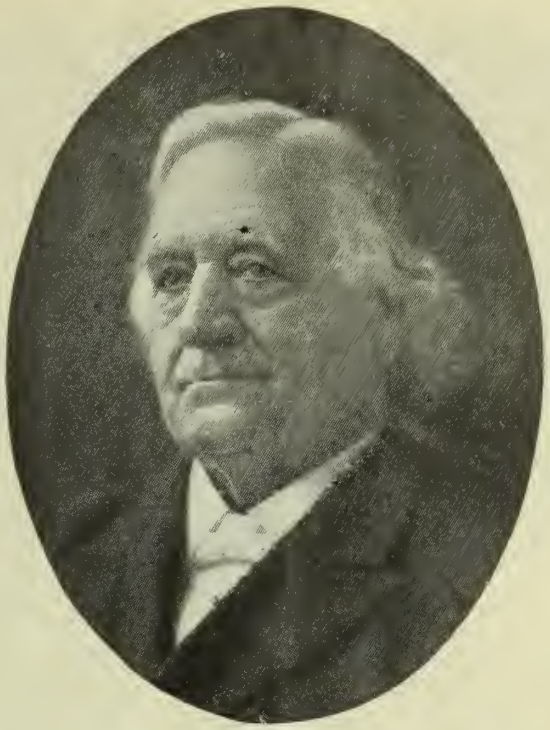
that it is still traveling the road which is ever the long, long road that never arrives, but the years serve as milestones to indicate its progress. The editorial list alluded to above, grew until it included the loving fellowship of F. L. Hosmer, James Vila Blake, S. S. Hunting, R. L. Herbert, John Chadwick, John R. Effinger, E. P. Powell, the last to escape the trammels of the flesh, Henry Doty Maxson, William Kent, and many others. Frances L. Roberts, Ellen T. Leonard, Allen G. Jennings and Marion Perkins, of blessed memory. Celia Parker Woolley, Evelyn H. Walker, Charles H. Kerr, Frederick L. Sanders, Cyrus Osborne and Edith Lackersteen have all rendered faithful service as assistants and office editors. The Home Department has enlisted the co-operation of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells and Miss Cora Clark of Boston, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, Mrs. William Kent and Miss Katherine Jones. *The Liberal Worker, The Spectator, The Church of the Unity, The Unitarian Advocate, The Alliance, The Weekly Magazine, The Educational News, The Fortnightly News, The Church Door Pulpit* and the *Little Unity* are names that remind the members of the old guard of the many papers that were too good to live, of the little rills that flowed into the more persistent stream of UNITY.

In the earlier years of UNITY much was made of birthdays. There were regular announcements of new departments, changes of form and type, and additions to the editorial staff, all of which were pathetically hopeful and so full of confidence that they would be suspected of bumptiousness, if they had not always been so deadly in earnest.

But "birthdays" have become monotonous. The thirty-seventh year has been passed and it is still moving on. All these years it has been a labor of love. Of course it has never "paid its way," but it can say with some pride that it has always paid its bills, except to those who did not work for pay.

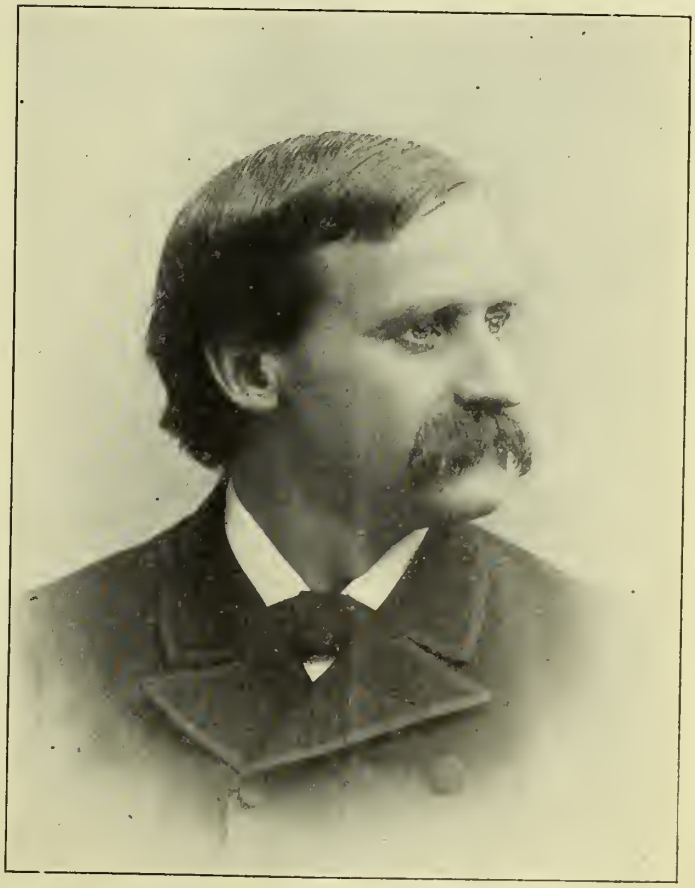
On its thirtieth birthday UNITY, still believing in its future and strongly entrenched in the permanent environment of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, to be noted hereafter, opened its books for an endowment fund of $30,000. This fund has been diligently pursued and brought to a successful finish through the efficient leadership of a Lincoln Centre Committee. We expect at the beginning of the first half year volume on the first of September, 1915, to present the full list of the donors of the completed fund.

But, obviously, the best exhibit of UNITY and its work is told by the story of its children hereunto appended.



ROBERT COLLYER

"Lord, for the names that light the path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way;
For all whose life doth prove the might of Faith, Hope, Love
The souls of men to move,
Be praise today!"



HENRY M. SIMMONS

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN

All look gloomy when we are bearing south, or too much to the west, and all are beaming with joy when we are drifting to the northward, the farther the better.—*Nansen, Farthest North.*

So it is written in brave Nansen's story
Of the good Fram, and all the fame and glory
Of those stout hearts who further northward bore
Than any ship had ever been before.

For them the vast unknown had naught of fear;
They yearned for it as for a mother dear
The homesick children absent from her side;
As yearns the bridegroom for the tarrying bride.

They knew how many hitherward had come,
Nor seen again the pleasant things of home;
Nor sent one word of aught that they had found
In any dim, enchanted sea or ground.

Yet still from out the unknown world there came
Voices that seemed to call them each by name;
Voices of bergs that grind and seas that roll,
Tempting and spurning man's imperial soul.

Would that it might be so with us who keep
Our fateful course o'er life's unmeasured deep;
That we, as cheerly, might that mystery hail,
Which is the port of every captain's sail.

What though no soul has ever yet returned
With news of those for whom our hearts have yearned
These many years! Who would not wish to go
Where they have gone, what they have learned to know?

No fear! That great unknown toward which we move
Is the wide sea of God's eternal love.
No ice-bound beauteous desolation there;
But life, more life—who would not onward fare?

1896. —*John White Chadwick.*

COIN IN ANY REALM

With place, with gold, with power—oh, ask me not
With these my little hour of life to blot.
A little hour indeed! and I would fain
Its moments spend in what is worth its pain.
What traveler would faint through troublous lands
To gather only what must leave his hands
The moment that he takes his homeward ship?
Earth's goods and gauds give every man the slip;
But wealth of Thought, and richer wealth of Love,
Must pass for coin in any world above.
The good to others done while here I strive
Is all at last that shall my dying shrive;
And setting sail, my slight self-conquest's store
Is all my freight if I shall come to shore.

—*James H. West.*

THE HALO

"One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings."

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,—
Women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!

Unity, May 9, 1885. —*William C. Gannett.*

THE THREEFOLD TESTIMONY.

"God is love."—*St. John.*
"God is the Summit of Truth."—*Emerson.*
"God is the Best that man can know."—*Matthew Arnold.*

Still "from faith to faith" uplifted,
Living out his sense of Right,
Man moves Godward through the ages
Climbing slow from height to height.

"Father, Son, and Holy Spirit"—
So the earlier souls confess:
We, their latest heirs, inherit
Love and Truth and Righteousness.

Christ-like Love, the Eternal Human,
Shall walk with us through all time.
Righteousness, the Eternal Helpful,
Lift us toward the Truth sublime.

Something grander than our finite,
Something higher than our best,
All enfolding, all upholding,
To the *soul* made manifest.

This is God, the great Eternal,—
Be he what he may or where,
In his being he uniteth
Wisdom, Love, and helpful Care.

UNITY, *Sept.* 4, 1896. —*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

The first service of All Souls Church was conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones November 4, 1882, in a little hall on the corner of Vincennes Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago.

March 3, 1885, in order to secure more room, the church services were transferred to Oakland Hall, over a skating rink.

Before this time a subscription list was opened in UNITY for the building of a permanent church home. The proposition was that if the local society would furnish the land upon which to erect the building, Mr. Jones would raise the money for the building through the pages of UNITY.

All Souls Church

BOND OF UNION

We join ourselves together in the interest of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world.

October 12, 1886, the first building was dedicated, the money for the building, $10,000, having come literally from every State in the Union.

The building was a combination of auditorium and parsonage, and gave shelter to many activities throughout the seven days of the week. Classes in poetry, fiction and science were held. The first Browning class was started in 1883. Evolution was studied through successive years in the books of Darwin, John Fiske, Spencer, Powell, etc.

As the church grew and the work developed more adequate housing became imperative. Space was needed to enlarge the many-sided week-day activities, so plans were projected and schemes formulated to raise funds for the erection of the Abraham Lincoln Centre on the northeast corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue on land which had been partly purchased by a donation from Mrs. Nancy Nickerson, with the stipulation that part of the new building should be occupied by the "Hill Reading Room."

A DREAM FULFILLED.

A child went seeking a gift one day,
But so blind had been her care
That she had not thought to begin her quest
Till the shrine she loved was bare.

Then she called to fond old mother, Earth,
"O Earth! of thy treasure rare
Bring forth the fairest and fittest one
A message of love to bear."

Then the happy mother laughed, for joy
To know that her task was done,
For a thousand thousand ages ago
Her work had been well begun.

For once, when the wise old Earth was young,
And the ferns grew strange and rare,
But never the valleys or hill-slopes green
Did child or blossom bear,

As she dizzily swung in the tropic haze,
Asleep on the sky's soft breast,
The wildest dream that ever came true
Crept into her heart's still rest.

Too tender and dear for words or song,
So she kept her secret fast,
With ferns for beauty and hills for strength,
Till the dream came true at last,—

The old, wild dream in the heart of Earth,
Of blossoms at summertide,
And a child, that should hold out a hand for a rose,
And should not be denied.

All Souls Church, Chicago. —*Evelyn H. Walker.*
Flower Sunday, 1907.

DEDICATION HYMN OF ALL SOULS CHURCH.

Like stars upon a troubled sea
Shine out the altars fair,
Where longings of the centuries
Have voiced themselves in prayer.
A guide to tempted, wandering hearts,
A strength in sorrow's hour,
A peace within the common lives
They touched with holy power.

We seek the good those altars held,
Yet read their message clear,
To loyally receive the light
God sends us now and here.

Within these walls may worship fill
Our waiting souls anew,
A present help within our lives
To make them pure and true.

Eternal Life, whose love Divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than Thine,
We heed no other call.
O may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
When truth and righteousness and love
Shall lead all souls to thee!

—*Emma E. Marean.*

Abraham Lincoln Centre

A point towards which all the legitimate needs of the community gravitate; from which all available helps radiate.

A LINCOLN CENTRE CREED

From a clean life to a clean city,
From love of home to love of country,
From love of country to love of humanity,
From love of God, our Father, to love of man, our brother.

In the issue of the *Chicago Evening Post* for September 12, 1892, there appeared a full page illustrated notice of All Souls Church and its work under the caption "Mr. Jones Dreams a Dream." The article was written by Mr. Armstrong, son of the founder of the United States Railway Postal Car Service. A copy of this paper was mailed to all the members of the church and was made the subject of the sermon for the Sunday following. Subscriptions were then opened for a fund of a hundred thousand dollars to realize this dream of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, no subscription being due until the whole was subscribed. Thirteen years after, the building was dedicated, May 28th to June 1st, 1905. The day of dedication another subscription list was opened for a hundred thousand dollar endowment fund, which fund was completed in about six years. The Abraham Lincoln Centre was incorporated with a self-perpetuating board of forty members. All Souls Church transferred to it its tangible property, reserving to itself perpetual rights of free tenantcy. The present property represents about $250,000 worth of real estate, $133,000 Endowment Fund, including the $30,000 UNITY fund to be dedicated always to the perpetuation of ideas coinciding with the traditions of UNITY and All Souls Church.

A staff of about twenty workers give their whole time to the work, including the janitor force. Some fourteen of the workers are in residence. A house meeting is held every Friday at which a careful statistical report is compiled and plans discussed. The following is a sample weekly report:

Abraham Lincoln Centre Calendar

February 4-11, 1915

	Enr't.	Cls.	Add.	Drp.	Call.	Vis.	Attdce.
Church							300
Sunday School	128	13	1	5	4	3	110
Tuesday Class	125	1	..	..	..	..	85
Friday Class	32	1	..	..	..	..	16
Browning Class	27	1	..	..	..	..	24
Kindergarten	30	5	..	..	4	..	100
Helen Heath	992	..	6	..	15	..	36
Domestic Science	163	6	..	..	6	..	124
Gymnasium	175	6	..	..	..	..	285
Manual Training	70	4	..	..	6	..	35
Lincoln Girls' Club	102	5	6	3	9	..	65
Lincoln Boys' Club	163	5	37	46	5	..	107
Boys' Chorus	23	1	..	..	..	..	10
Children's Chorus	70	4	..	..	2	..	46
Piano Lessons	...	..	..	..	..	..	3
Language Classes	24	..	..	..	..	..	33
Monday Night Dance	...	..	..	..	..	..	40
Dancing Classes	...	9	..	..	..	..	63
Fellowship Class	...	..	..	..	..	..	30
Peace Meeting in Auditorium	...	..	..	..	..	..	75
University Lecture	...	..	..	..	..	..	205
Arche Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	807
Nike Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	65
Library	...	..	..	..	..	..	1,793
Reading Room	...	..	..	..	..	..	1,846
Story Hour	...	..	..	..	..	..	27
Mothers' Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	60
Children's Play Hour	...	..	..	..	..	..	15
Playground Workers' Party	...	..	..	..	..	..	25
Doll Club	...	..	1	..	..	..	10
Rutledge Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	9
Residents' House Meeting	...	..	..	..	..	..	20
	2,124	61	51	54	51	3	6,469

The society has issued its Annual Report for thirty-two consecutive years, setting forth the full activities, work done and doing. Friends particularly interested, wishing to study in detail the work of the church can probably obtain back numbers of these Annuals on application at the UNITY office.

The Building

The activities of the Abraham Lincoln Centre are housed in a six-story and basement building erected on the corner of Oakwoood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Chicago, Ill., about four and a half miles south of the business center, on substantial, simple lines which make it adapted to its purpose as a physical and spiritual power-house, organizing and radiating all kinds of neighborhood helpfulness and inspiration.

We call it the "Abraham Lincoln Centre" in honor of the "first American," a prophet, sage and helper of men of the modern times. His name typifies applied religion, civic righteousness and the humble heart. This institution is open every day in the week and all the working hours of the day.

The upper (sixth) floor of the building is divided between the gymnasium and domestic science. The fifth floor is occupied by the residents, the fourth floor by the social and study rooms, *i. e.*, Emerson hall, Browning room, Civics room, Bible room, and the necessary social, cloak and toilet rooms, etc. The second and third floors are given to the auditorium and attendant rooms, including Committee rooms, a picture room, where always hangs at least one loan picture of high merit, music rooms, and a comfortable rest room for women and children. The first (main) floor is occupied by the spacious entrance lobby, the Office of the Building and the Minister's study, a branch of the Chicago Public Library, the editorial and publishing rooms of UNITY, the Little Counter and the large reception room "behind the clock." In the basement is the Manual Training outfit; also playrooms for the boys and girls of the Lincoln Centre Clubs, containing pool-tables and material for other games and amusements. Here are also found photographic dark-rooms, magazine dispensary, old clothes closet, etc.

The University Extension Centre of the South Side offers lectures throughout the season every Tuesday evening. On Monday evenings from November to May, inclusive, Mr. Jones leads studies in Browning and other masters in literature. On Tuesday morning at 10:30, and Friday evening at 8, he conducts the classes in religion. The Sunday-school, which meets at 9:30 every Sunday morning, pursues the same course of study as the Tuesday and Friday classes. The regular Sunday morning services are conducted in the Auditorium at 11 o'clock by Mr. Jones.

The children of the Lincoln Centre Clubs, at present writing numbering between two hundred and fifty and three hundred, are at home in almost all parts of the building, and enjoy in full measure the privileges of the gymnasium, the Kindergarten, the domestic science department, the Doll's Club and the Dancing, Singing and Orchestra Clubs.

Their parents, too, find much to interest them in the regular meetings of the large Mothers' Club, in the frequent musical and dramatic representations in which their children take part, in the various study classes and the social occasions when old and young dance and sing together.

Bulletins are issued regularly containing the current announcements. Questions are solicited and information will be freely given at the office or in response to communications by mail.

Lincoln Centre Fellowship

This is an independent club now in its third year, which has undertaken to demonstrate the possibility of enlisting men and women in coöperation on the high lines of social, artistic, educational and civic interests. From the start it has had a man and woman president and a dual executive throughout. It meets monthly around the social board and eminent speakers from all parts of the country have been heard and public questions discussed. Last year Prof. Steiner of Iowa, Gov. Ferris of Michigan and Bishop Williams of Detroit were among the speakers.

In addition to this, a course of study on "The Strangers Within Our Gates," or the foreign born citizens of Chicago, has been conducted, and these new recruits have been heard from in their own behalf. Last winter the questions of Labor, of Color, and of Drink were studied in the same way—at short range.

Lincoln Centre Dramatics

Much has always been made at the Abraham Lincoln Centre of the drama, not only in the way of studying systematically the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Browning, etc., but in the way of rendering dramas of real merit in as effective and scholarly a fashion as possible.

Under the direction of Mr. Maurice S. Kuhns, the children of the Sunday School have accomplished what would be pronounced impossible by experts. They aim to interpret, at least once a year, dramatically, the great studies of the Sunday School in the Sunday School Course.

In this direction they have rendered Longfellow's "Pandora," as relating to the primitive life of man, his "Judas Maccabæus" in connection with our Apocryphal studies, a dramatization of the Buddha story in connection with our studies of Oriental religions, a dramatic interpretation of Job, in connection with Old Testament study, which was repeated before the students and professors of the University of Chicago to their surprise and delight, and they are about presenting Aristophanes' "Peace" with fitting costumes and stage setting.

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him *to do!*
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beatitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood.

December, 1903. —*Althea A. Ogden.*

OUR TASK

Narrow our field of tillage, short our tenancy,
But thine infinity, O God, and thine eternity,
Here, resting now upon our little deeds and shortened days,
Stretch out and onward and forever.

Our problems fit and fill our boundaries,
Our labor ends at sunset, at thy feet
We leave the plow when twilight calls us home.

Our time is thine, we cannot reach success,
Only reach toward it. More thou dost not ask,
Less, none can render in man's honesty.

Our duty, that our little plot is tilled
So those that follow find it mellowed land,
A world where more men clearer know thy love
Because we lived and toiled.

UNITY, *Nov.* 27, 1896. —*William Kent.*

THE DEDICATION.

(*Abraham Lincoln Centre, 1905.*

And what is this you dedicate? Is it the brick and stone?
These walls set high and fair—do you but build these walls alone?
Is it that you would dedicate this work that you have done,
Or consecrate the structure of great deeds that is begun?

We may fold hands and look at this, and know that it is good,
And praise the marvels that are wrought of senseless stone and wood,
But we must go bare-armed and strong from labor made complete
To all the harder, longer tasks that we know that we must meet.

The perfect house is not made up of roof and wall and floor—
The perfect house bids welcome or cries Godspeed at its door—
Its builders labor on in love, are spendthrift of their strength
Until the house shall stand in simple majesty at length.

It is the house not made with hands, not built of stone and steel,
Whose base is the great common thought that all of us must feel,
Whose clear design but follows out the one eternal plan
That they who work in brotherhood must know their brother man.

That they who work in brotherhood, who build with word and deed,
Toil on a structure which outgrows the confines of a creed,
Raise up a temple wonderful beneath the blessed skies—
A temple as enduring as the truth that never dies.

Build on. Build high and true and fair, throughout the changing years.
And light shall break where darkness broods, and smiles take place of tears.
The blessing of a worthy deed is that its lustre glows
Like sunbeams coaxing laughter to the dewdrops on the rose.

So, you have built—but still you build, and not with brick and beams,
For you shall breathe the breath of life into your cherished dreams,
And you shall see your faith take form again, and yet again,
For you build more than temples—aye, for you are building men!

And what is this we dedicate? Not roof and floor and wall,
But the brave trust in that white light which leads us one and all;
We consecrate our hope and faith in this that has been done
And dedicate ourselves anew to what is but begun.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

TUESDAY CLASS PICNIC AT THE STARRETT SCHOOL

LINCOLN CENTRE MOTHERS' CLUB

A CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING

THE VETERAN.

I saw a veteran today
With hobbling foot, and staff to stay,
In slow march by the window stray.

"The rank?" There was no epaulet;
Some humble rank that privates get;
The look said, *hero by brevet.*

"The regiment?" I only know
It takes the front where'er they go:
The face is all the badge they show.

"No colors?" None that I could see,
Except the gray locks waving free,
Like shot-torn banners greeting me.

"In service where?" How could I guess?
No roll of victories marred the dress,
But eyes were full of field success.

"And scars, or main,—an empty sleeve?"
I saw the smile that sufferings leave.
And weary days and nights achieve.

"And all alone—no comrade-brother?"
Alone, but loved beyond all other—
For she is some one's dear old mother.

UNITY, *June* 19, 1896. —*William C. Gannett.*

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friend
ship and mirth.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The mighty wrought thro' the ages.
They plowed with the lance,
They sowed with the bow,
They reaped with the sword.
But bitter the fruit of their tillage,
The truce of the crushed,
The peace of the strong.

In all the garnered years
One starlit night,
In all the ways of earth,
One lowly byre is bright.

There, where the frosty breath of kine
Arose as incense at the shrine,
In human mother's love and pain
An humble little child was born,
Who saw beyond the prophets ken,
Who made the gentle message plain,
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

The peace of slave and crown,
The peace of weak and strong,
Wide as the sky above,
As long as time is long,
The peace of God came down,
The peace of Love.

—*William Kent.*

Unity, December 22, 1898.

ALTRUISM

"The God of things as they are"
Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
Of the thrush that sings at even.

The God of the storm and sunshine,
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence.
Of the soundless depths of the sea.

The God of the times and the nations,
Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
Of the limitless human soul.

For there is nothing small,
And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
Embodiments of Thee.

A single thought divine
Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is thine,
And history finds its place.

When the universe was young,
Thine was the perfect thought,
That life should be bound in one
By the strand of love unwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle,
Waxes the bond of love.

Out from the ruthless ages,
Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman
The love of the mother and child.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

Unity, December 23, 1897.

ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB

GROUP FROM THE "MAY FESTIVAL"

"HOME MAKERS"

WEAVING

The Tower Hill Encampment, Wisconsin

In 1890 Jenkin Lloyd Jones, S. S. Hunting and William C. Gannett secured possession of a picturesque bluff overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles west of Madison, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, three miles from Spring Green, the nearest station, with the purpose of establishing a camp for "tired schoolma'ams and poor preachers." Tower Hill was once Shot Tower Hill, which in pre-railroad days was the center of a flourishing river town, Helena, where lead from the neighboring lead mines eighteen or twenty miles away was converted into shot. The Tower Hill Pleasure Company was organized and the colony now consists of some fourteen private cottages and six cottages the property of the company. It has its dining-room, the Emerson Pavilion for meetings, ice house, water system, etc. It adjoins Mr. Jones's Tower Hill Jersey farm, which furnishes milk, butter and the product of a well-tilled garden. The season opens about the first of July and continues to the middle of September. There are always a few cottages for rent. Board at the dining-hall is $5.00 per week for regular attendants and $1.00 a day for transients.

THE CRESCENT MEADOW

CORN FIELD, TOWER HILL FARM

PINE KNOB, TOWER HILL, WIS.

The Tower Hill Summer School

This school antedates the Tower Hill Encampment two years. It lasts for a month, beginning about the middle of July and ending the middle of August. Mr. Jones conducts each summer a class in the seven years' course of study in "The History and Practice of Religion," as follows:

First Year—Beginnings: The Legend and the True Story.

Second Year—The Religious of the Elder World.

Third Year—The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. (The Old Testament.)

Fourth Year—The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classic World. (The Apocrypha.)

Fifth Year—The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. (The New Testament.)

Sixth Year—The Growth of Christianity; Stepping Stones Across the First Sixteen Centuries of the Christian Era.

Seventh Year—The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion: From Erasmus to Emerson.

A full pamphlet giving topics and reading lists can be obtained on application. The season of 1915 will concern itself with the Fifth Year of the course, "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion" (the New Testament). Studies in poetry, particularly Browning, Emerson and Whittier, engage two or three nights a week. Those interested in the study of the local flora and fauna will have special helpers in the same.

The Tower Hill Congress

This outgrowth of the Summer School and the woman activities in Wisconsin will hold its ninth session this summer at Tower Hill. It has grown into an institution of such significance and public importance that it has consented to go away from home on alternate summers. The session of 1912 was held at Portage, Wisconsin, 1914 at Baraboo, Wisconsin. The session lasts two days and three nights and the best men and women available are called upon to discuss the profoundest ethical, civic and humanitarian interests. For several years Miss Lutie E. Stearns of Milwaukee and Miss Zona Gale of Portage have constituted the committee on programs and management.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Sent to reach the heart of folly,
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

Like the touch of cruel fingers
Sweeps again
O'er the heart this song that lingers
Long in pain.

What can be the hidden meaning
So complete
Of the brooding twilight leaning
Low and sweet?

What the vow but just debarring
Heart from joy?
What the factor love's hour marring
With alloy?

O, to clasp this pure escaping
Happiness!
O, to pray these softly draping
Skies to bless!

But to see the light, ne'er guessing
That the star
Through the depths of violet pressing
Is so far!

Not to know such joy is given
For the few
Who have walked in tears, and striven
To be true!

All may reach this bliss deferring,
First to pain
Must each soul, God's will preferring,
Turn again.

Still unto the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

UNITY, *Oct.* 3, 1885. —*Mary Stebbins Savage.*

LILACS.

Over the blossoming hedges
Heavy with all perfumes
Sweetly today there floateth
The breath of the lilac plumes.

Dear is the deepening fragrance,
Subtly the sense it thralls,
And full of a sweet suggestion
Across my heart it falls.

The odor bears me backward
To the heart of another May,
When the snowy sprays were tossing
In the air of a fateful day—

A day when a purple splendor
Come flooding a narrow life,
And the pomp of life's royal pageant
Displaced its calm with strife.

Never the breath of the lilacs
Comes with the apple-blooms,
But the Day of Fate comes with it,
And the old time's deep perfumes.

I smell the blossoming locusts
That dropped above our way,
The spicy mint, the sassafras,
All odors of the May.

And even in the hush of night
The old time with me seems,
And lilac breath and apple bloom
Are with me in my dreams.

UNITY, *April* 25, 1895. —*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

CAVE PATH—TOWER HILL

ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF UNITY

Here is a friend for the friendless,
A champion for the oppressed;
A herald of hastening freedom,
A fearless iconoclast;
A patriot, standing for country,
For state and for city alert;
Rejoicing in all the world's goodness,
Suffering in all its hurt.
Here is a staff for the weary,
Here is a voice for the dumb,
Here is a brother for all men,
Saying not "Go!" but "Come!"
Ever of evil the foeman,
Ever of good the friend:
What is the best of wishes
We on this day can send?
All human blessings enfold thee,
Crown thee all blessings divine!
Spirit of progress stay by thee!
Joy of the victor be thine!
Onward! press onward and upward,
Bearing the flag of truth,
While added years shall declare thee
Wearing perennial youth!
Pledge, till the evil doth vanish!
Pledge, till the good prevail!
The future, my brothers, the future!
Comrade, true comrade, hail!

—*Lydia Avery Coonley*

Unity, March 3, 1898.

The Lincoln Centre Farm

On Clear Lake near Milton Junction, Wisconsin

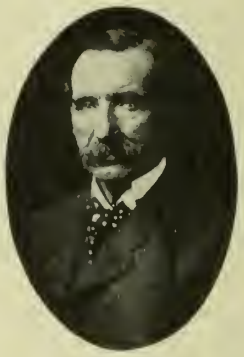
Clear Lake is a bowl—full of clear Wisconsin water covering about 100 acres, situated within a mile and a half of Milton Junction, seven miles west of Janesville, Wis. For two years it was borrowed ground, where were sent successive relays of boys and girls from the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago for a two weeks' revel, where there were fresh air, plenty of water and good food.

Two years ago the Centre secured possession of a half-mile of shore and some thirty acres of land upon which it has erected a commodious dining-room, kitchen, servants' quarters and guests' chambers; also a model little barn, a caretaker's house and now there are being erected two wooden dormitories, simple and sanitary, to accommodate twenty cots each, with room for a chaperon.

All of this represents about $14,000 of money contributed, besides contributions in kind of two cows, woven wire fencing and gates and iron posts to enclose the whole grounds, cot-beds, springs and other furnishings. The whole is practically paid for, but $1,000 more could be well invested in perfecting the benignant plan. The anæmic children in the stuffy side streets of Chicago during the hot summer months have appealed very promptly to the hearts of donors far beyond the limits of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and we trust will continue to do so. The camp is open for two months, July and August, four relays, two of boys and two of girls, being sent.

W. D. JAMES

MISS MARY PETTIBONE JONES



W. D. HOARD

The Three Wisconsin Directors, all of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

WAITING FOR THE FINAL CALL TO SUPPER
(Joe Smith is giving it)

OUR GIRLS

LULLABY.

Be still my darling in thy rest,
All comforted with peace and blest,
My little bird in cozy nest,
Be still my darling one!—
White blossoms fall of softest sleep,
Dream-thoughts of love sweet lilies keep,
They bring thee slumbers pure and deep,—
While silent hours run on!

Be still my darling, for 'tis night,
The silver moon is shining bright,
While in my heart there burns a light—
To bless my tender one!—
So glad am I to see thee sleep,
So truly glad thy guard to keep,
For very joy I almost weep—
While pleasant hours run on!

Be still my darling, morning fair
Will brighten soon the freshened air,
And I shall rise released from care
With thee, my precious one,
All glad to see thee wake from sleep,
All glad thy precious life to keep,
To work for thee, to sow and reap—
While happy years run on!

UNITY, *June* 25, 1896. —*William Brunton.*

From Unity Hymns and Chorals—

NATURE AT WORSHIP.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—*John G. Whittier.*

LOVE MAKES LIFE.

Not a life so mean or lowly
But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.
Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small!
Christ was born to show how truly
Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
But, without love's breath,
Neither giving nor receiving,
Is a living death.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

Love by love alone is ripened,
Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded
By its power to do.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

Having love, be sure to give it;
Give it, having not;
For in living through our giving
Share we Christ's own lot.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

—*Ellen T. Leonard.*

SPLENDID FAILURES

We met them on the common way,
They passed and gave no sign,—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures half-divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

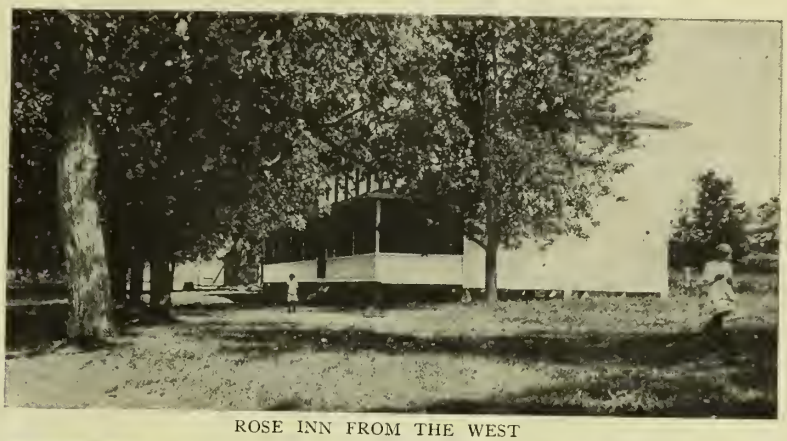
Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail!

—*Elizabeth C. Cardozo.*

Views on the Lincoln Centre Farm

SUNNING THEMSELVES



ROSE INN FROM THE WEST

THE NEW BARN IN THE SNOW

"COME ON IN—THE WATER'S FINE"

The Congress of Religion

The Editor of UNITY was the Secretary of the Parliament of Religions in 1893, which appointed a committee to perpetuate its influence and work. This resulted in the organization of the Congress of Religion in 1894, of which Dr. Hiram W. Thomas was the first and only President, Emil G. Hirsch, First Vice-President, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and many of the progressive leaders in religion in America were on its executive board. It held successful congresses in connection with the expositions at Omaha, Nashville and Buffalo. Other interesting meetings were held under its auspices at Boston, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Aurora, Leland Stanford University, Tacoma, Seattle and elsewhere. The pressure of work, the preoccupations of life, and the transfiguration of such splendid leaders as Dr. Thomas, Dr. Heber Newton, John W. Chadwick and others have so reduced the working force that no initiative aggressive work has been undertaken of recent years. But the cause, and the interest in it remain. The institution is chartered to meet the exigencies of any occasion. UNITY became the organ of the Congress, rearranging its staff, and in order to better make the fresh adventure better understood, it for a while took the name of the NEW UNITY. The Congress, with the Free Religious Association of America with headquarters in Boston, and the newer Federation of Liberal Religious Societies, with headquarters in Philadelphia, are among the organized friendly cooperating bodies representing the sympathies of religion and the untrammeled fellowship which UNITY has always sought to represent and to serve.

The Chicago Peace Society

For many years the Chicago Peace Society might almost have been said to consist of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Jane Addams, Dr. E. G. Hirsch and Mr. Jones; but in 1908 Charles E. Beals was secured as permanent secretary, and the society bloomed at once into beauty and power. After six years of this remarkable service Mr. Beals found it necessary to retire, to the great regret and loss of Chicago, but his successor was promptly found in the efficient Louis P. Lochner. During his administration the one society became three and the triple combination of the Chicago Peace Society, the Woman's Peace Party, and the Church Peace Union, founded by Andrew Carnegie, have moved into more adequate and attractive headquarters at 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, where a force of five or six workers are diligently promoting the cause.

The Chicago representatives of the Church Peace Union consist of Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Prof. Shailer Mathews and Mr. Jones.

The Abraham Lincoln Centre has ever been an active center of peace propaganda. The leading advocates of peace have appeared upon its platform. It had much to do in bringing, welcoming and exploiting the remarkable visit of that remarkable woman, Baroness von Suttner. The older members of All Souls Church well remember the occasions when Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Frederick Douglass and eminent Orientalists have spoken from its platform. Mme. Rossika Schwimmer, during her recent visit to America, profoundly moved a large audience, and the dear and gifted Fuller sisters made their plea for peace in their own unique and beautiful way.

Mr. Jones at the present writing is kept busy in speaking for peace under the auspices of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. His itinerary has already reached from San Francisco to Philadelphia. Those desiring to organize peace demonstrations and wishing to secure the services of Mr. Jones will address H. S. Haskell, 407 West 117th Street, New York City.

At the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre the white bordered banner was given to the breeze by the children of the Sunday School and it has floated there ever since. It drapes the pulpit on all fitting occasions, and through the advocacy of Mr. Jones and the example of Lincoln Centre it is exploited by several of the public schools of Chicago and other places.

The "White Bordered Banner," written for the dedication, has been widely promulgated and will be found at the end of the peace program used in All Souls Church on Decoration Day and which is printed below as a suggestion to those wishing to hold similar services.

"THE BLOOD OF THE NATION"

"That the death of the strong (by war) is a true cause of the decline of nations is a fact beyond cavil or question." *David Starr Jordan.*

Ah! while we praise the god of war,
And call it glory men have won,
We think not of the cruel scar—
That marks the people so undone;
It robs the sheepfold of the sheep;
It robs the home of heroes strong;
It gives the best to death's dark sleep,
And turns to silence sweetest song;
The nations die with those who die,
We weep and wail and wonder why!

We are bewitched with show of things,
The falsest finery men have worn,
For monster war the poet sings,
Who should have scorned it with his scorn;
The butchery of bloody deed,
The decimating ranks of pride,
Should be denounced for all to read,
And sorrow shown for those who died;
The world's grand way of joy's increase
Is by the paths of splendid peace!

—*William Brunton.*

Unity, January 29, 1903.

UNITY.

The sight of nations crossing seas
To sing the Song of God,
To lift loud-sounding symphonies
In man's New World abode—
What cheer to faith
The vision hath!

They come from all the Northern zones,
"From India's coral strands";
The distant islands lent their tones
And every Southern land.
Joy to the earth,
'Tis Hope's new birth!

Hand reaches hand, heart beats to heart,
Man's kinship is confessed;
Nor race nor name shall e'er dispart
This Unity so blest.
For love makes one,
And hate is gone!

—*John C. Learned.*

The Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church

Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave., Chicago

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Minister and Head Resident

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

—*Isaiah, II, 4.*

We here highly resolve * * * that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. —*Abraham Lincoln.*

Peace Service by the Congregation and Sunday School, Decoration Day, 11 a. m., May 30, 1915.

I. Organ Prelude. Sonata for Organ, op. 65.... .....*F. Mendelssohn*

II. Hymn 281.....*Lyons, 52, Unity Hymns and Chorals*

Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of today!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart.
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

III. Poem. A Prayer of the Peoples.. *Percy Mackaye*

IV. "Lovely Appear".....

Music from Gounod's "Redemption"

Lovely appear over the mountain
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace,
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace,

Chorus Repeat.

V. Responsive Reading.

O God thou hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain on the broad sea;

Thou in whom our fathers hoped, and were not confounded.

O helper of the helpless, and stronger than the strong, remember all who are in distress of mind, body, or estate; succor them according to their need.

Father of all the nations of the earth, strengthen law and order won by the struggles of man through countless generations.

Show pity upon all suffering souls and tortured bodies, make wars to cease upon the earth.

Lord be thou our strength within, and our guard without.

We pray for all races of mankind, for every nation, creed, color and tongue.

Lord we beseech thee enlighten the dark places of earth and turn wild men into the way of peace.

We pray for the downfall of every tyranny and for the order and freedom that brings peace;

For the spirit of Justice for all those who make laws and for all Thy children who suffer from tyranny and injustice.

When wrong is strong and the cry of the oppressed goes up, help us our Father to make the peril and the suffering ours and work rejoicingly with Thee to make our earth Thy heaven.

Open our eyes to receive new light, and our ears to hear the voices that are calling us to make the world new by love.

God save the United States of America! save her from greed and corruption; save her from pride and presumption; save her from tyrants and misrule.

Save her for the people and the future; save her to be a school for freedom and a home for the oppressed.

Deliver us from war and the menace of war.
Make this Republic a peace-maker and a hope to the world.

Deepen the root of our life in everlasting righteousness.

May righteousness be the girdle of our power, and by Justice may our commonwealth be established.

VI. Prayer. All Unite.

Our Father, through the discords of the day may we hear the sad, sweet music of eternity. Above the clouds of battle smoke may we catch the rays of the eternal sun still shining. Beneath the bitterness of war may we discover the harmonies of peace.

The cry of the soldier is of the hour; the prayer of the mother is of the ages. Free us, Father, from the blindness and bitterness and foolishness that believe that violence is more potent for justice than gentleness. Forbid that the distinctions of creed, of race, color or language should limit our vision, harden our hearts, or make bitter our spirit against any of Thy children.

O God, muster us into the larger brotherhood, enable us to hold our ground on the battle lines where love and not hate is the inspiration. Give us as a nation, power to endure, and if need be, to die unarmed like Jesus on cross-crowned Calvary, rather than to wield in the name of the God of love the sword of violence.

Father, make us citizens of the world, citizens in the kingdom of love that knows no boundary lines. May our "chosen land" be the land of peace where the kingdom of the righteous is established and the rule of the loving is supreme. *Amen.*

VII. "Our Father," Chanted.

VIII. A Universal Creed. All Unite.

We trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. We trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work. And we will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while we live.

We trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, and fullness of its mercy and the joy of its love; and we will strive to love our neighbors as ourselves.

We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, to guard and to perfect all natural beauty on the earth.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the Law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

We will strive daily to raise body and soul into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of our own lives.

We will labor with such strength and opportunity as God gives us for our daily bread; and all that our hands find to do, we will do with our might.—*John Ruskin.*

IX. A Hymn of Peace..... .....*S. B. Whitney, p. 185*

With steadfast hearts we're marching on,
Peace on the earth to gain;
Our snow-white banners sweep the sky:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
We battle not in vain,
For, pure in heart, our strength is great:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
Love o'er the world shall reign,
And Justice sit upon her throne:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
Take up the glad refrain,
Till all the earth with one accord
Shall follow in our train!

—*Althea A. Ogden.*

X. Class Exercises.

1. Hugo Grotius.....April 10, 1583—Aug. 28, 1645
2. George Fox.....July, 1624—Jan. 13, 1691
3. William Penn.....Oct. 14, 1644—July 30, 1718
4. Immanuel Kant.....April 22, 1724—Feb. 12, 1804
5. Noah Worcester.....Nov. 25, 1758—Oct. 31, 1837
6. William Ellery Channing.....April 7, 1780—Oct. 2, 1842
7. Lucretia Mott.....Jan. 3, 1793—Nov. 11, 1880
8. Victor Hugo.....Feb. 26, 1802—May 22, 1885
9. Ralph Waldo Emerson.....May 25, 1803—April 27, 1882
10. John Bright.....Nov. 16, 1811—March 27, 1889
11. Charles Sumner.....Jan. 6, 1811—March 11, 1874
12. Julia Ward Howe.....May 27, 1819—Oct. 17, 1911
13. Lyof Tolstoy.....Aug. 28, 1828—Nov. 20, 1910
14. Baroness Bertha von Suttner. June 9, 1843—June 21, 1914

XI. Children's Chorus. "Let Us Have Peace."

George Graff, Jr., and Ernest R. Ball
(M. Wilmark & Sons, Publishers.)

XII. Sermon. From Aristophanes' "Peace" to Beulah Dix's "Moloch," 421 B. C.-1915 A. D.

XIII. "Five Souls"..... .....*Lincoln Centre Glee Club*

XIV. Offertory. Universal Hymns.

XV. Hymn. The White Bordered Banner.

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting,
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All the races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!
"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!

—*J. Ll. J.*

XVI. Benediction.

XVII. Organ Postlude. Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Messiah" .....*Handel*

XVIII. Social Greeting.

THE PULPIT

Decoration Day Sermon

From Aristophanes' "Peace" to Beulah M. Dix's "Moloch"
421 B. C.—1915 A. D.

Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre May 30, 1915

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Sermon.

Dear Friends: My sermon is preached and still there is more to say. These simple, unpremeditated and untrained exercises by the children have been a demonstration rather than an argument, have been an illustration of what started the growth, sustained the strength and dictated the purposes of those men who are today honored, though most of them are resting in unnamed graves. The highest that the most of them were able to reach in the way of an earthly monument has been a little square block of marble with a number on it. But there are many, many others whose bones fertilize the soil, to free which they died. Their triumph was complete. But the cause for which these men enlisted, served and died is still unrealized. The true soldiers that enlisted in the army for the Union singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," are still on duty. They have not been discharged. So I want to talk to you for a few moments of two interpretations of war given by two geniuses far removed from one another.

Twenty-four hundred years lie between the date of Aristophanes, the great Greek Comedian, and that of Beulah M. Dix, the woman hand that penned the mighty protest against war which most of you have witnessed at Powers Theatre during the last two weeks.

Aristophanes came when Greece was distintegrating, when her genius was fading, when her potency was dying, dying from the simple, plain cause that has killed civilizations in all times, that has broken the power of nations in all ages. Greece, with all the pride, pomp and achievement of her art and her philosophy died from war. Greece fell at the hands of her own generals. For when they aspired to

earthly dominion and sought to extend the boundaries of their political geography and inflamed political ambitions and hatreds, they caused the death of even Greece. Aristophanes has not given us a comedy in the modern sense. Symonds, the great interpreter, calls it a "scenic allegory," in which a rustic, a trimmer of the vines, a plower of the soil, feeling the horrible disintegration, seeing the terrible waste and suffering wrought by war, seeks an interview with Zeus; following a suggestion of Æsop he rose on the wings of a beetle to the abode of the gods, for only a beetle had been able to ascend into heaven, but when he got there he found the heavenly colony had moved. They had gone higher and further away from the discordant noises of earth. They sought escape from the cries and sufferings of the Grecian people, and left only Mercury in charge to take care of the utensils. They had given way to the terrible god Mars. When this rustic asked the whereabouts of the blessed Queen, the holy Goddess of Peace, he was told that she was confined in a dungeon below, and that Mars reigned supreme. Trygæus sought to arouse the heavenly forces, the disembodied spirits, as best he might, to lift the lid from off the cistern wherein the Queen of Heaven, the Goddess of Peace, was confined. He attached the ropes and called for assistance. He called upon the armor makers, the spear makers, the crest makers, the sword makers, the generals and the soldiers for help, but although they may have laid hold of the ropes, they did not pull together, often pulling apart, and nothing was accomplished towards releasing the Goddess of Peace. At last discouraged he turned to the horny-handed men of toil, the farmers, the rustics upon whose shoulders rested most heavily the burden of war, and they laid hold of the ropes with right good will, and with a mighty heave ho! heave ho! lifted the lid and Peace came forth. He was enabled to lead her from the dungeon and restore her supremacy on earth. But the triumph of Peace provoked the armor makers, the spear makers, the helmet makers, etc., etc., because he had taken away their living. Their "prosperity" was marred and their "business" was interrupted.

It is twenty-four hundred years nearly since Aristophanes called for the help of the rustics, sought the co-operation of the toilers, to lift the lid and release the Goddess of Peace. And still, after twenty-four hundred years these toilers of the soil, they who still bear the greatest burdens of war, have not been able to lift the lid. Still the devastation of homes and gardens and orchards goes on, to an extent undreamed of by the satiric poet of Athens.

In these latter days Trygæus, who still pleads for peace, has made one more call, he has turned now to the women, the mothers, the wives and the sisters. His plea is interpreted in "Moloch," the latest of dramas, the most modern of conceptions, by Beulah M. Dix. War is the same old horror, it is the same old devastation, it is the same old indignity to man and insult to God. For now as then, the destroyers of life, the foes of women, those who orphan children, do as they did in Athens: lift impious voices to the God above. They have the impiety to thrust their "cause" into the hand of the Eternal. It is the same old cry and the same old agony. Still mothers' hearts are wrung, and still children cry in vain for the "daddy" who never returns. All this is portrayed with marvelous power in this last work of genius, which some of us have submitted ourselves to the agony of witnessing. I stand here as one who knows something of war experiences, to testify to its awful truthfulness, to its absolute loyalty to the grim facts.

But the sermon both of Aristophanes' "Peace" and this latest drama, "Moloch," lies not chiefly in the fact that they bring out so forcibly the horrible waste of material resources, the vandal destruction of orchards and homes. The worst offence is not the mangling of human bodies and the breaking up of firesides. There is something worse than "widow's weeds" in war, something more pitiable than the cries of orphans, something infinitely sadder than crippled bodies, mangled legs and arms.

In this drama of "Moloch," the younger son, jubilant in the inspirations of war, rejoicing in his lieutenant's commission, joyously tears himself from the arms of his mother. She believes he is going to serve his country and his God, she frets because the collar of his new uniform might irritate his neck. But as he goes her mother's heart asserts itself and she cried in tones not readily forgotten, "My little boy! My little boy!! My little boy!!" This boy came back, as he said, chained for life to his wheeled chair, a paralyzed cripple, rendered such by the balls of the enemy. But the older brother, a gentleman of culture and refinement, a loving father, a loyal husband, an appreciative friend of science and of the scientific man, the devoted doctor who had saved the life of his little son; this well-beloved gentleman came back with a wrecked character, with a stained soul, a man of dissipated habits. The case of this elder son is immeasurably sadder than that of the younger brother.

Back of all this is the still sadder wreck of national ideals, the loss of ethical aspirations. The man who encouraged the student from "foreign" parts to pursue the life saving inspirations of science, with profane indignation, brutality put that same comrade of the spirit out of life by the horrible weapons of war.

The drama closes with another grim suggestion. The little boy runs across the stage, crying, "The soldiers! the soldiers are coming!" with childish enthusiasm. And now, alas! the soldiers are being marshalled once more as the allies of those who in the previous war they considered "degenerate," wretched and wicked "foreigners." The far-reaching disintegration of spiritual ideals that always follows in the wake of war is the greatest offence to humanity and the greatest humiliation of today. This breakdown of ideals reaches far beyond the farthest flight of the greatest cannon.

I stand today humiliated and torn with the sense of how our own country has degenerated within the short ten months. How low and coarse have our ideals become. How proud we once were of our neutrality, how high we were above the contentions, how we endorsed and thanked the Lord for a President that would keep us out of the vortex of racial prejudices and national hatred. We boasted of a neutrality we felt that we believed in.

This last week our papers have been teeming with proud figures of the great "acquisitions" to our "business interests," because of the millions upon millions of dollars that are coming to our shores for munitions of war. The weapons with which other people will destroy life. We are keeping the letter of neutrality

that we may violate it most wickedly in the spirit. Whole armories are being forwarded to "somebody." During our onw Civil War those who carried on war "on their own hook" were characterized by the ignominious name of guerrillas. Over there in Europe, those who indulge in undirected "sniping" are considered beyond the realm of military law, and unworthy of military courtesy. But here we read complacently and perhaps with pride of our great mills denuding themselves of the instruments that make for peace, installing instead the accursed machinery that will turn out cartridges, shrapnel and cannon by the million dollars' worth. Here in Chicago we are changing our mills, rearranging our machinery that we may send across the water that which will tear human flesh. Not because we are in sympathy with the Allies, not because we have a conscience in the matter, but because it is "good business" and will bring "prosperity." We rejoice in the hundreds of thousands of horses that are being gathered from Texas to Oregon, in the saddles and harness and blankets and the bayonets and the muskets, that it is "perfectly legitimate for us to deal in because it brings business." All of this indicates the depravity of war, the subtle, pervasive, undermining of ideals—the degradation of national aspirations and honor. For, mind you, this war, as all other wars of modern times at least, has not been brought about by dissipated and dissolute leaders. The Kaiser, Czar, Kings and President involved are clean and honorable men. Doubtless they are swayed by what to them are perfectly legitimate and conscientious motives. They are the victims of a vicious philosophy. They are impaled on the pikes of a false enthusiasm. It is not true that humanitarian interests and the cause of progress are tied up with the identity and persistency of any political organization or "land" described by geographical boundaries. It is quite true that Germany and England, Russia and France are doomed, as the great dynasties of the past have been doomed, if they trust their future to the power of protecting their boundaries and keeping distinct and making permanent those conditions that separate them from their kind. Nations have gone down, but humanity has gone on. And they have all gone down in the last analysis from the one cause, always the devastating tramp of the soldier. Always the blinding flash of the sword, always the "pride of country" degenerating into aristocratic tyranny. From Alexander down to Bismarck there has been written the same story of temporary triumphs and permanent defeat of "national glory," to the confusion of human progress.

Oh, I am glad that we have been compelled to look at the performance of this drama called "Moloch"—too horribly true to be well attended. I do not wonder the attendance is small. And I am very glad that two weeks from today the children to whom you have been listening this morning are, under the direction of Mr. Kuhns, to interpret on this platform Aristophanes' great allegory, for both performances teach the same lesson. Across the distances of twenty-four centuries two poets, a man and a woman, make the same plea for universal brotherhood in the belief that the bonds that unite are at least as strong, as long, as deep, and as high as humanity.

I said that modern wars are based on a false psychology, the assumption that a nation is something permanent, static, with fixed boundaries, an entity. A nation is no such thing and never has been. A nation at best is a stream, a flowing tide of human life that for a time may keep within reasonably well defined boundaries; but the water in the stream is constantly changing, enriched or impoverished by waters filtered through a thousand rills from the highlands of other territories and other countries, carrying with them new prides, new hopes, and new aspirations, enriching language, modifying character, and enlarging ideals.

A recent issue of the London *Nation* has reached me which contains a *scenario* of what it calls a "play possible sometime in the future." The leading characters are Bertha Krupp, her husband and his American kinsman,—a wealthy business man of Philadelphia. This Bertha Krupp is brought forward in this scheme to be crowned as "Queen of Cannon" throughout the world. The nations of the world come one after another to lay their fell tributes at her feet. Austria, Germany, France, Russia and England confess that in the last analysis this woman, the greatest stockholder and practically the head of the most devilish industry ever perfected on earth,—perfectly overwhelming in its power and statistics,—is the arbiter of their destiny. She is crowned "Queen of Cannon." At her feet, King, Kaiser, Czar and President, bend in abject servility. The cannon makers, inspired not by love of country but by love of greed, are the ultimate measures of strength in this as in other wars.

One of the items in this morning's paper tells of thousands of cannon that have been contracted for from the works at Bethlehem. Bethelehm! Bethlehem! Think of it. A city bearing the same name as the hamlet where the Prince of Peace was born. What a satire on our Christianity. The Bethlehem in Pennsylvania in this contract bargains for the production of thousands and thousands of cannon. Who will dare sing the angel song next Christmas, when even the United States, the hope of the nations, the child of such anguish, the home of so many trusting souls, grows "independent" and "rich" and "prosperous" by playing guerrilla warfare, just as the guerrillas in the South during the Civil War haunted the flanks of one army, then another, and picked off, one here and one there, as their own passion might dictate? The United States is "sniping" today, and I would lose my faith in my country if it were not for the fact that there is here and there a contractor who rises above the temptation of greed, which is the last temptation of modern warfare, and says, "No. I want business, but not such devilish business as this. Our mills may go down and I will go to the poorhouse if need be, but I will not play the guerrilla in this lamentable war. I, at least, will not go 'sniping.'"

It is poor consolation offered by the press that the American contribution is but an infinitesimal portion of the munition actually used. Only a fraction! I do not care about the decimal point. Every shrapnel that crosses the water is designed for a gun to be pointed at human beings. It is destined to go screeching through the air calling for human blood. Somewhere in the large accounting of the Eternal, the hand that helped make that shrapnel is party to that killing. I know it is complicated bookkeeping. I do not try to trace it, but however complicated, however involved international law may be, the command "Thou

shalt not kill" is written deep in the laws of the Eternal, and written so plain that the simplest child can read it and understand.

Again, I remember that this is Memorial Day, and this is my tribute to the comrades with whom I marched, with whom I hungered and suffered. I believe that in this frank confession I do most honor to my comrades. I believe that in bringing here today these blossoms of your fireside, and enabling you to listen to their lispings of the gospel of love and their tribute to the great peace heroes of modern history, I have given you a Memorial Service more fitting than if I had "shouldered my crutch and showed how fields were won," or told the stories of valor and self-denial to which I was witness.

Indulge me a little longer while I say in conclusion that the heroism of the battle field is always cheaper, poorer, lower than the unrecognized heroism of the farm and the fireside. Oh, it is easy to be "brave" when you touch elbows in the line, when the flags are flying and glory seems to lure you on, when disgrace dogs the faint of heart. It takes greater courage to keep your mouth shut sometimes than to speak. It takes greater courage to hold your temper than to yield to it. It is a higher nobility to abide by the law of love than to yield to the inspirations of hate. I glory today with you in the heroes that the children have brought to our attention, and ask you to continue your interest and sympathy in their endeavors. I don't know how to do it, but I hope before many months have elapsed that in the Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church, you men and women, will find some way or other of putting yourselves more effectively on record. I want a Peace Society perpetually within these walls.

There is no permanency for Russia, or England, or Germany, or these United States except as they make common cause with these prophets of peace. Because there are no geographic lines that are eternal. There are no race lines that are everlasting.

Today Charles Sumner's prophetic soul was justified when that little black boy spoke his sweet tribute to him. That scene was natural in this place. There was nothing done here for stage effect. It is the habit of this church. And should this church ever become an aristocracy that would exclude color, race, or rank in society, then I go out with the ostracised. There is where I belong.

With reverent hands I lay my wreaths on the graves of those who fought in the noblest war ever marshalled, and who triumphed as high as soldiers may in the interest of humanity; but we now all know that it was the wrong way, the very, very wrong way of doing the right thing, and the real battle of freedom and justice is being fought out fifty years after the surrender at Appomattox with the weapons of love, the administrations of law, at the courts of reason.

Father, may the benedictions of the peaceful, the power of the loving, help us to serve and save this land of ours, to help forward Thy children, our brothers and sisters of all climes, races and conditions and at last bring us together in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Amen.

"You can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread, for it is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of ripples."—*Katherine Tingley.*

THE ERRAND IMPERIOUS

Proud England brooding on the days to come—
Mother of peoples and of song undying—
Hears in all lands the doubling of her drum,
Sees on all winds of the world her lone flag flying.

And Russia, young, barbaric in her power,
With untried tendons, cramped in all her length,
Chafing in snowy lair, dreams of the hour
When she shall loose on Earth her hairy strength.

And Germany, whose blond intrepid might
Once sent her Saxon fire on every land,
Hears the great Labor Angel down the night,
Crying, "Behold, my judgments are at hand!"

And elder kingdoms by the Midland Sea,
Whose every crag has burned with battle fire,
Feel the young pulses of the days to be,
And hear far voices call them to aspire.

But harken, my America, my own,
Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

Imperious is your errand and sublime,
And that which binds you is Orion's band.
For some large Purpose, since the youth of Time,
You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand.

You were kept hidden in a secret place,
With white Sierras, white Niagaras—
Hid under stalwart stars in this far space,
Ages ere Tadmor or the man of Uz.

'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream,
To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed,
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;
Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed.

The armed heavens lean down to hear your fame,
America: rise to your high-born part!
The thunders of the sea are in your name,
The splendors and the terrors in your heart.

—*Edwin Markham.*

OUR COUNTRY.

"O Beautiful, my Country!"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

1884. —*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVII.
John

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth. —iv:24.

In studying the Gospel of John we come to what is as yet an unsolved problem to a vast number of otherwise free minded Christians. The so-called "higher criticism" has won out in the Protestant Church in regard to the Old Testament, but in analyzing the New Testament there is much more of "Christian" sensitiveness, spiritual timidity and religious anxiety, because criticism concerns itself with the person, the mission and the office of "the Christ." In spite of the libraries of comment on the "Johannine Literature" already written, the subject has not yet been beaten to the clear. It is yet, even to scholars, a difficult matter to disentangle the very complex life, spiritual, religious, political, social and military, of the first century B. C. and the first century A. D. Jewish unity and Jewish dominance fade more and more and Greek and Roman influences invade the mind of this time as well as the territory. We see the Christianity of the first and second centuries slipping its moorings of Jewish origin and environment, sailing out into the Mediterranean, into the Greek and Roman world, until finally even the crew is not Jewish but Gentile. In thought it was Hellenic, but in organization it was Roman. So when we come to the end of the first century, the gospel ship is manned practically by Roman, who hadle the ropes, and directed by Greeks, the captains of thought.

We now realize that all four Gospels are anonymous. According to the oldest manuscripts none of them claim the authorship now attached to them. The "According to Matthew," etc., was probably added by the Catholic Fathers for psychological reasons along in the fourth and fifth centuries. The first and oldest biography is Mark, written probably in Rome; the next Matthew, with probably a Palestinian atmosphere; and the third Luke, written between 80 and 90, somewhere in Macedonia in a Greek atmosphere but under Hebrew influences.

The consensus of opinion of both liberal and orthodox scholarship puts John into the second century, 125 A. D. being the conservative date, 150 to 175 the radical. It requires a very alert and active mind to realize the development in thought of theology and philosophy in the hundred years following the death of Jesus, which period included the devastating, "Belgium experiences" of Palestine.

A knowledge of Philo will help in an appreciation of the Gospel of John. Philo, a learned Jew, lived at Alexandria, the cultural capital of the world of that time. He flourished about fifty years before Jesus was born. While a good Jew he was also an enthusiast in Greek culture. He had read the Greek poets, knew his Plato and, as a scholar, loved both Greek and Hebrew literature and tried to reconcile them, feeling that, understood aright, they taught the same lessons. Philo taught of one Supreme Being working his purposes in the world through his delegated messengers, the emanations of the Greek, the incarnations of the Oriental and the "Logos" of Plato, the "Word," the "Idea," the Eternal working through Ideas. Philo accepting this, believed Moses to be an emanation from Jehovah for the Jew, and Zeus for the Greek. So he wrote his five learned volumes in which he read into the Pentateuch his Greek philosophy; in other words, he theosophized the story of the Old Testament.

After a hundred years of history, Christianity was ready to theosophize its thinking, the Christ being the last and highest "Emanation" from the Infinite. In the first eighteen verses of John we have a bit of Greek philosophy injected into Christian faith and hope, a mystical interpretation of Christianity as it then stood. The Gospel of John is a great poem which theosophizes the story of the Nazarene, lifts it out of the normal, natural and human and hangs it up midway between earth and heaven, portraying a supernatural projection of the Infinite in human form, to further the purposes of the Infinite, to save an unregenerate world, to win humanity to paths of peace and righteousness and love, lifting the movement above all earthly fetters and placing it in the ideal realms of philosophy and faith.

Two words interpret this Gospel, theosophy and mysticism. Theosophy, a modern word to indicate a tendency that projects the thought of the infinite and the eternal into the things of time and space, very soothing and heavenly if allowed to remain in the realm of the ideal, very exasperating and perhaps hurtful when you try to squeeze it into the realm of dogma and the external. Says Professor Foster, "Religion, all religion, must at last take shelter in mysticism." Mysticism is not a fantastic creation of the imagination, but that which tries to interpret things in terms of spirit rather than of matter.

The old-fashioned Unitarian was fully persuaded that Jesus was not God, that the Trinity was a recent invention, and that there was no justification for other interpretation of the New Testament. But in this Johannine literature we see the man of Nazareth, the human brother who wept over wayward Jerusalem, comforted the sick and taught those matchless lessons in the Sermon on the Mount and in the Parables, already being lifted out of his humanity. The human investment is being forgotten, and he is being transformed by the metaphysics of the Platonists and impressed by the morals of the stoics and those extra Judaic influences which are taking him on his way to the Trinity. By 325 A. D., the date of the Nicæan Council, he was enthroned on high with the Father and the Holy Ghost, who are woven together into the mystery of the Trinity, meeting the metaphysical and psychological need of that time in the complex something then forming, which we call Christianity, which needs must be made up of many differing elements poured into it; first the Palestine element, then the Greek and Hebrew, under which Paul was born, later the element of military Rome, and lastly a strong philosophic, theosophic mysticism from Alexandria, giving us by the fifth century the orthodoxy of our day.

As a matter of fact we find the Fourth Gospel quite independent of the other three, which practically tell the same story, with variations, of the Galilean ministry of Jesus. If a John chronology were possible, this ministry would spread over three years instead of one. This writer, without stopping for a pedigree, starts with the story of John, the Forerunner, to whom the Messiah presents himself, the divine manifestation coming at baptism in the form of a dove, and his ministry starts immediately with the Twelve ready at hand. Only eight per cent of the material in John is paralleled in the other gospels and it is practically a new interpretation of the life of Jesus, such an interpretation as fitted into the thought and need and enthusiasm of the movement a hundred years after the death of Jesus.

This writer must have had access to oral traditions not available to the other three writers, which the Fathers naturally ascribed to the Beloved Disciple. We have a little Testament inside the New Testament, the Fourth Gospel, John I, II and III and the book of Revelation, five books gathered round the name of John, written under the same kind of influence, the Epistles, perhaps fifty years later than the Gospel. It is hard to ascribe all this literature to John except on the hypothesis that he lived a very long, long time. Robert Browning in his "Death in the Desert" has used this conception and worked it out in a startlingly poetic way. Tradition says that John became Bishop of Ephesus and died there, and it is not unlikely Ephesus was the seat of this Johannine literature.

What I value most, what has given me most comfort, and what I have used most often of the unique material in John, is the episode of the Samaritan Woman at the well, wherein we see the extreme radicalism of Jesus. There is printed as an appendix at the end of the Gospel of John in the Twentieth Century New Testament—which is left out entirely in the Revised, because found only in some ancient manuscripts, sometimes found in John and sometimes in Luke—the story of the woman caught in adultery. It is an addition, but mighty good gospel and very characteristic of the spirit and purpose of the message as John saw it.

John is full of miracles. The book was written at a time when people had no sense of natural law. Everything was miraculous, a direct and immediate projection of the Infinite. We could not expect the story of Jesus to come to us in any other way than aided by miracles, which show the wonderful fertility of the human imagination.

---

(1) What books of the New Testament are ascribed to John.

(2) How much material in the Gospel of John is paralleled in the other Gospels?

(3) Who was Philo and what were his teachings?

(4) What influence is seen in the first eighteen verses of John's Gospel?

(5) Give story of the Samaritan woman at the well.

"Let the lives of the little ones be moulded so that they will become better citizens than you or I. Let us cultivate a higher spirit of patriotism, a higher spirituality, and a greater spirit of brotherly love."—*Katherine Tingley.*

PAVING THE WAY

It is a humble task, perhaps you say,
"Paving the way";
Most, thus, we bless the feet that are to come
Following us home.
"The way" leads toward a higher good—toward God;
Built ere it's trod;
It makes the work of many a patient soul;
But as a whole,
It means the strong life of the race in quest
Of all that's best.
To labor on this highway falls to thee,
Brave UNITY,
And for thy sweet and beauteous birthday gift
I bid thee lift
The burden of thy privileged toil anew
Strong—faithful—true.

—*Mary Stebbins Savage.*

Unity, March 3, 1898.

FLOWER WONDER

Just the scantiest of soil for rooting,
Just the homeliest of plain brown seeds,
And the common air and summer sunshine,
That is all the little daisy needs.

To repeat the old, old flower-wonder,
Ever new and every morning told,
Cup of green and petals pure as lilies
Washed in dew, with heart of yellow gold.

Shall the flower shame my human courage?
What if life be narrow in its hour?
Gate of gifts, in swinging on its hinges,
Never failed to leave the daisy's dower.

And I bide my blossom-time in patience
Till I learn to pray the daisy's prayer,
Asking only wit to change to petals
That which waits my seeking everywhere.

—*Evelyn H. Walker.*

Unity, July 7, 1898.

WHO WERT, AND ART, AND EVER MORE SHALT BE

Bring, O Morn, thy music! Night, thy starlit silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and planets chorus, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo, they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws our spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals. —*William C. Gannett.*

"The one terrible and only cause of disturbance of harmony is selfishness."—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

MON.—Each true deed is worship: it is prayer,
And carries its own answer unaware.

TUES.—More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home.

WED.—The memory of good deeds will ever stay,
A lamp to light us on the darkened way.

THURS.—We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

FRI.—O friend, we never choose the better part,
Until we set the Cross up in the heart.

SAT.—There is a Sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse.

— *Edwin Markham.*

Early Days in the Life of Joaquin Miller

Pioneer Life in Indiana

Each head of a family could locate 160 acres of land. The price was $1.25 an acre. But the land laws were primitive and pretty severe in these early days and you must not only have the money in hand at the time the land came into market, but you must have two reliable witnesses to "prove up"—that is, to prove that you had built a house and made a home in it for more than a year. As there was a feeling against greased paper for windows, you were required to prove that you had glass in the windows.

When papa stopped working at the mill, after about four months, he went to Marion, the county seat of our Grant County, and got some panes of glass. At the same time he got two little dry goods boxes and from one of these whittled out a sash. One day a good-natured old neighbor from Tennessee, by the name of Billy Fields, seeing papa whittling away at his sash, said:

"All nonsense, Squire, all waste of time."

"But the law says we must have glass in the windows."

"Well, what's the matter with setting an old bottle or two in your window; plenty of men to swear you have got glass in your window."

The last winter had been a hard one and packs of big gray wolves had crossed the ice and come down from the north into our neighborhood. As the Indians did not hunt much any more, having plenty of money, the wolves became bold, even dangerous. One night as papa was coming home they got after him. We boys, who had gone to meet him as usual, heard him calling for mother, and we took up the cry of terror. Mother came almost at once with a big hickory bark torch, held high as she ran, and the wolves shrank back. Poor papa was sadly broken and was ill for a long time.

He was well enough pretty soon, however, to pull and cure the flax and help pick and comb the wool for mother to card into rolls and spin for her loom. The wool in those days was awful. Burs and beggar lice stuck to the sheep that ran in the woods at will, till they were almost black. And this had to be picked out by hand. But we little fellows, all three, could pick wool now. And this we did by the light of the wood fire, where one little head after another nodded and nodded till it could hold up no longer, but sank to rest on the wool. Then some one would pick up the little sleeper and lay him gently away in the trundle bed. For we no longer slept in the big bed with our parents.

The flax was not so troublesome, nor do you have to plant it, and plough it, and hoe it, as you do corn. You have to pull it in due season, shake the earth from the roots and lay it in a swath in the sun and rain till the pith or stalk becomes brittle and shrinks loose from the fibre. Then you must break it in the flax brake, a handful at a time. Then you must hackle it on an iron hackle, so as to get the pith all out, then you must comb and curry it till it is ready for the distaff of the little spinning wheel. Mother had to have flax to make warp for the woof of her bolt of cloth to be made on the loom; then to be marketed at Marion, the only town then within many a mile.

Papa sold all the increase of the sheep and the two calves to the Indians and got some money for mother's "nest egg" that way and mother raised many chickens and disposed of the same to the tribe. Once, when we two boys went with papa, we took too much care of the poor hens, as the day was cold and raw, and smothered three of them. Papa did not count them, so the promised four dozen fell short. But the Indians counted the dead ones all the same, and paid for them. Still, for all that could be done, it seemed almost impossible to get all the money together for the land.

In this dilemma papa got a good old Irishman, who had a big family of boys, to take sixty acres and pay him $50 for the privilege. This left us only 100 acres; but then it left only $75 more to raise, and with what we had in hand, selling the pigs and mother's big bolt of cloth and so on, the money was all secured and he set out for Fort Wayne, the land office, with Billy Fields and Lorenzo Jacobs, who also had to "prove up," as witnesses, and so the land at last was secured

Soon after this a big raw-boned man in a beaver hat, with a hatchet face, came to us by the way of the Big State road not far away, with a load of clocks in a carriage. He had a big impertinent boy with him, and he pleaded sadly that both he and his boy were sick.

Mother was very good to them; pulled out the trundle bed to the middle of the floor, had us children get back in the foot of the bed as before, and treated them as if they had been her own blood.

But they both wailed and moaned bitterly, and begged papa to take the clocks, and at his leisure dispose of them to his neighbors. There was a whole carriage load of them, but in the double and treble assurance that he could double or treble his money on them, my confiding papa, not knowing one thing about the real price or value of such wares, signed a note and once more became a "merchant."

Let me get rid of that hatchet-faced wretch right

here, for, un-Christian as it is, I hate him yet. He came at the end of the year, exacting his money with enormous interest, although papa had not sold a single one of the old clocks. Jacobs came forward and took up the note generously, and tore it up, for mother was crying; but we were in debt again, and papa had to struggle on and teach and toil as before.

When we set out to cross the plains years later these old clocks, still on hand, all save a single one, took up more than half the wagon bed. We hauled them almost to the top of the Rocky Mountains, and then one night in a terrific snowstorm, when the wagon upset and we needed the old clocks for kindling wood, they were, brass, glass, and varnish, all cremated: Peace to their sounding brass; rest to their brazen faces!

But to get back among the Indians of Indiana; papa had brought two little dry goods boxes from Marion. One he had made into window sash. We boys kept wondering what he was going to do with the other. He kept it in the smoke house, and once when we found him in there all alone, when he thought we were down at the creek catching crawfish, we found him busy in there fixing rockers on the little box. We were delighted with the idea, and, asking him what it was for, he timidly and with some confusion, said it was to be a cradle for little Jimmy.

But little Jimmy thrust both his hands in his pants pockets and said it was not big enough, and he added, with a pout, that baby Jimmy did not want to sleep in a cradle anyhow.

A few days before this little rebellion by the baby boy in his first pantaloons, an honest man and a pretty young girl, really the prettiest woman I had ever seen except mother, came to papa to be married, and, as usual, where money was so scarce, brought two coon skins. And they were very fine skins, killed in the heart of winter and dressed to perfection. To dress or tan a coon skin properly you first par-flesh it with the back edge of your hunting-knife, then take the brains of the animal and, rubbing this on the flesh side, you manipulate the skin with your hands industriously, rubbing and rubbing for hours. This is, or was done, in those days at night by the cabin fire, after the day's work was done. It takes three operations to complete the task. But when it is done the skin shines and glistens as if oiled; and each particular bit of fur stands up as if alive.

Mother had claimed these two beautiful skins for some special purpose of her own and put them away under her pillow, where she always kept the money, when there was any money, and she now brought out the beautiful skins, which Jimmy had also admired very much and she put them carefully and tenderly in the cradle, smoothing them down with her hands and talking gently baby talk to baby Jimmy. But he again thrust his hands deep in his pockets and turning as if in disgust, stalked away to the door and went out. No cradle for Jimmy Miller. So mother took the coon skins out, for the time at least, and the cradle was put back again in the smoke house.

Soon after a good old Southern woman came from Billy Fields settlement and sent us little folks away to Billy Fields and his house full of girls. And when the good old woman went away we were all back home and very, very happy. I led the horse that carried her and she sat up a straddle smoking a cob pipe and holding tight before her one of those clocks, the first and only one we ever disposed of.—*Joaquin Miller in Harper's Magazine.*

CHOICE

Which does the bird love best,
Blue sky or swinging nest?
Ah, foolish test!

The love that swells in the mother breast
Brings back from its strong-winged quest
A piece of the blue, and its wideness, too,
To the life in the tree, so blest.

Unity, June 16, 1898. —*Celia Parker Woolley.*

DUTY

'Tis not enough to vaunt of good,
To pray it be the Master's plan
That all His children should be fed.
We need to live true brotherhood,
To love and cheer our fellow-man,
If we would follow where He led.

Unity, May 13, 1897. —*Emma Playter Seabury.*

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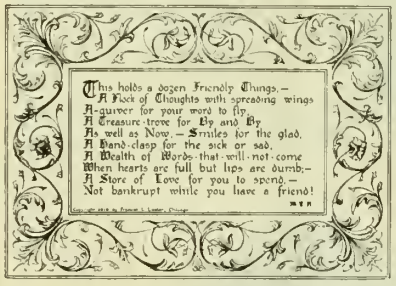
God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are in the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

—*Anna Hempstead Branch.*

Verses from "Songs For My Mother" in "The Little Book of Modern Verse" published by Houghton-Mifflin Company.



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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MORE EDITORIAL WANDERINGS.

Since January 1st the Senior Editor has lectured outside of his home pulpit fifty-nine times, forty of which were peace addresses. His itinerary carried him from San Diego to Philadelphia. He has addressed nine universities and colleges, two Normal schools and sixteen High and Graded public schools. He has spoken in three theatres, before one legislature and various clubs and church societies and in thirteen churches.

In these last weeks the University audience in Champaign, two High Schools in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and an address before the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce and before the Sixty-second Annual Meeting of the Progressive Friends at Longwood, near Philadelphia. A "Meeting" that was organized to give a free platform for the discussion of hot subjects, a platform made notable by the eminent leaders that have declared the message: Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Robert Collyer, Charles G. Ames and many others. This year there were discussions as usual of the labor, the temperance, the woman and the peace problems. Just across the way where the bodies of the brave lie buried, are the graves of Bayard Taylor, Oliver Johnson, Dinah Mendenhall and others of blessed memory. May the good work continue there, anywhere and everywhere!

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, ERIE, PA.

Thomas P. Byrnes, Minister.

The church here has had a successful year in every way. We have had regular morning and evening services every Sunday, from the first Sunday in September, and we will continue this practice until the first of July when we will close for the summer vacation.

The church attendance has been regular and uniformly large at both the morning and evening services throughout the year, the average being higher at night than in the morning. Men have predominated at both services. Our new plan of church organization and business efficiency has continued to work with increasing success and effectiveness. The President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Hermann Lemp, has also been the General Manager of the seven working committees of the church, and he has therefore had his firm and efficient hand on every department of the church work, both through the Board of Trustees and through the chairman of the seven working committees. The result has been very effective in the raising of the church funds and in getting the church work done. We have this year painted and decorated the inside of the church, finished off our parish rooms, put in a new heating system, increased the salary of the minister, built up the musical end of the church service at an increased expense, met our current expenses, and paid our final indebtedness to the building and loan fund, and all this during the greatest financial depression which the city of Erie has suffered in forty years.

We have also had better attended and more effective business meetings, we have looked after new members and new comers to the church with greater regularity both by the minister and the older members of the church. We have had more and better entertainments in the church, and we have increased the social life and the social enjoyment of the church members and attendants both old and young. We have had better publicity and a more systematic way of making our work known to the community. We have rendered better and greater social service to the community, and in fact we have improved every department and phase of our church life and work, by our business methods as well as by the dynamic spiritual power of the church. The Woman's Alliance, which is one of the oldest and most effective departments of the church, has had a splendid year. The Alliance has studied South America at its regular sessions and it held a successful fair at which $350 was cleared.

We have reached an enrollment of over one hundred in the Sunday School with a high uniform attendance both by the teachers and the pupils.

We have reorganized and built up the Men's Club to one hundred members who have joined and paid their dues, and we have had an average of some eighty-five men in attendance at the six regular monthly meetings and dinners. The club meetings have been addressed by Superintendent of Schools Bush, Bishop Rogers Israels, Rabbi Max Currick, Dr. Flick, Hon. Peter Witte, and Mr. Edwin K. Buttolth, all of whom delivered splendid addresses which were followed by lively and spirited discussions.

The church celebrated its seventeenth anniversary on March 24th by a Birthday Banquet at which some two hundred and fifty people were present. This occasion was marked by the burning of the mortgage which Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, as President of the American Unitarian Association, delivered to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Miss Ruth DuMars, a tot of four years, struck the match and set fire to the document, much to the delight of the whole assembly. Dr. Eliot delivered the principal address of the evening, which was an inspiring utterance emphasizing the three great notes in our message, simplicity, social service and spiritual inspiration.

Rev. L. A. Harvey, the founder and first pastor of the church, was also present and delivered an eloquent address to his many old friends as well as the many new ones present.

Mr. Byrnes leaves the middle of June for an eleven weeks' campaign at the Chautauquas in the Middle West. He finds this change of work and pastime the best kind of rest.

THE STORY-TELLING HOUR.

To some people, telling stories comes as naturally as the art of cooking does to a few housekeepers—notably that one old lady, who, when asked how she made her delicious spice-cake, replied: "Oh land, I jes' take a mite of whatever's in the pantry and stir it in." Less fortunate folk, when caught in a flood-tide of story-hungry youngsters, have been forced to believe that there was extremely little in the "pantry," or else have felt the need of more explicit instruction in the mixing and stirring of the story's ingredients. Appears now a South Carolina girl, with eight years' experience in satisfying story-loving children in the schools of Washington, D. C., who brings hope to the desperate grown-up. She is Miss Marietta Stockart, of the Washington Normal School. In the New York *Evening Sun* she explains that—

"Story-telling is such a young art for mothers. It used to live rather on the shelf, like dancing for the Puritans. But it is beginning to come into its own. It is not just a frivolous pastime. It gives our children a good part of their outlook on life, and is a sugar-coated, creative means of education.

"Story-telling fills so many purposes in the child's life, too. It supplies information and vocabulary. It also stimulates imagination. And the old idea that imagination is visionary and with-

out practical value is exploded. No one can go very far without it.

"Another purpose in story-telling is to stimulate the child's sense of humor. And here is an open field for the writers of children's stories. For the very most difficult of child stories to find is the properly humorous one. Comic-supplement humor grows on every bush, but the right kind of humor for the child is as rare as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Stories also stir the child's artistic sense as well as the dramatic instinct. The need of some source of self-expression is vital to all of us. It is the means of communicating our treasures to others and of receiving theirs in return. And it is the dramatic instinct that provides this medium. And as for the artistic value of the story—each story is a big canvas, word-painted into the child's mind. It helps to develop the esthetic sense.

"And lastly, story-telling has a tremendous interpretative value. The stories told must in some way picture or explain the child's own experiences and environment. Sometimes it is even necessary to enlarge the child's stock of experiences for the simple purpose of telling a certain story. Age plays a big part in the choice of stories to be told. But a safe rule to follow in dealing with a mixed crowd is to tell within the comprehension of your youngest, and your oldest will be perfectly content as well.

"The preparation for story-telling is very simple. Choose your story, and then proceed to absorb it. Never try to study words—they get between you and your audience. Get the heart and atmosphere of your message in pictures in your own mind. Then free yourself utterly, and tell your story as it passes like a moving picture before your own mind. It is the personal and pictorial quality of the told story that gives it its advantage over the read one.

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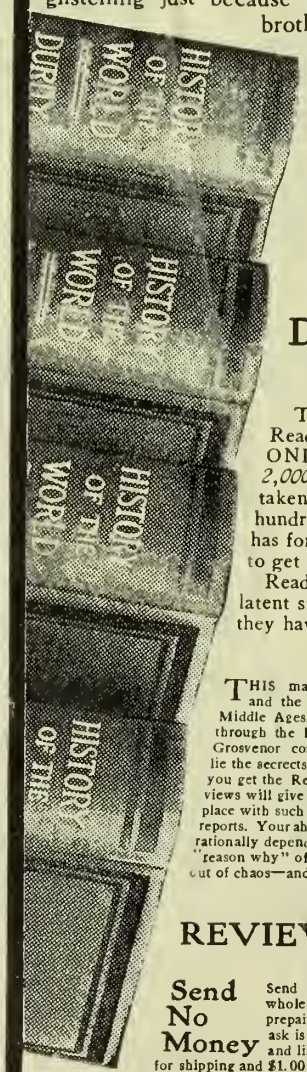

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Where Are You Going This Summer?

You May Not Want to Go to Europe This Year

BUT THE TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON OF TOWER HILL WILL OPEN FOR LOVERS OF QUIET FROM JULY FIRST TO SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH. THE TWENTY-SIXTH SESSION OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL WILL BEGIN JULY 18, AND CLOSE AUGUST 15 WITH THE MEETING OF THE NINTH TOWER HILL CONGRESS, MISS LUTIE E. STEARNS AND MISS ZONA GALE, COMMITTEE.

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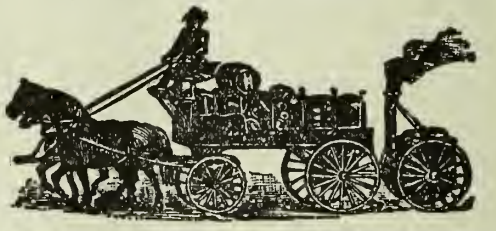

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1915. Number 16

THE GREAT COMPANIONSHIP

Bring not trifling tales to me
Here in the green shade of the tree:
Nor webs of spidery thought that bind
To earth the free wings of the mind.

But if there be some voice that sings
The heart away from vexing things—
Born of man's birth, yet rich and fine
As streams that laugh, as stars that shine,
Keyed to the music of the breeze,
Blithe with the gladness of the trees,
Deep as the word the prophet spoke,
Patient, like God's thought in the oak,
As genial-humorous as the gay
Smile of the wise on a troubled day,
Alert, foreseeing, strong and clear
As the great changes of the year—
That great companionship and deep
Here in the cool shade let me keep.

—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

An extreme case of American "neutrality" was recently discovered in an orphan asylum when a little Jewish lad six or seven years old of Russian descent was indignant over the fact that he had to be inflicted with German measles. "Isn't that awful!" exclaimed his little patriotic heart. Poor little boy! The wrongs that pursue him come from a wide geographical range.

The Chicago Bulletin from the Department of Health for May 22 is a learned analysis of cancer statistics for the last eighteen years, the result of which was a steady increase in the deaths from this cause in all ages. The results thus far obtained by the various research commissions and laboratories seem to be nearly unanimous that it is not a germ disease, but that continued irritations are among its disposing causes and that "early diagnosis and immediate surgical treatment are the only procedures that offer any safety to the patient."

The *Friends' Intelligencer* of Philadelphia of recent date gives its first page to a discussion of how to increase the membership of the Society of Friends. It confesses its distrust of proselyting; still it reminds its readers that the Friends are not "a body of saints set apart from the taint of the world, but a group of ordinary human beings, each with his own faults, endeavoring to help others to live righteously." The *Intelligencer* would avoid the impression that they are an exclusive set; it would advertise its meetings, welcome strangers, help the young to reconcile themselves to their silence, have good libraries in their meeting houses and start clubs and associations with their main meeting place in the meeting house; and it does not think that this house is too sacred for other entertainments, for anything that is good for the Society or community is sacred enough to be held in the meeting house. All this is good advice in any church.

The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America is to hold its convention under the Exposition management at San Francisco on July 16 and 17. Among those who are announced as contributors to the program are Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of Washington, Prof. Burt C. Wilder, now of Brooklyne, Mass., and Dr. Herbert H. Fidswell of England. This society promulgates two declarations that cannot be challenged, viz.: 1. The inalienable right of every person to breathe and enjoy fresh and pure air, uncontaminated by disagreable odors and fumes. 2. That tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places is a direct imposition upon this right. It is dangerous to public health, offensive and annoying to individuals and intolerable even in itself. The objects of the society are four, namely: 1. Enforcement of laws, ordinances, rules or regulations prohibiting tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places. To secure the enactment of additional laws, etc., to further secure such rights. 3. Creation of wholesome opinion concerning these matters. 4. The establishing of auxiliary branches, educational departments to publish and distribute their literature and maintain a lecture bureau. With all of which the Editor of Unity has large sympathy and pledges his hearty co-operation.

The wisdom of President Wilson is not to be localized or specialized. He is not only wise at times, but he is wise at all times. He is an all around man. His sanity comes from a broad culture. His deliberation and patience testify to a great spiritual synthesis which we call character. *Collier's* for May 29 gives a witty extract from what it calls a "good speech" recently delivered by President Wilson in Philadelphia to the newly naturalized citizens of that city. The following extract is wholesome antidote for the flood of gush against hyphenated Americans and the screams of the alarmists, who would have us believe that they are lying awake nights worrying over the offscourings of Europe that they see pour-

ing through the American gates destined to meet a similar stream of Asiatic invaders from the West:

"A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

"If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me.

"I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise."

"In the ability to face ugly truths and yet still have faith lies the strength of the idealist. He, not the blind dreamer, is the true idealist," says *Collier's*.

Uncle Sam as a business man is coming to the front in many ways. We have already called attention to his success as a banker in another "Note." He is scoring no less significant a success as a real estate man. Secretary Houston, the head of the Agricultural Department, is now making an extensive tour through the national forests of the West, examining water powers, water supplies and studying further how to turn to profitable use the great reservations without destroying them. He is already pasturing for individuals 16,000,000 head of cattle, sheep and hogs. This business will have grown to the extent of $1,200,000 over previous years. There are at the present time 16,000 homesteads leased within the national forests, representing 1,700,000 acres of forest land. Thirty-seven thousand special permits have been issued in the last ten years granting, for reasonable charges, permission to conduct commercial enterprises on national forest land, such as apiaries, barns, boat houses, botanical gardens, cemeteries, churches, golf links, hotels, observatories, orchards, restaurants, sanitariums, etc., etc. Generous concessions are made, for reasonable consideration, to encourage farmers, local settlers, etc. Fourteen million feet of lumber were sold to such people last year at cost. The timber sales of Uncle Sam amount to a million and a quarter a year. Over two thousand cottages have been built as summer residences. Those who want to enjoy rather than destroy these great, beautiful places are multiplying; picnicing camps and play ground activities are being encouraged.

However unsatisfactory William H. Taft may have been to certain progressives in politics, when it comes to religion he "wears his heart upon his sleeve" with commendable independence. The Executive Committee of the General Unitarian Conference made no mistake in asking him to preside at their biennial meeting to be held in San Francisco this summer, and the fact that he has accepted is characteristic of the man. At the breakfast tendered to the ex-President in the Parish House of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wisconsin, during his recent visit, he said:

"I do not recall a meeting that has given me as much pleasure as this one. To meet a live church is a privilege that I heartily enjoy."

"The Unitarian faith is not generally understood; there is a misconception regarding it, and he felt this strongly while a candidate for the presidency, as he more than once received requests from his supporters asking him to deny by wire the gross libel that he was a Unitarian. Professor Taft declared that the spirit of Unitarianism has entered the evangelical churches, which are working together to elevate the individual, strengthen the character and bring about an era of good works. No longer do we hear the doctrinal sermons in churches, but rather the discourses of services and character, teaching the intimate life of Jesus on earth, instead of dwelling on the dogmas, as was the custom fifty to one hundred years ago. The Unitarian church disseminates broad, liberal ideas throughout the country and while they are not so many they are an earnest body of men and women working for the uplift of humanity here and now.

"Professor Taft felt that if the ultimate fate of Unitarians was the lower regions, to which they were generally consigned in years past, it really would be a desirable place after all.

"He enumerated the several presidents of the United States who were Unitarians and declared that Thomas Jefferson, who was commonly called an infidel, was a religious man in the real sense of the word."

The breakfast was held in the beautiful dining-room of the Parish House, covers being laid for 125 persons. Dr. C. H. Vilas, who caused the Parish House to be erected and who is now erecting a parsonage for the Madison Society, presided. At his right sat Professor Taft and at his left the Governor of Wisconsin. Rev. F. A. Gilmore, pastor of the church, spoke of the contributions that Unitarians have made to the national life and welfare in education, business, science and literature. Wherever found, he declared, they were always working for the betterment of the community, whether president or civilian, in public or in private life.

The May 29 issue of the *Reform Advocate* is a notable one. It is a double number, on special paper, profusely illustrated and is devoted to the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Doctor Samuel Hirsch, the father of our neighbor and colleague, Doctor Emil G. Hirsch. It is seldom that striking power, particularly, at least, on ministerial lines, is so transmitted to father and son as in the case of Samuel and Emil Hirsch. Doctor Hirsch, the elder, was a pioneer in reforming Judaism. His career began in Germany and ended as a Rabbi of a Philadelphia congregation. He was a man who combined philosophic power with aggressive initiative reform. He was the first to put to practice the adaptation of Jewish rites to modern conditions by holding the religious services on the Sunday set apart by surrounding society rather than on the Saturday intensely preoccupied by the constant and necessary Gentile world. His son, in the leading article in this paper, gives a historical study of much interest showing how his father entered into the problems of two continents and modified the practice of his people both in Germany and in America. The "Study" is augmented by an historical article by Doctor Kohler of Cincin-

nati, another on Doctor Samuel Hirsch as a philosophical reformer of Judaism by Doctor Landsberg of Rochester, N. Y., and others by Doctor Sale of St. Louis and the Rev. William Armhold. The number is further enriched by a lecture from the learned father himself on the "Religion of Humanity." On his monument in the Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, there is inscribed:

"THE FIRST TO ADOPT WITHOUT COMPROMISE AND HESITATION THE PRINCIPLES HE TAUGHT AND CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL HIRSCH. BORN IN THALFANGEN, RHENISH PRUSSIA, JUNE 8, 1815. DIED IN CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 14, 1889.

"FOR FIFTY YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE AS RABBI BOTH IN EUROPE AND IN THE UNITED STATES HE WAS THE MOST FEARLESS AND CONSISTENT CHAMPION OF ENLIGHTENED LIBERAL JUDAISM AND BY WORDS OF MOUTH AND PEN NEVER TIRED OF HOLDING UP ITS TENETS AS FUNDAMENTALLY THE DOCTRINES DESTINED TO BE THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

"LOOK NEITHER TO THE RIGHT, NOR TO THE LEFT, BUT CONFIDENT OF THE INVINCIBLE POWER OF TRUTH, ADVANCE, THOSE WHO NOW LAG BEHIND WILL FOLLOW, AND THOSE WHO NOW OPPOSE WILL SOONER OR LATER ENDORSE OUR MOVEMENT."

It is not often in these days that the complacency of a city, particularly a western city, is disturbed and the public spirit aroused or popular demonstrations enthusiastically maintained on the threatened loss of a favorite pastor. But such a spiritual storm swept over Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when it was known that St. Paul, Minnesota, was negotiating for the removal of our colleague, the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton. Mr. Newton has so endeared himself to the town that he is no longer pastor of one of the churches, but the recognized spiritual interpreter, the intellectual guide of the whole community. He has become "a defender of the faith" in truth and indeed. As a prominent educational citizen expresses it, he has put Cedar Rapids on the map, intellectually and spiritually. UNITY has held its breath waiting for a solution of this loving contest for a loving man. Whether his field of labor is to be Cedar Rapids or St. Paul, he would be a light, laboring in the UNITY field. But we congratulate the citizens of the former place and of Iowa and all those who believe that the pastor's office has still its sacred possibilities for continuous service, over the decision of Mr. Newton to remain to further water the seed and train the vines which he has planted. The following account of "An Unusual Meeting" in the local paper tells an interesting story:

AN UNUSUAL MEETING

It seldom falls to the lot of a minister to address such an audience as that which gathered at Dr. Joseph Fort Newton's church last evening. Dr. Newton has spoken before audiences of almost every kind, but it remained for him to experience Monday night's new sensations.

Not until yesterday morning did the public learn that Dr. Newton was considering removal to the People's church pastorate, St. Paul, Minn. When the report of his contemplated departure spread about the city the remonstrative sentiment crystalized immediately. Officers of the Commercial club, Ad club, Elk's club, Rotary club, Masonic lodge and other similar organizations took action with the result that those bodies were well represented at the mass meeting in the evening. Such a representation as this, added to the large assemblage of people from churches of various denominations, served to prove how widely Dr. Newton is appreciated in Cedar Rapids.

The Liberal Christian church is by no means in sole possession. That church is far better known as "Joseph Fort Newton's church." And it has been predicted that Cedar Rapids will some day be known as Joseph Fort Newtons city.

Men who accomplish things too seldom are appreciated while they are in a position to gain self-satisfaction. It is not until they are gone that the praise long due them is given without reserve. Monday evening's demonstration was the exception, rather than the rule, and Dr. Newton's declaration that if he returns from St. Paul next week with his mind made up to remain here, Cedar Rapids will be his home "once and for all" was eminently gratifying to his hosts of friends.

Editorial Wanderings

A SMALL COLLEGE. Last week a commencement address before a small college lifted once again the curtain on a most interesting side show in the educational life of the United States, one which calls for a revaluation of pedagogical theories. The "big universities," the great colleges, with their overflowing dormitories, their spacious campuses, their "fraternities" and "sororities," athletic contests, musical performances and social functions occupy the front of the stage. They rise with irresistable fascination before the mind of the ever-increasing multitude of high school boys and girls who are determined to go farther for the joy of companionship if for no other reason. These colleges mean the ever-increasing number of wealthy parents who are determined to give their children the best that money can buy in the culture market, but it means also the still larger number of parents who are determined that their children are to have the privileges that were beyond their reach, if sacrifice of individual needs, strenuous work and heroic self-denial can secure such. But what of this small college on a sightly situation with an undeveloped campus, with its pious traditions, devout elders, consecrated deacons who fifty or seventy-five years ago, with solemn observances laid the foundations in the "Openings" of what they dared to believe would become a great university some day. But the struggle for existence worked severely among this multitude of baby colleges with which the prophetic pioneers of the Middle West dotted the prairies and crowned the hilltops. The "State University" came in, the lines of education broadened, science as well as the Bible claimed the attention of the young. Sectarian enthusiasm waned, denominational patriotism proved inadequate, and what was the main-spring of the embryonic institution became its handicap, a fetter to its growth, and now its carries in its heart and on its record books many disappointments, unexpected difficulties, the

worst of which are found in the traditions of "factions" and "schisms," suspicions, jealousies,—diseases incident to anæmic life. It is the weak child that is most subject to children's diseases. But still through all these privations and disappointments there has been developed the courage that makes for nobility, the self-sacrifice that produces the noblest graces that can decorate a gentleman or a lady. This "little college" boasts of its couple of hundred students, rejoices in its triumphant class of less than two dozen. And on Commencement Day the old hopes are revived, high ideals are generated and the visiting orator, if at all susceptible to the intangible forces that make for nobility, feels that he is walking on sacred ground. The inadequate little faculty may be largely made up of preachers promoted from the circuit, or veteran elders selected more from their spiritual insight than their academic honors. Out of the eight or ten boys in the Graduating Class, half of them are looking towards the ministry of religion, nay more, they are already devoted messengers of the Gospel, winning their way through a college course by preaching on Sunday. If one stays long enough and is sensitive to spiritual forces he will realize how the country churches, cross-road school houses for a hundred miles around are maintaining Sunday services through the more or less regular visitation of "students from the College."

What a home-coming is this reunion on the campus! There is no brass band, no processionals or recessionals, but few caps and gowns, but every word spoken on the graduating platform has been beaten out on the anvil of severe experience and the vision is still theirs.

We need not locate this college. One description answers for many scores of such colleges scattered throughout the Mississippi Valley. This "commencement" can be located anywhere from Ohio to Kansas, and wherever you find them, you find a radiant point in the spiritual life of the Middle West, still fertile ground for the growth of spiritual habits.

Most of these little colleges have got to go. Something better may take their place. But they represent something very fine and high and their contribution to the better life of our nation is unspeakable, and he who walks their campus may well "take off his shoes, for whereon he stands is holy ground." To whom is given the privilege of speaking the anniversary word to such graduating classes as is here offered with a background of labor-bent mothers and horny-handed fathers who have come from far country sides and brought their baskets along with them, may well rejoice in a great opportunity and be assured that he is talking to nation-makers out of which will come many, aye, a fair proportion of the scholars of the next generation.

A College Girl Returning Home. She was robed in a delicate sky-blue silk, with lots of tags and slits and omissions in the pattern. She wore white pumps with heels impossible to anybody but a young lady expert in the use of such. She chewed gum, she was steeped in college slang, full of college enthusiasm, she fairly devoured with affectionate kisses a "sister" in her society whom she accidently met. In the sixty miles of travel her neighboring travelers could not help but get much of her story and a complete account of her itinerary home. By this information, shot recklessly across the backs of the seats of a dusty day coach, her fellow travelers found that there were two more changes and then the "local train" would stop at a flag station, where she would "telephone the folks," and her brother, who had a new Ford, would come and fetch her from four miles out in the country. "My! Wouldn't she be glad to get home!" and she "bet her mother would be glad, too!" Visions of that farm mother with the chickens, butter making and dinner for hearty men, rose as a background to this college girl. We wonder if the home-coming would bring unqualified cheer to the mother and father. Let us hope so.

Across Iowa in a Slow Train. If you travel from east to west of the great trunk lines that cut into sections Iowa at this season of the year, the journey is not only pleasant and comfortable but luxurious, with Pullman car comforts, dining-car delicacies, porter courtesies. But if you attempt to cut across lots from north to south, where all the connections miss and where every hamlet stops the train, where the war is discussed by the officials while the express matter is loaded and unloaded, a long, long day with only a sandwich snatched for noon luncheon and the newsboy's bananas and coca-cola bottle for supper, and the increasing probability of being late at your lecture, it is an experience that is not wholly enjoyable. And still such an experience is well worth taking once in a while. A slow train enables one to really feel the mighty fertility of Iowa, the great strides made since first the Editor began to travel the unshaded and largely unfenced prairie desolations and the still greater changes that are to come make the scenery sublime. O, the great ocean like stretches of clover fields, red in their fragrant blossoms, the great cornfields and the waiting silos, the platoons of pigs, red, white and black, little ones, "shoats," "middlers" and big fat capitalists in the porcine world, and then the cattle, white faced and black, spotted Holsteins, proud Guernseys, and demure, gentle Jerseys, the "Gentleman farmers" riding in their cultivators and their disk plows, driving their teams, four horses abreast. All this you get when you travel *across* the trunk lines on a slow train in Iowa on your way to a "Commencement." You grow cross over the neces-

sity of a transfer of three-quarters of a mile from one depot to the other into what looks like the center of a measily little station, but when you find the rattling buss drawn by a spanking black team without a blemish, worth $600, and you notice the gardens with their toothsome long rows of onions, at just the right stage, aye, and the blooming peonies and all that, you feel like a lord traveling through his stately estate.

Presto! your rattling little "local train" stops at a tree embowered town, and lo, you are in the midst of a heavenly bedlam, it is Commencement Day at "The College" and bevies of girls, chattering like blackbirds, boys crying, hurrahing, cheering, bantering, like some great battalions of bluejays. Instantly every seat is occupied, all the aisles are crowded, the train is delayed half an hour to take on the trunks, and it takes sixty miles of disturbance along the road before there is a vacant seat, or a silent moment. But the honest, pious farmer who has the seat with the lecturer, at last breaks out with a saintly groan: "Well, what do you think of that! I never expected to see young ladies play cards in public like that!" But though the train was much belated the lecturer was on time, and the "best class ever" was graduated from one of the best high schools in the state in one of the prettiest little Opera Houses in that section of the state, and everybody was happy. Then the escape in an automobile, an eight-mile dash through the dark, catching a midnight train, now on a trunk line with its hospitable Pullman,—blessings on the man who invented a sleeping car,—and the lecturer who had given four college addresses in a week in three different states of the Union, woke up in a suburb of Chicago in time to stand with the dear old friend of over forty years' acquaintance, with the little ones he first knew, grown up men and women now, by the coffin side of the beloved mother and the self-denying grandmother. It was Saturday and next day was Flower Sunday at All Souls Church.

Jenkin Lloyd Jone

A DAY AND A FRIEND.

We sat upon the shore, my friend and I;
The lake lay rocking in the morning shine,
Odors of gum were round us, and a pine
Played music while the waves danced ceaselessly.
Joy of wild woods and waters and blue sky
Flowed through our spirits like celestial wine;
We talked of poets' hopes and thoughts divine,
And he was generous and I was shy.
O golden heart of all that golden day,
Wise friend! So kind to my reluctant thought;
So gentle with the grace that went astray
Through stammering speech and woodland ways untaught!
He read me by the things I dared not say,
And loved me for the trust that doubted naught.

—*Obadiah Cyrus Auringer.*

A Soul's Tragedy

Paper read by Evelyn H. Walker before the Class in Literature, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Feb. 6, 1911

This drama was first published in "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1846, the year of Browning's marriage. The first act is written in verse, the second in prose, expressive, as the author explains, of the poetry and prose in the life of Chiappino. The *dramatis personæ* are Eulalia and Luitolfo, betrothed lovers; Chiappino, their friend; Ogniben, the pope's legate, and citizens of Faenza. Time, the sixteenth century; the place, Faenza.

The story is briefly this: Chiappino and Luitolfo were friends from childhood, born in the same town and into similar circumstances. But at the time the play opens, Chiappino has already exhausted his own resources and a part of his good-natured friend's with the numerous fines he has been compelled to pay in consequence of his championship of unpopular causes.

In the opening Act, Chiappino is waiting with Eulalia for Luitolfo's return from the Provost's, whither he had gone to intercede for Chiappino, against whom an edict of exile had been passed. He is dividing his time between resentfully depreciating his friend's efforts in his behalf and making love to his friend's betrothed. As they talk, Luitolfo rushes in with blood upon his garments and, as he imagines, a mob at his heels. He has struck the Provost and believes himself a murderer. Chiappino promptly puts on Luitolfo the disguise intended for his own flight and sends him on the road he had himself intended to take. He then delivers himself up to the populace, taking upon himself Luitolfo's guilt, notwithstanding Eulalia's protest, "You would for worlds you had denied at once," and, presently, finding the act a popular one, is not the less inclined to its ownership.

The second Act is laid in the market place, where the populace is assembled opposite the Provost's palace in the expectation of seeing its doors opened for Chiappino. Luitolfo, in disguise, mingles with the crowd, and it transpires that he has been concealed on one of his estates near-by, receiving daily intelligence from Eulalia and awaiting a favorable moment for returning, since it turns out that the Provost was only wounded after all. He learns from conversation with the bystanders that Chiappino is candidate for the office of Provost and for the hand of Eulalia, also of the arrival of Ogniben, the pontifical legate, who enters on mule-back, trotting briskly and humming softly to himself, "I have known three and twenty leaders of revolts;" having come, as he says, out of good will to the city, to try to quiet the disorder before Rome hears of it and sends to quiet it in another way. After much glib reasoning he finally offers the Provostship to Chiappino who, despite his democratic principles and his hatred of a paternal government, at length compounds with his convictions, concluding that a paternal government is not really bad when administered by a wise and just ruler, like himself.

The wily legate continues leading Chiappino on to braid the rope to hang himself, and at length throws out an opportunity for the actual assailant of the Provost to avow his deed. When Luitolfo accepts the situation and comes forward to acknowledge his guilt and relieve his friend of an unearned responsibility,

Chiappino, thus convicted of fraud, promptly accepts the legate's suggestion that he "go aside for a time till he grows better," and is last seen disappearing by the Lugo gate. The Legate thereupon dismisses the crowd, takes possession of the keys of the palace, and rides away humming, "I have seen four and twenty leaders of revolts."

This play differs from most of Browning's dramas in that it contains no one character standing out to challenge grandly our admiration and love.

Of Luitolfo, with face and deed like an open book, which he who runs may read, little need be said. He was not a great character for a drama,—you might find a dozen of him living around the corner,—but a good man to have on a committee or a Board of Trustees, or wherever things are likely to get tangled and need untangling;—

> A happy-tempered bringer of the best
> Out of the worst.

The world has great uses for its Luitolfos. He was a true lover, though not an ardent one,—he would have sent Eulalia away with Chiappino for her own safety, but apparently did not think to ask her to go with himself, though the same reason for her going still existed when he went,—and a staunch and loyal friend, whose temperamental lack of physical courage but accentuated the loyalty of risking his life for the ungrateful and unworthy Chiappino. Though perhaps not the most interesting of the group, he was the one to be trusted farthest and longest. He was every inch a friend.

Eulalia is classed among "Shrewd Women" by Miss Mary Burt in her book on "Browning's Women" and, curiously enough, she forms a class by herself in the Browning world, if Miss Burt is right. Did her kind not appeal to Browning? I simply throw off the question as I pass on.

In the first Act Eulalia is true as steel to her betrothed, though sympathetic and almost affectionate to Chiappino, notwithstanding he is unmanly enough to persecute her with his protestations of love at a time when she is already in deep distress over Luitolfo's prolonged absence. In the second, she nearly or quite compromises herself by listening to Chiappino and giving warrant by her silence, if in no other way, to the popular rumor that she is to marry him. That she should think it necessary to justify her choice of Luitolfo to Chiappino by any prevarication seems inconsistent and at variance with her former self, for she had seemed too strong a woman to be dependent upon other people's judgments, and she certainly knew Luitolfo too well to think that he needed any further trial. Here, by contrast, she reminds one of Lowell's fine criticism on

> One who never erred
> And yet was never nobly right.

Perhaps she allowed her curiosity and her love of philosophizing to strangle the woman in her until she, as well as Chiappino, fell from poetry into prose, for her dissembling worked no good to Chiappino or to anyone else, nor is it anywhere intimated that she had any expectation it would.

The papal Legate, Ogniben, was a man of better head than heart, and he, far more than Eulalia, merits the adjective "shrewd" in the superlative sense. He holds Chiappino and all the Faenza populace in the hollow of his hand, playing on their weaknesses and their passions as a musician plays the keys of his instrument. There are politicians of all degrees of shrewdness. This one, of the mth degree, was shrewd enough to see that his and the State's interests were best furthered by furthering those of the people. But in addition to this political sagacity, he was endowed with an unusual insight and appreciation. "I preserve the proportions of my sympathy," he said, "however finelier or widelier I may extend its action," adding, "I desire to be able, with a quickened insight, to descry beauty in corruption where others see foulness only; but I hope I shall also continue to see a redoubled beauty in the higher forms of matter, where already everybody sees no foulness at all; God has his archangels and consorts with them, though he made, too, and intimately sees what is good in the worm,"—a rather remarkable parallel to Emerson's lines,

> And in the mud and scum of things
> There alway, alway something sings.

This fine insight in the Legate seems out of keeping at times with the light and airy political logic and the sophistry with which he temporizes and helps Chiappino out of his quagmires for the time being, only to land him at length in still deeper mire. The poet would seem to use him as a lay figure into whose mouth he puts the wisdom which he is otherwise unable to get uttered, since the dramatic form gives no place for first-hand speech. At times he is almost oracular in speeches which seem to have little bearing on the subject in hand, or little evident relation to his own character, such as this: "Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid when they leave us."

The drama is full of side-lights on the character of Chiappino. While Eulalia trembles for the safety of Luitolfo, Chiappino, upon whose errand he has gone and for whose sake he is exposing himself to danger if not to death, is thinking of himself and his own "peculiar lot," as he styles it, so made to a great extent by his habit of morbid introspection. His eyes, as now, are ever turned inward upon himself and his own ill-fortune. His is the deadly sin of ingratitude, for he resents the kindness of his friend, impugns his motives, and tries to steal his betrothed, while at the same time he accepts his favors. This love for Eulalia would seem not to have been very deep seated, for when the test came it failed, and even while professing his love he seeks to be revenged upon her for her failure to return his passion. A better name for such a feeling is jealousy. This disappointment gave him another sweet sorrow to gloat over, for Chiappino dearly loved a grief and doted on his daily miseries. He had the Teutonic virtue of loving to tell disagreeable truths, partly because they *were* disagreeable.

> True, I thank God I ever said, "You sin,"
> When a man did sin; if I could not say it,
> I glared it at him; if I could not glare it,
> I prayed against him; then my part seemed over.
> God's may begin yet; so it will, I trust.

His finest climax loses something in effect from his pompous declaration, "Now I'll say something to remember,"—reminding one of Emerson's caution to "beware the man who says, I am about to make a revelation." Chiappino was seized by a generous impulse when he saw his friend in apparent danger from the

mob, but he all too speedily dropped into prose and continued the deception when he discovered that the move was a popular one. From this time on, the grade down hill was an easy one. He became a shining mark for the Legate who, having had some conversation with the wounded Provost, came on the scene with the truth concerning the real assailant. And so, "not altogether at once,"—it takes a little time for the bacillus of self-deception to develop,—Chiappino loses himself in an array of fine words, abandons principle, repudiates love, forswears friendship. In the words of Eulalia, "So we profess, so we perform." Truly, a pitiful story.

But there is another side to the shield, albeit not too bright. Chiappino at least had his ideals. He deprecated his lies and apologized for them, though in a not over-manly fashion:

Yet could not for my death
(The thing that tempts me most) help speaking lies
Through sheer incompetence to rid myself
Of the old miserable lying trick
Caught from the liars I have lived with.
God, did I not turn to thee?
It is thy prompting I dare to be ashamed of, and thy counsel
Would die along my coward lips, I know,
But I do turn to thee.

Chiappino had grasped the great law of Nature's uniformity, the foundation of all faith:

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility—Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong while he endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's good and God's.

Chiappino's first impulses, the true measure of the man, were still noble, and for a fleeting moment he would have saved his friend's life at the cost of his own. And though that moment was short-lived, it was genuine while it lasted, and so made a bright page in his life's history.

Here I would forestall the critic, with his "Words, words, my Lord." Even the little good in Chiappino is profession, it may be said. Granted. Here the Legate helps us out. He says it lightly, but it is no joke. His irony conceals a profound truth when he says: "Ever judge of men by their professions! For though the bright moment of promising is but a moment and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere in its moment's extravagant goodness, why, trust it and know the man by it, I say—not by his performance; which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must, with its accidents and circumstances; the profession was purely the man's own. I judge people by what they might be,—not are, nor will be."

But the crux of this drama lies in the question, Why the title? Why A Soul's Tragedy? Or why a tragedy at all? Certainly the play is no tragedy in the ordinary theatrical sense, which requires a tragedy to end in the death of one or more of the principal characters. It is not the kind which a certain well-known dramatist is said to have made of his first play, in which he killed off his entire set of *dramatis personæ* in the first act, thus obliging himself to create a fresh set for the second. That was the indubitable tragedy of the out-and-out, utterly objective sort, admittedly so from pit to gallery. But there is a deeper tragedy, such as is covered by Dante's definition, "the bad end of a good beginning," or by Chaucer's, in his Prologue to the Monk's Tale, where he explains that

Tragedie is for to seyn a certyn storie
Of him who stood in great prosperitie,
And is fallen out of high degree
Into miserie and endeth wretchedly;

in other words, when the catastrophe is unhappy, be the prosperity from which the subject falls either outward or inward; and in the Browning perspective, the thing that counts is ever

The development of a soul,—little else is worth study.

Porter and Clarke explain the tragedy element in this drama easily by saying, "whose soul's tragedy was his failure to live out the democratic ideal of liberty which he possessed." Again Mrs. Sutherland Orr disposes of the question rather lightly, if not flippantly, by saying, "It is no tragedy for the reader, because he has never believed in that particular 'soul,' though its proprietor and his friends are justly supposed to do so." And Stopford Brooke gives it up entirely. "Why this little thing is called a 'Soul's Tragedy'," he says, "I cannot quite understand. That title supposes that Chiappino loses his soul at the end of the play. But it is plain from his mean and envious talk at the beginning with Eulalia that his soul is already lost."

Let us grant the justice of the severest strictures upon the character of Chiappino at the beginning of his career. Grant that he was egotistical, selfish, ungrateful, disagreeable, arrogant, pompous, anything you please for which the text furnishes the slightest warrant. You still have left a love for truth, a loftiness of ideals; still you have left a man, a common man, bearing in his heart the loves and hates, the joys and woes of a common humanity. What then does the poet mean to teach but this, that even the commonest man is a true subject for poetic study, that the fall of even such, ever so little, the lowering of his ideals by even a hair's breadth, is deep cause for grief, is high subject for tragedy,—that "the meanest of God's creatures has two soul-sides, one to face the world with, one to show"—the poet, the man of insight, who enters closest into the counsels of the Almighty. This poem teaches again the central truth in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,"

We're good enough for God
Tho' the world casts us out,

and drives home one more time, one more way, the heart of the lesson of Rabbi Ben Ezra, the transcendent worth of

All the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account.

* * * * * * *

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

TRANSFORMATION

Over the hillside and down to my door,
The tree-tops are covered with glory of spring;
Who would have dreamed when the winter was o'er,
Such fragrance would flourish and birds would sing?

Is this the snow that in wild, stormy days,
Fell at their feet and encircled their stems?
Is it their sorrow transformed into praise?
Or patience rewarded with garlands of gems?

—*William Brunton.*

Unity, April 30, 1896.

My Library—No. XXVII.

There is a class of books and a class of authors of such books, to which I can think of no description that quite so appropriately belongs, as Edward Dowden's "aristocratic *dèlicatesse.*" They are books that, when you handle or read them, make you wish you were altogether more finished both within and without than you are, in fact, refined enough to be fit for their delectable companionship. I confess to something of this feeling when, for instance, I take from its place a volume of Hamilton W. Mabie's, although, as I think of the rather solid visit I once had with Mr. Mabie, I almost feel that it is something like an insult to say of him that he is *dèlicatesse,* unless I emphasize duly at the same time the idea of the certain gracious robustness of conception and aristocracy of expression that characterize him, just as surely. Perhaps after all it is never this alone that so pleases me. I am quite sure a better description would be clean strength, something that bears you up without contamination. If the books of William Winter—"Shakespeare's England," "Grey Days of Gold," "Old Shrines and Ivy," "Brown Heath and Blue Bells"—do not come as near to illustrating the idea I have in mind as any, I am at a loss. Such novels, too, as Jane Austen's bring it to mind fresh. Such correspondence as that between Emerson and Carlyle, such letters as those of James Russell Lowell, such poetry as Longfellow's, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's, such Journals as John Woolman's and in part Amiel's, suggest it frequently and forcibly enough to convert what momentarily seems so diverse into a unity of effect that abides. These are the books for indescribable moods, for soul isolation, for the hour that must be filled. The fellow-feeling that run through all of Mr. Winter's "Shadows of the Stage," too, is very near to the mark of this high calling. Charles Warren Stoddard's books—"South Sea Idyls," "Exits and Entrances," "The Island of Tranquil Delights"—are all of this stamp, in a prose which was fluent and musical enough for them, as W. D. Howells says, and for you too. Spenser's "Fairy Queen," once you get in the habit of reading in it, grows upon you as does the face of a worthy friend. Tennyson's "Idyls," or Morris' "The Earthly Paradise," transports one to other lands and times; and oh, how restful the harborage may be! All of Robert Bridge's "Poems" waft you on wings as soft as thistle-down to realms of golden glory, and make you at home there, as if for eternity. The volume of "Golden Poems," by the late Francis Browne can bring heaven down through tree-tops from beyond the darkest clouds. Old Quarles takes you by the hand and comfortingly assures you that "The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found"; and then, as if this might not satisfy you, adds cheeringly, "No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at." "Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, "must have observed that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even Episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz." Now it happens that everyone has moments when to "trespass a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes" is like scaling the fence in younger days for apples that are guarded by dog and gun, and so of inestimable excellence if ever you once can get them! Reading the rest of Sydney Smith is equally good for all such moments. See how opportune this is: "I distinctly admit," says he, "that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own." Does not this put you on solider ground than you had lately supposed? Then do "rest awhile," or else, "Hie on white-face," and not forget to take Andrew Lang's "Theocritus," and read once more, "The fainest meed of the gods is song," and "care not even so much as a toothless man does for walnuts, when rich pottage is beside him."

Yes, there are many books that lighten responsibility, promise something satisfactory in exchange, and make the future glow with unsuspected characteristics. Pepys' "Dairy and Correspondence";—who ever felt stirred to anything strenuous by this? And the "Diary and Letters" of Madame D'Arblay;—who ever kept steadily awake for long to anything very dynamic while reading these? And how soothing is even all the bustle in Pope's "Homer"! you amble along as though the "wrath of Achilles" was only a belated smile at most. Fairy Tales all these are, undoubtedly, with living-happy-forever-after not far ahead of any one living in them, so far as you can see. These books, and armfuls like them, in some respects, are rather to be chosen these days, I trow, than whole libraries of "thrillers" that leave no especial wave of permanent usefulness or comfort behind them. On many accounts, it were better to go sound asleep over the dictionary, for instance, than to be kept too wide awake over "problems" that never can be solved. "Day, like a weary pilgrim," says Longfellow, "had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon." Many a soul has need to learn to be as sensible while the day lasts and before eternal darkness overshadows it. Let us be thankful that books there are that will help us in this, if only we are gracious enough towards them to invite their better offices.

> Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
> For wisdom, piety, delight or use,

says an old saw; with this let us remember another, almost a better one still:

> The burning soul, the burdened mind
> In books alone companions find,

and then neither sin away this holy fellowship, stupidly or otherwise, nor what is worse still, never seek and cherish with our whole soul, unburnt and our whole mind unburdened.

Closely associated with these books for comfortable reading, are those for comfortable looking. I had an old, old friend who always prepared a modern book for reading by tearing out every picture to be found therein. He seemed to think they were mostly silly or misleading; at this, one does not wonder, for his usual literary regimen was the ancient classics in the original! On the contrary, I have always been glad to find "illustrations" in my books, and have even gone so far in the other direction as to pluck the better pictures from stray magazines and make a volume or two of them that I would hesitate to dispense with.

But my real feasting in this respect began when someone gave me a chance to "subscribe" to a big volume on "German Art" that was to come in twenty-five numbers, one monthly. How I did use

to wait for them, eagerly turn them over, and gloat over them, and feel lifted up beyond expectation when they came. These were followed by a similar experience with a similar series on "French Art"; and these, off and on, year after year, by other Art Volumes upon every sort of plan—Sargent's "Portraits," "Seuve's Porcelain," "Illustrations from Punch," "Master-Pieces of Art," "Rembrandt," "Hogarth," "Christy," "Shakespeare," "Dancing," "English Homes," "Turner," "Modern Painting"—"Cathedrals," English and French—"Moorish Remains in Spain," Black's "Color Books"—and scores of others like these, to be read in betimes, of course, but to be looked in at will, for medicine, for delight, for "letting-down," for a "sleeping-portion," for *"delicatessen"* bound to suit the palate at all times. Next to sweet music is the comforting effect of a careless wandering among the picture-books when "something to read" is out of the question. The periodical, "Life," bubbling over with refined folly as it is, has been a stand-by for years. "The International Studio" brings monthly a lot of pictures of every artistic subject imaginable, and invites one back to them forever after. Perhaps my friend was wiser than I; but I cannot help feeling that he ruthlessly deprived himself of much that was essentially good, by excluding illustrations from his books. Surely,

> If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being,

whether found in the studio, the drawing-room, on the wide sea, or in the forests and fields. It were better, I am sure, always to yield oneself to the "perfect whole," even to the inclusion of all its imperfect parts, if such there be. SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y.

FERNS IN THE CITY.

Where traffic pours along the pave
With such uncloistral din,
How strange to see your frondage wave,
A close-walled plot within!

You, of that wilding sisterhood,
Whose feet are wont to stray
Down the dim aisleways of the wood,
Far from the garish day.

How you must miss the homelike hush
Again and yet again,—
The twilight vespers of the thrush,
The matins of the wren!

How you must yearn above to peer
And see a leafy sky!
How you must lean and long to hear
A forest wind steal by!

How you must sorrow not to thrill
At every old refrain,—
The gurgling rapture of the rill,
The hill-song of the rain!

Your heart, an exile, ranges far
Down wood-ways drenched with dew;
And I, O fair familiar,
Am such an exile, too!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVIII.
Pedigree and Birth Stories

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." ii:40.

(King James Version.)

We find the birth stories and descent of Jesus only in Matthew and Luke. Perhaps some, still sensitive on the side of free criticism, may not like that rendered into poetry that has always been held as history, inspired revelation at that. Mark did not seem to know anything about this descent, or, if he did, did not consider it germane to his story, so he plunged right into the life of the Nazarene. John apparently cared still less for this tradition, but the exigencies that brought Matthew and Luke into being, seemed to be such as to need the confirmation of genealogy.

Whoever compiled Matthew wrote for the purpose of reassuring the Jews that the Nazarene was the Messiah and quoted the Old Testament as adequate authority. He believed in the authority of the Jewish scriptures, and that standpoint necessitated a genealogy. The prophets assumed that the Messiah was to be born of the line of David, was to be an enriched and glorified David, so Matthew carries the genealogy back to David, then to Abraham, and there stops, for the line had been made adequate.

Whoever compiled Luke had another constituency in mind. He wrote for the Gentiles and his view point was that Jesus brought his message to the whole world, that he established a new régime, a new order of things. Such would not care to know that Jesus was of the House of David, of the descent of Abraham; they wanted to know that he was with them, the

They wanted to know that he was with them, the
child of God.

These two pedigrees do not agree and are neither of them credible. One starts from Joseph and the other from Mary. The Joseph account by Luke seems to be given with all innocence or ignorance of the Immaculate Conception and miraculous fatherhood, clothing Jesus with plain human antecedents.

Scholars have formed the conclusion that the accounts in Matthew and Luke of the birth, antecedents and early childhood of Jesus are after-growths not found in the earlier fragments, but after three or four centuries, when the Roman Catholic Church was busy, largely unconsciously and innocently, in planting flowers and vines round the solid column of the Reformer, the human Jesus.

In Matthew we have the Annunciation of the angels to Joseph, the story of the birth of Jesus, the marvelous story of the adoration of the Magi who travel all the way from the Euphrates guided by a star, to be present at the birth. Then comes the warning of the angels that Herod desires the life of the child, so the Carpenter of Nazareth takes the mother and child and stays in Egypt until he hears of the

death of Herod, which took place after the massacre of the Innocents. Then they return to Nazareth.

In Luke the Annunciation is made not to Joseph but to Mary, who visits Elizabeth, her cousin and prospective mother of John the Baptist. That which is unique in Luke is the Magnificat, a wonderful poem nobly used by the musicians. The birth of Jesus follows, after which the shepherds, beholding an angelic host in the field by night, visit the baby Jesus. These shepherds do not figure in the Matthew account. Then comes the story of the circumcision of Jesus, not given in any other Gospel, the Presentation in the Temple at Jerusalem, the return to Nazareth and the appearance of Jesus when twelve years old in the Temple.

We want to remember that these rich poetic fancies represent the embellishments of the Catholic Church and are the forces that after a while glorified the Mother Mary into an object of worship, and lifted her child into the glorified center of the universe.

The story of the Magi, supposed to have been Persian astrologers, coming from the region of the Euphrates, a very long journey if taken on camel back, is miraculous, and the Flight into Egypt is quite as incredible. Neither the Magi nor the Holy Family could have made their journeys without military escort and it would have required a caravan either way. There is no evidence outside of Matthew of so drastic an event in the movement of Christianity as the Slaughter of the Infants, which could hardly have escaped the pen of a man like Josephus, and which was entirely unnecessary in order to find the right baby in a hamlet the size of Bethlehem, which could hardly contain more than twenty babies. A verse in Micah says that the Prince, the Messiah expected, would be born out of the home of David, and David was a Bethlehemite. The writer of Luke manages it. A census by family was to be taken by edict of Rome. Joseph takes his wife to Bethlehem to be registered, at which time Jesus was born. However, history gives the date of this census as 6 A. D. We also know that the Roman chronology is four years behind the Christian era, which would make Jesus ten years old when born. Hence critics make the Bethlehem birth as a part of the after mythology, a legend growth.

These comments may seem ungracious, but we want to clear our minds. At the same time let us not be Unitarian iconoclasts. Not so scholarly as some writers, but so frank and fearless that he scared his friends, is Dr. Lester in his books, "The Historic Jesus." How he came to write this valuable work is indicated in a word from his preface:

"In the year 1902, a lady at an hotel table in Florence, discussing the changes which the broadening of knowledge was making necessary in the religious traditions of the world, exclaimed in a tone which betrayed the anxious consciousness of responsibility:

"'What am I to teach my boys?'

"To the author, the question seemed like a personal challenge, and, although he had been actively engaged in the work of the Christian ministry for thirty years, it was impossible to answer it by reference to traditional beliefs, as upheld by various ecclesiastical authorities, since they were the very things in question.

"He, therefore, took the matter very much to heart, and, as he had acquired leisure for study by the resignation of the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, after twenty-two years of service, the way of duty seemed clear to become once more a learner, and to acquire for his own benefit, and then for the benefit of others, such more intelligent solutions of many religious problems as is made possible by the larger scholarship of the present day."

Perhaps a more learned and technical work is "The Prophet of Nazareth," by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt. A little book by Dr. Henry A. Miles, a Unitarian minister, "The Birth of Jesus," goes fully into these subjects.

In line with this lesson we have a chapter out of real life in the *Alton Times* of February 1st, in which the editor publishes this letter, dated January 30, Brighton, Ill.:

"Dear Sir:—I notice in yesterday's *Times* that Reese announces a sermon upon the parentage of Jesus Christ. I want to say that if you publish his sermon, you may discontinue your paper to my address.

"The publication of Resse's discourse in last Monday's *Times* was a disgrace and an insult to all Christian people."

In commenting on this the editor explained that the address was published as an advertisement ordered inserted by the publicity committee of the Unitarian Church. All Alton was torn up over this sermon, "Whose Son was Jesus—God's or Joseph's?" Quite in line with our lesson this morning.

Many people have capitulated to their heads, have admitted the reason, have accepted the conclusions of science, but they have not surrendered their hearts. They are still sentimental believers in the creeds.

Perhaps the impiety that has brought on the war lodged right here. The great churches, the Catholic and Lutheran, which dominate Europe, have been absolutely nil in this problem. In Germany particularly there has been a wide breach between the tuition of the head and the practice of the heart. She has plenty of splendid scholarship, but her churches remain hidebound and tyrannical. In England the situation is different. The Church of England is permeated, through and through, with the higher criticism, the freer thought, the wider view. But organized Protestant Christianity in the United States is in a bad way because of this growing division between head and heart. We are imbecilic, religiously, in Chicago, with fifteen hundred preachers more or less, who are not an ethical or moral force in the city. May not the reason lie in the fact that there is such a chasm between the forms and fetters of the denominations and the inner convictions of preachers and church members?

I. Give synopsis of story of Birth of Jesus in Matthew and Luke.

II. Why do these stories differ so widely.

III. What of stories of the Magi and the flight into Egypt?

IV. What is situation today in regard to higher criticism and the churches?

The little daughter of a Chicago public school principal is now a pupil at the experimental school at the University, where she learns some things not taught in the regular city schools. One day her father found her crying. "What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked. "I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. (Remember, this was in Chicago and not in Boston.) Father was sympathetic. "Poor little girl," he said, and proceeded, with the best intentions, to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away. "Huh!" she snorted. "I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid." Father went for a dictionary.

—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Truth is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength.

MONDAY.—Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

TUES.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world.

WED.—Truth, like the Venus di Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.

THURS.—Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child.

FRI.—Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became without words a teacher of religion to children.

SAT.—Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the roadside. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men as different languages. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be.
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

—*Henry Van Dyke, in "The White Bees."*

The Robin a Barometer

Everyone will have noticed how the garden robin sings all the year round in spite of rain and frost and snow, when no other bird except the wren is bold enough to keep him company. A correspondent carries this common observation a point further by the discovery that his particular robin sings not in spite of rain, but because rain is coming. This is partly because he is supreme as an insect feeder, and insects are always moved by the approach of rain. Food is then plentiful near the ground, from which the robin is never far removed, and, unlike other birds, he is stirred to song much more by sheer pleasure in living than by mere love emotions. It follows that in summer and autumn the approach of rain can often be foretold by the energy of the robin's song, and the jenny wren gives the same warning.—*London Mail.*

A Perfect Little Home

"The most perfect little home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargement of wide culture, here would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

WHEN LITTLE SISTER CAME

We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone, lost cabin, with never a view
Of the full day's sun for a whole year through.
With strange half hints through the russet corn
We three were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow
And tracks on the ground. We burst through the door,
And a girl baby cried—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise,
In the things of the world, and the ways men dare;
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere.
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall fashioned as men
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived, ere they knew the fall;
And loving all things we believed in all.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

"Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out thy palms again,
And say: Though the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas! in vain,
But for the shade,
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."

—*John Banister Tabb.*

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BOYCOTT THE FLY!

A nation-wide war has been declared against the house-fly. Unlike the swat-the-fly movement, which is making warfare on flies by means of killing them, the new campaign is to annihilate the danger of flies by "boycotting" them.

So the "Boycott-the-Fly" League has been launched, with Ferdinand Herb, M. D., as its chairman. The other charter members are Arnold Joerns, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Anderson Pace, Carter H. Harrison, Henry C. Lytton, Rev. John Timothy Stone, D. D., Peter S. Lambros, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Dr. John Dill Robertson, Commissioner of Health of Chicago.

Speaking for the "Boycott-the-Fly" League, Dr. Herb said:

"The nation-wide war against the death-dealing common fly has awakened the people to a more intelligent realization of the fly peril. We have now arrived at a stage when the co-operation of the public may be depended upon.

"The principal danger of the fly is the infection of our national food supply, especially in large cities, where the germs of disease abound. Though the public is well aware of the fly-peril, it will be impossible to bring about sanitary conditions until all the vendors of food become themselves vitally interested in the cleanliness of their products.

"Some intelligent women are already demanding that dealers keep flyless stores. But the great public at large, the many housewives who know the danger of the fly from hearsay, but do not read the learned articles published continually in magazines and newspapers, still continue to buy from the baker, grocer, fruitman, confectioner or huckster, no matter how infested with flies his place of business may be."

"To also reach this vast class of women, it is necessary to remind them of the fly danger every time they buy food. If this can be accomplished, the needed lesson will be driven home so forcibly, that no dealer in fly-exposed food can withstand its consequences. The protection of the food against flies, instead of being under the sanitary or police regulation, then becomes a commercial matter. The stream of business will soon turn to the dealer who is clean and protects his goods from the death-dealing contamination of flies.

"All the many difficult-to-enforce laws for the protection against flies that exist at present, become superfluous as soon as restaurant keepers, bakers, grocers, fruit dealers, and all other food merchants find THAT IT PAYS to keep flies out. They then will not only apply all known means to free their places from flies, but the ingenuity of everyone will be stimulated by the almighty commercial instinct to go one better than the rest.

"The feat of reminding the housewife of the danger of flies is thereby accomplished by enacting a law which compels all those selling or dispensing articles of food of any and every description to hang up cards in conspicuous places with the following reading matter:

> BOYCOTT THE FLY
>
> Flies Carry Disease
>
> Beware of Food Exposed to Flies

"Hanging up these signs is automatic in its effect, and reaches principally those women who cannot be reached in any other way and will continue to patronize the careless vendor of food, unless warned daily and with every purchase."

One of the means by which the League proposes to accomplish its purpose is to ask the City Council to pass an ordinance compelling every wholesale or retail dealer in food products to keep the sign suggested by Dr. Herb conspicuously hung in his place of business.

It is proposed that these signs be furnished by the city that they will not be an expense to the dealer. The dealers to be affected include drug stores, delicatessens, meat markets, grocery stores, fruit stands, both indoors and out, peddlers' carts, in fact every wholesale or retail food business.

Prominent retailers are expressing themselves in favor of the proposed ordinance. It puts it up to the dealer to keep his establishment free from flies, because he is educating the public to boycott fly-poisoned food.

The "Boycott-the-Fly" League wants everybody to become a fly boycotter. Membership in the league is within everybody's reach, for there are no dues. To become a member one must simply pledge himself not to ever again eat food on which flies have been seen, or which is unnecessarily exposed to flies.

The League also wants all self-appointed members to write two letters, one to the League advising that they have joined, and another to their alderman asking for the enactment of the "Boycott-the-Fly" ordinance.

WILL-TO-PEACE VERSUS WILL-TO-WAR

"Never as the Will-to-Peace so deep and widespread as now." So writes me a Swiss soldier as he listens to the thunder of French and German guns in the greatest war the world has known.

The contrast is curious,—between the Will and the Deed.

The Will-to-Peace, right round the world, is infinitely stronger than the Will-to-War.

But the lesser force is compact, well-organized, and resolute. The greater force is scattered, unorganized, irresolute.

One ton of gunpowder within the narrow, well-directed tubes of a few cannon will accomplish far more than a million tons of the same stuff burning loose over a mountain range. If only we could concentrate the million tons of peace-power as the ton of war-power is concentrated, the Switzer's paradox would be impossible. There would be no war.

The great need of the hour is to focus and direct the pacific purpose of the planet.

The need is perhaps most acute in the United States, for on this nation the greatest issues depend. I have been in this country not three weeks. But I have been long enough to feel, pervading American society like an atmosphere, a noble passion for peace. Were it only compressed within the grooves of one straight purpose and trained on one sure mark, the result would be commensurate with the place and dignity of the nation.

But alas! the heterogeneity of its aims is positively bewildering. Any number of groups, actuated by the most praiseworthy motives, are rushing hither and thither, proclaiming as many panaceas, announcing this, that, or the other improvised specific, with scarcely a thought of combination, or of the main line of historical evolution, or of the prospect of securing effective agreement.

Of most of these miscellaneous proposals I have no hard word to say. They reflect more or less clearly the amiable character of the minds that produce them. They may be very useful as educative auxiliaries to a better-focused aim. But it seems to me that there is a great danger of their fritter-

ing away the immense fund of pacific energy.

"Divide and conquer" as the motto of the victorious Roman. "Be divided and be conquered" expresses the weakness of vanquished Peace.

Can we not avoid this grave disaster? Can we not,—to change the metaphor, —crystallize one supersaturated solution of American Will-to-Peace round some definite, practicable point?—From "How to Unify the Peace Movement," by F. Herbert Stead, in the *American Review of Reviews* for June.

BOBBY GAYLOR'S CREED

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make life a bit completer
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil without complaining
No humble task disdaining,
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

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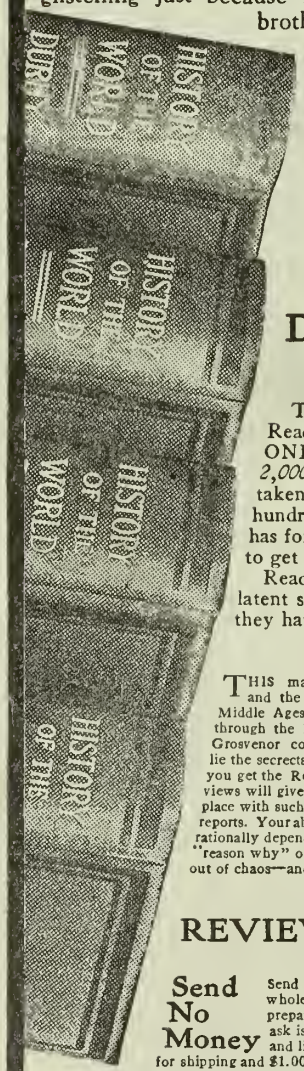

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—*Joseph May.*

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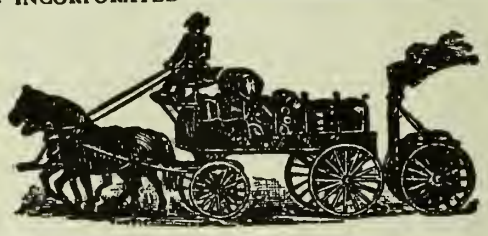

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1915. Number 17

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NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

Say not, "It matters not to me:
My brother's weal is HIS behoof!"
For, in this wondrous human web,
If your life's warp, his life is woof.
Woven all together are the threads,
And you and he are in one loom:
For good or ill, for glad or sad,
Your lives must share one common doom.

Then let the daily shuttle glide,
Wound full with threads of kindly care,
That life's increasing length may be
Not only strongly wrought, but fair,
So, from the stuff of each new day,
The loving hand of Time shall make
Garments of joy and peace for all;
And human hearts shall cease to ache.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

The Professors of the South Wales Baptist College has just completed a new translation of the New Testament, presumably to better sustain the contentions of the Baptisers. The *Christian Life,* published in London, suggests that, perhaps, the good Doctor "might have employed his scant leisure to some more useful purpose."

Those interested in the "Billy Sunday" controversy will find an incisive bit of analysis in a recent little tract prepared by the Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Boston, in which the teachings of Jesus and the preachings of Billy Sunday are set forth in striking contrast. These eight counts are strictly limited to the words of the New Testament paralleled by the words of Sunday gathered from creditable reports. It is a striking case, and effective. "Look on that picture!—and then on this!"

A writer in the *Advance* is distressed because the "Bohemian Free Thinking Societies" have engaged the great Auditorium Theatre of Chicago for July 6 for the purpose of celebrating the semi-millenial anniversary of the burning of John Huss at Constance. He accuses these Societies of "stealing" John Huss, of "making use of his heroic protestantism in the interest of free thinking and infidelity." "Free thinking has been bought at a great price and "free thinking" is yet in need of being propagated. Let us rejoice in any and every movement that will tend to rebuke dogmatism, dispel bigotry, liberate minds and widen the bonds of human fellowship by the help of this noble martyr who was carried to his burning by these fell forces.

A contributor to the *Congregationalist* hits the nail on the head when he says the real white man under the burdens of the world is not necessarily the man with the white skin, but the man with the white heart, that

"There is a white man who blusters and boasts of his superiority, and is an offense wherever he goes. There is a white man who beats down the weak and excuses his conquest and crimes on the ground that his is 'the paramount nation.' 'No doubt you have found,' said President Wilson in his speech to the naturalized citizens of Philadelphia, 'that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and right purpose, as it does everywhere else in the world.' That is the white nation, 'the nation,' as he added, 'so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.' The other kind of white man is likely to make more burdens than he bears. His selfishness sends him forth looking for a people upon whom he can levy tribute, a people whom he can compel to bear his burdens. His superiority is a means of conquest, not of uplift.

"To repeat: The only man who can be trusted to bear the burdens of the world is the man with a white soul and the purpose of the Christ who came to save us all."

The couplet that will not let go of our mind in the remarkable poem on "Goethals," which occupied the place of honor in our "Panama" issue, is this:

"A man stood up in Panama
And the mountains stood aside."

Next in its power to grip the mind is this, taken from the next stanza:

"And the one who made the Isthmus,
He made the engineer."

Somewhere and sometime, a "man" will stand up in the "Panama" of discord and bloodshed, and the "mountains" of militancy will stand aside, and the oceans, so long separated, will lift the "eternal tide." There are difficulties, many of them, representing "the reek of fevered ages," rising from the "poisoned jungle" of ignorance and prejudice and conceit, the false glamour of "national honor" and "vital interest." But tribes of men will be lead towards peace by "prophet engineers," more providentially inspired than "Goethals and his crew."

In the face of what seems like a reaction in many northern cities on the color question, a polite acceptance on the part of the would-be elite of that dogma of the permanent inferiority of races, "insurmount-

able difficulties," etc., etc., it is a refreshment to read of the Douglass School in Cincinnati, with its model school building, seventeen large, well ventilated school rooms, a large kitchen, lunch room, model dining-room, laundry, bath room, gymnasium and auditorium. The majority of its teachers are graduates of the University of Cincinnati; the Principal operates an incubator (many colored people in that section keep a few chickens and any child can bring a few eggs and at the end of a few weeks carry back as many chickens, if they are hatched); there are home gardens, prize-winning pages decorate the walls, canning is taught in connection with gardening; three thousand volumes are on the shelves in the branch of the City Public Library in use; an evening school is managed with four hundred adults as scholars, ranging in age from sixteen to seventy-two; and the building is a community center, the home of many clubs, a penny savings bank, a penny lunch association, literary club and many more,—and all this for, by and with colored people. The only way to stay in the camp of the reactionists and pessimists concerning race problems is to keep one's eyes shut.

The June number of the *Review of Reviews* is painfully loaded with interesting and efficient militant news, besides much informing comment under the head of "The Progress of the World." There are interesting studies of the situation as witnessed in Germany and France, studies of German submarines, of war contracts in the United States, of Italy and Austria and, perhaps, most distressingly interesting of all, studies of the Krupp model town and of the Krupp steel works, which give some of the latest triumphs of this horribly successful business. We learn that the hitherto ordinary business of the Krupp institution in manufacturing railroad equipments and motor cars and other steel products of peace has been suspended that the wicked work of making cannon may go on. We are told that "the cannon makers work in night and day shifts under tremendous war pressure" and that "Busy Berthas" are being prolifically produced. Note the name! A popular gun bearing the name of a woman! The great masterpiece of this feminized shop is said to be the 16-inch monster weighing forty tons, which throws its projectile, weighing twenty-six hundred pounds, twelve miles. Each man-hunting shot costs the German Government $970. Still there are those who think that these are necessary instruments of patriotism and with them "national honor" and "vital interests" are protected. To state it is to refute the horrible travesty on common sense and justice, to say nothing of the Christianity that Germany, in common with Europe and America, is boastful of.

Is The Church Disintegrating?

The last book that has come to our table is written by the very well known and trusted writer and magazine author, George Kibbe Turner. He calls it "The Last Christian." It is a book written with astounding frankness, a book that must startle literary men and the literary world, for he has boldly invaded the territory that is supposed to be the peculiar right of theological students and academic interpreters of the New Testament. In this book, thrown into story form, the author portrays the slow decadence, disintegration and final death of the typical "Big White Church" in a New England village. "The Last Christian" in the book is the faithful, devoted, scholarly, stalwart pastor of this big White Church, who through thirty years of ministry had kept true to his ordination vows as he understood them and held firmly to the foundations of the Christian Church as written down in his creed. He saw the church disintegrating under his hand. Young men were going off to college never again to return to the fellowship. Women whose hearts were breaking from the sorrows of life and finding no comfort in the grim fidelity of the noble preacher whom they honored but could not follow, turned aside to find consolation and a little comfort in Christian Science, or in some other scheme of salvation. At last the church became so weakened that not even a coat of paint, changing the old historic white church into a gloomy brown, or a season of revival under one of the Billy Sunday type, could save it. Yet the old pastor lived long enough to see his church sold for an Odd Fellows' Hall and the remnant of its membership united with a neighboring congregation, whose pastor greatly tried the old man because of his proclivity to quote Browning.

This is the "Last Christian" of the old type, and the author, this man of the magazines, this journalist, has ventured to enter into the realm of the heretofore supposedly peculiar province of the preacher, to expose what he calls the unquestioned fact of the disintegration of the creeds, the inadequacy of Christianity as represented by the traditional church, or churches. Notwithstanding the claims of secretaries and the mission boards, notwithstanding the annual array of categorical facts, Mr. Turner in this book is dealing with the situation as it is. And the question comes, is this the fate of Christianity, and is this after two thousand years, the end of the influence and power of the man of Nazareth?

Christianity, as interpreted by the words, conventionally understood "total depravity," "salvation," "damnation," "redemption," "special revelation," "infallible Bible," "Trinity," a redeeming Son of God purchasing the salvation of a few of his children by his blood, an adequate atonement on Calvary, is not

being sustained by the thinking of the Twentieth Century, is not being reinforced by the academic world. These things do not appeal to the hearts of earth's noblest and bravest today. To many people, the Christ of the creeds has gone and is going to go more. The church with its claim of divine partiality, an institution divinely established on earth, of whatever name or label, is also passing out of life. There is a vanishing Christ today. There is a dying church today. Jesus, the miraculous savior of men, is losing his potency. Is there a Jesus, the helper of men, who is to abide? We believe that there is a Jesus who abides increasingly in the hearts of men, and that his message and his mission is yet to come to its superlative power and its supreme efficiency. But this Jesus who abides, whatever else he is, is not a substitute for intellectual integrity. He does not give to men and women a furlough for the intellect. He does not relieve us from the responsibility of thinking, for whatever the achievements of the intellect may be, whatever the accumulations of knowledge may be, they come to stay and the Christ that stands in the way of these must get out of the way,—he is passing. Neither does he come as a substitute for man's spiritual integrity. The Christ that is an excuse or apology for duties ignored, or for responsibility unassumed, either of wealth, heart or brain, has got to go by the verdict of science, according to the accumulated testimony of the wise. Then again, the Jesus that was "peculiar," "exceptional," a unique teacher, unlike and unrelated to all other teachers, has got to go, and religion founded in his name can not always make good its claim to exclusive possession of truth or virtue. It has no patent rights, not even to the "Golden Rule," no exclusive claim to the loftiest idealism of the Sermon on the Mount. Says Max Mueller, one of the wisest and most comprehensive students of religion, "If there is any religion that does not teach one to be good, not bad; to be honest, not deceitful, I do not know it."

It is now more than a twice told tale that there is no precept in the New Testament, no teaching however lofty, but can be matched by the intelligent student in other Bibles. So it is not by virtue of any unique teaching, not even by virtue of any unique doing, that Jesus abides today.

The creeds have long since taken shelter behind the bulwarks of New Testament miracle, and they have fallen back upon that as the final testimony and witness. But we know that if the credentials of other teachers are dependent upon miracle they can outdo ours. The New Testament miracles are meagre, commonplace and inadequate compared to the mighty wonders that have been the traditions of the literature of the farthest East. Indeed, post-Biblical miracles, the miracles of the early centuries and middle ages render the miracles of the New Testament tame and commonplace. It is easy to prove that the belief in miracle is weakening and does not hold in the mind of the wisest students of religious history. And still there is something in the Jesus of the New Testament that does abide, not in his wonder working, not in his works, not in the doctrines he taught, not in the teaching that you can catalogue, and yet snatches of the record, read without comment, lead us into the presence of an unexhausted potency, touch us with a sense of a powerful personality: "Jesus wept," "He looked upon Peter," "Suffer the little children to come unto me," "Then Jesus, beholding him (the rich young man), loved him," "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," "He went about doing good," "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God," "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," "Behold the man!" said Pilate in the trial hour. Ponder these quotations picked up hit or miss out of the record and what do we have? That which has burned its way through the Christianity of nineteen centuries; that which has humiliated and abashed conqueror, capitalist and the captain of labor in all generations; that which has touched with comfort, power and consolation, the bruised and the broken, the homeless and the discouraged; that which has burst the bonds of bigotry; that which has climbed over the highest fence that ecclesiasticism could build or ever did build; that which has broken the power of ecclesiastic forms and ceremonies; that which has made popes and cardinals, and bishops and elders and deacons look small and mean and unnecessary except as they moved along the heavenly lines indicated by these quotations. The "weeping" Jesus, the one whose look brought the impulsive Peter to himself and shamed him. He who brushed aside the officious desciples, and though dust-covered, road-weary and thirsty, said, let the children come to me, I like them. He who, in the face of conventional morality, the unctuous prudery of those who gathered their robes around them lest they be contaminated by the touch of the sinful, said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone." Woman, where are your accusers? I have no accusing word, go and do better. The Jesus who abides is a great contagious, pervasive, loving, human heart. The Jesus who abides is a brave, independent, peasant thinker. We dislike the words but if we talk about social uplifters, reformers, humanitarian leaders, high above all your reformers, poets and prophets of the common people, write the name of the Carpenter's Son. He anticipated their independence and he went farther than they in his courage, in laying hold of the hopeless and in pleading the case of the unfortunate. Jesus was and is the Master of Men because he represented in himself a masterful leader and the masterful resources of hu-

manity. Approach the story on these lines, survey the ground from this standpoint and how poor and insignificant and uninteresting are the theological refinements about the "Trinity" and the "Savior" and all that.

> "Draw if thou canst the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine
> Which is human which divine."

"I and my Father are one," in this sense and Jesus, in his tenderness, prayed that "They all might be one with Thee even as I am one with Thee."

All this is true of the Jesus who abides in the hearts of men. The lover of man, the helper of man, the friend of the poor, and the friend of the wealthy, for he looked on the man with great possessions and loved him.

And once more, one last assurance comes. We dare claim him as the first and greatest cosmopolitan, the first and greatest universalist, not the theological universalist who expects to enjoy the future up yonder, but the universalist of the inclusive heart and the inclusive sympathy. The man whose gospel touched the Samaritan and kindled in the heart of Paul the mighty movement we call Christianity, the latest and perhaps most unique, if not the only unique characteristic of which is that it has over-reached all the other religions of the world in its inclusiveness.

Pile up the accusations against formal Christianity, render scholastic the charges of Mr. Turner, there still remains the fact that Christianity in its priestly and most technical form, has been the greatest democratic achievement of the race. The democracy of Rome outreaches the highest claim of any democratic government in history, not so much by what it teaches as by what it is. The greatest language college in the world is the College of the Propaganda in Rome where many languages are taught for propaganda purposes, not as studies in philology, but studies in missionary efficiency. Men go there that they may be able to carry the message to the islands of the seas, the message of love and salvation as they understand it, in the language of that island.

Now we begin to see, do we not, why John Fiske said only a little time before he died, that all his work in the study of evolution, that ponderous two volume work on cosmic philosophy, all his work on American history, that valiant shelf of books that detail Puritanism and the various phases of pre-revolutionary days, and then the series that interpreted the era of human history during our own rebellion; all this he says was but practice work. He was training himself for the great *magnum opus* that he hoped to give to the world and that was a study of Jesus of Nazareth and the beginnings of Christianity. He died with his work undone. We may wait long before we find a man so gifted by nature and so prepared by study and so disciplined by practice as John Fiske to write the story of the Nazarene. When he comes he will snatch that personality out of the grasp of popes and bishops. When he comes he will show how petty and small and impious are the claims of boasted ecclesiastical history. There is no ecclesiastical history. There is *history* and when history is written then the great spiritual lights of the world, the great religious movements of the world, will take their place where they belong. They belong in the forefront and the combinations of war, the demoralizing limitations and dividing lines made with human blood will be retired into the background. That history will never be written except by one liberated as John Fiske was, one whose faith has outgrown the "Big White Church" of the New England village of the story, one who is prepared to understand and appreciate the dear old pastor who went down, disappointed and dismayed, because he saw the ruin of all he thought was sacred. John Fiske would make great and commanding and abiding the message and would place the emphasis upon what at this time is growing to be seen as the crowning triumph of Jesus, that superlative message of Jesus, the unchallenged message of Jesus. Under adverse circumstances, taking full account of the intensity and narrowness of the stream that produced him, remembering the turbulent life about him, when he broke through nationalism, partisanship, priestliness, and declared for the befriender of the man who had fallen among thieves, though a Samaritan, he declared a cosmopolitanism.

LIFE.

By one great Heart the Universe is stirred:
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low, sweet song of every bird.

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan:
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless, beating through all Time and Space,
Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
Or man's heart break, because of some dead face!

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling, as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, God!

Margaret Deland.

In "The Old Garden."

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

When such a master of life as William James passes from the companionship of men into the unseen, it is an impatient world that scans the publishers' lists for the announcement of his biography. With biography as his own favorite reading, he cannot reproach us for our clamoring. We who never met him hunger to fill in the background of those Harvard years, fill them in with his full, generous life. William James always made men love him, even those who only met him in his books, and now that no more books appear and all the old ones are reread, hearts are beginning to feel new hungers.

It is from no trivial or morbid curiosity, but from admiration and love, that we ask the tale of his days. We want to know the struggles and fun of the early years, the friends he counted on, the letters that he wrote to them, the kind of husband and father he was in the home, how he met the misunderstanding of some of his friends, and how he bore the pain of his own "unlucky heart" within. Principles of psychology, varieties of religious experience, his meaning of truth, problems of philosophy and even pragmatism, become easier to understand when this human data is in our hands and minds. It is good news to learn that his son Henry is at work on a biography, but our impatience will not wait. The following story is what one lover of James has sought out for himself; it has been carefully gathered from data open to all, and the life which it has left in the mind splendidly rewarded the search.

Our task is a simple one but not an easy one. Apart from the unusual number of obituary notices which were written during the last months of 1910 in all kinds of periodicals, his books are lighted in many places with biographical material. All who seek will find stray allusions and reminiscences, which not only give concrete illustration to the points with which he was dealing, but which were as chinks in the formal wall of the teacher, through which every student saw the man. The frank nature of William James, and his love for the individual and the concrete, caused him again and again to choose from his immediate environment and the things which he knew best, the many illustrations of his thought. Let us notice a few such stories. In the chapter on Perception in the "Briefer Psychology," he wishes to illustrate mistakes in the sense of hearing.

"The other day a friend of mine was sitting in my room, when the clock, which has a rich, low chime, began to strike. 'Hollo,' said he, 'Hear that hand organ in the garden,' and was surprised to find the real source of the sound."

Then, as if another illustration and a more personal one were needed, he continues immediately:

"Sitting reading, late one night, I suddenly heard a most formidable noise from the upper part of the house, which it seemed to fill. It ceased and in a moment renewed itself. I went into the hall to listen, but it came no more. Resuming my seat in the room, however, there it was again, low, mighty, alarming, like a rising flood or the *avant-courier* of an awful gale. It came from all space. Quite startled, I again went to the hall, but it had already ceased once more. On returning a second time to the room, I discovered that it was nothing more than the breathing of a little Scotch terrier which lay asleep on the floor."

This is the manner in which the man leaks into all his lectures. When he wants to illustrate the illusions of sight, he goes past the stock stories of the textbooks and tells the following:

"I was lying in my berth in a steamer listening to the sailors 'at their devotions with the holy stones' outside, when on turning my eyes to the window, I perceived with perfect distinctness that the chief-engineer of the vessel had entered my state room and was standing looking through the window at the men at work on the gaurds. Surprised at his intrusion and also at his intentness and immobility, I remained watching him and wondering how long he would stand thus. At last I spoke but getting no reply, sat up in my berth, and then saw that what I had taken for the engineer was my own cap and coat hanging on a peg beside the window."

Before sketching a biographical chronology of his life, let us quote a few more of the many biographical passages in his works. They will all help to introduce us to the man whom we never met. In his essay on "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher," he tells a characteristic story which enemies may pounce upon as showing how early he began the sinful practice of pragmatism. He writes:

"In the early days of the Sanders Theatre at Harvard, I once had charge of a heart, on the physiology of which Prof. Newell Martin was giving a popular lecture. This heart, which belonged to a turtle, supported an index straw which threw a moving shadow greatly enlarged upon the screen, while the heart pulsated. When certain nerves were stimulated, the lecturer said, the heart would act in certain ways, which he described. But the poor heart was too far gone, and though it stopped duly, when the nerve of arrest was excited, that was the final end of its life's tether. Presiding over the performance, I was terrified at the fiasco, and found myself suddenly acting like one of these military geniuses who on the field of battle convert disaster into victory. There was no time for deliberation, so with my forefinger under a part of the straw that cast no shadow, I found myself impulsively and automatically imitating the rhythmical movements which my colleagues had prophesied the heart would undergo. I kept the experiment from failing and not only saved my colleague,—and the turtle,—from a humiliation, that, but for my presence of mind would have been their lot, but I established in the audience the true view of the subject. The lecturer was stating this, and the mis-conduct of one half dead specimen of heart ought not to destroy the impression of his words. 'There is no worse lie than a truth misunderstood.' is a maxim which I have heard ascribed to a former President of Harvard."

So the autobiography is unconsciously woven. Seek and ye shall find. Proof-readers' illusion reminds him of the time when in Boston he looked for a "Mount Auburn" car to bring him to Cambridge, and boarding instead a "North Avenue" car, though he "read most distinctly" the name he wanted on the signboard where it was *not* painted. A visit to Buffalo, and a little boy's remark on seeing Niagara for the first time, gives him an illustration for one of his "Talks to Teachers" on the many types of apperception. In the introduction to this last mentioned and deservedly popular book, he gives his reason for so filling his books with these stories. "I have found by experience," he writes, "that what my hearers seem least to relish is analytical technicality and what they most care for is concrete illustration. So I have gradually weeded out the former and left the latter unreduced." It might have seemed more scientific and formal to have weeded out the latter, but now that he only teaches in the class-room of his books, his students are glad for every personal note.

Let us now begin at the first birthday away back in 1842 and see what kind of a biography is already

in the possession of those who only have books and periodicals as their means of knowing him. He was born in New York City on the eleventh day of that New Year. His father was the Rev. Henry James, a Swedenborgian minister, and William was their first boy. He seems to have been named after his grandfather William, who came to Albany from Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is this Irish immigrant that we must doubtless thank for the delightful humor which was never absent from the conversation and lectures of the grandson. His mother was one Mary Welsh. A friend who knew her has written that she was a great power in the home, quiet in temperament and manner, beloved of all and holding all together. This same friend, who was a fellow medical student with James, gives us an insight into the home. "His father, his mother and his sister were then living and at home, and one or another of his brothers were usually there. My memory of this house and each of its occupants is a memory warm and mellow with half pictured scenes of gayety, kindliness and charm. William, the oldest, was very much like his father in feature, in manner and in mind, and his father was an excellent person to be like. A peculiarity of both was the habit of delaying speech for an instant, while the mind was working and the telling sentence was framing itself for utterance—a brief interval during which the lips would gather slightly, as for a sort of smile, and the eyes and face take on an indescribable charm. Then would burst forth one of those longer or shorter epigrammatic or aphoristic sayings which all their friends recall so well." It may be well to remind ourselves at this point that these sayings could be fearful as well as delightful. When Prof. Royce gave his greeting to James, at the dinner given in honor of the completion of James's portrait for Harvard walls, he confesses that for years he used to tremble at the thought that James might perhaps some day find reason, while contending with him, to "put me in my place with one of those wonderful lightning like epigrams, wherewith he was and is always able to characterize those opponents whose worldly position is such as to make them no longer in danger of getting a fair hearing and whose self-assurance has relieved him of the duty to secure for them a sympathetic attention." Life in the Quincy Street home has not found its way to us in any large pictures as yet. It was doubtless here that he began to feel those "juvenile emotions" for Scotch philosophers that he makes reference to in his Gifford Lectures, and perhaps also it was here that the youthful student began to read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," to which experience he refers in his paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* in July, 1904. He says that he read it as it appeared in numbers and was carried away with enthusiasm until his maturer friend, Charles S. Pierce, attacked it and made James feel spiritually wounded. One short passage in his lectures on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" mentions one of the memories of these early days. The Boston newspaper had come for the evening, and the elder James read from it the following sections from the will of a Scotch lord, recently deceased, Adam Gifford. The will provided for a lecture trust to be given through the four Scotch universities, some $400,000 being put aside for the purpose. The will was unusual in that it made clear that the lecturers were in no case to be excluded because of ecclesiastical connections. "They may be of any religion or way of thinking, or—as is sometimes said —they may be of no religion, or they may be called sceptics, agnostics or free-thinkers. The knowledge of God . . . and of the relations which men and the whole universe bear him, the knowledge of nature and the foundation of ethics and morals," are in every instance to be interpreted in the light of the fullest and freest research. Little did the youth who thus heard his father read this from the paper imagine that one day he would be one of those Gifford lecturers and one of the most famous. When he delivered those lectures he referred back to the day when first he heard the name of Lord Gifford.

His schooling was one of the most irregular things in his life. By the time he was fourteen years of age he went abroad with his father and studied with tutors at London and Paris. A year or two later,—that is, during 1857-8,—he was at the College of Boulogne, and at the University of Geneva in 1859. While there must have been certain very real losses from the irregular character of this education, one thing at least, which was of no small importance in his later life, was the direct result of this temporary stay abroad, this was his knowledge of European tongues, especially of French. This he could speak and write fluently. More than the average scholar, he kept up with his French, and even wrote reviews for the *La Critique Philosophique* of his friend Charles Renouvier. A very slight acquaintance with the works of Prof. James will show how much he was indebted to his French. Large numbers of French authors were made to contribute to his books, and we notice that when he did not have an English copy of an English work by him, he was just as apt to have a French translation. This is what happened when he quoted from the experience of that veteran Chinese missionary, Hudson Taylor. His footnote is: "I translate back into English from the French translation of Challand, the original not being accessible." But his French equipment was the beginning of that knowledge, or rather the possession of the key which, in later years, opened Bergson's door to him and through him to so large a number of English speaking peoples. Would he have opened Bergson so soon or seen "the new horizons loom on every page," and found it not the foreign book to plod through with dictionary in hand, but like "the breath of morning and the song of birds," if he had not in his seventeenth year not only learned his schoolboy French, but had gone there to speak it and hear it alive on many tongues?

In the year 1860 this many sided man almost escaped from science to spend his days with art. For about a year, when he was eighteen, he studied painting with William M. Hunt at Newport, R. I. He had a strong instinct in him to devote himself, it is said, to the life of an artist. While working under Mr. Hunt he made the friendship of John LaFarge, a friendship which continued over the long years. But for some reason he gave up painting and allowed his talent to pass from him, though he seems to have always been a ready pencil man for line drawings, a readiness which Agassiz found very useful in him, when James went with him to Brazil.

At the age of nineteen we find him with his face definitely toward natural science. At this time he entered the Lawrence Scientific School and continued there as a student of chemistry and anatomy for two years under that delightful teacher, Prof. Jeffries Wyman. At the end of this period, in 1863, he entered the Harvard Medical School, which at that time was on North Grove Street. But even here irregularity entered into his education and his course of study was frequently interrupted. He wished to take a doctor's degree, but refused to confine himself to that line of study. In April, 1865, after having been two years in Harvard, he joined the Thayer expedition to Brazil, which went up the Amazon under Louis Agassiz, and there he remained for about a year. One of the more romantic parts of the coming James biography should concern this period, for James had a nature which responded very easily to this kind of life. In an address which he gave thirty-one years afterward at the reception of the American Society of Naturalists, which can be found in one of the volumes of essays recently issued by his son Henry, he told of his admiration for the man who awakened his scientific enthusiasm during this long river journey.

"He was a splendid example," he writes, "of the temperament which looks forward and not backward, and never wastes a moment in regrets for the irrevocable. I had the pleasure of admission into his society during the Thayer Expedition to Brazil. I well remember at night as we all swung in our hammocks in the fairy like moonlight, on the deck of the steamer that throbbed its way up the Amazon, between the forests which guarded the stream on either side, how he turned and whispered, 'James, are you awake?' and continued, 'I cannot sleep. I am too happy. I keep thinking of these glorious plans.' The plans contemplated following the Amazon to its headwaters, and penetrating the Andes to Peru. And yet, when he arrived at the Peruvian frontier, and learned that that country had broken into revolution, that his letters to officials would be useless, and that that part of the project must be given up, although he was bitterly chagrined and excited for part of an hour, when the hour was passed over, it seemed as if he had quite forgotten the disappointment, so enthusiastically was he occupied already with a new scheme substituted by his active mind."

If James had any love for the concrete at that age, as he so strongly possessed at later years, he must have found a very congenial friend in Agassiz. "Often on that expedition," he writes, "I put questions to him about the facts of our new habitat, but I doubt whether he ever answered one of these questions of mine outright. He always said, 'There, you see, you have a definite problem. Go and look and find the answer for yourself.'" He adds that "his severity along this line was a living rebuke to all abstractionists and would-be biological philosophers." James returned to Harvard in 1866, but again not for long. His medical studies were to be interrupted that winter, and in 1867 we find him studying physiology at Berlin in Germany. These breaks seem to have been partly due to his ill-health and partly to his variety of interests. He never seemed to enjoy perfunctory work, but allowed, as Ralph Barton Perry says, in one number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* "his natural capacities to develop freely and his activties to be governed by his aptitudes." After this winter abroad he comes back to finish his studies at the medical school, which are to be interrupted again by work with Agassiz in the study of Comparative Zoology in the Harvard Museum. Perhaps some of the stories to which he makes reference in the address above mentioned were more personal than James makes them to appear. This old "teacher," as he preferred to be called, who said that he had "no time for making money," certainly knew how to make students and men. Did Agassiz lock James up in a room full of turtle shells and lobster shells, without a book or word to help him, and not let him out until he had discovered all the truths which the objects contained? That is one story of his from those Museum days. The only man that Agassiz really loved and had use for, says James, was the man who could bring him facts. "'Mr. Blank, you are totally uneducated!' I heard him once say to a student who had propounded to him some glittering theoretic generality. And on similar occasion he gave an admonition which must have sunk deep into the heart of the student to whom it was addressed. 'Mr. X, some people now consider you a bright young man, but when you are fifty years old, if they ever speak of you then, what they will say will be this: "That X. Oh, yes; I know him. He used to be a very bright young man." 'We cannot all escape from being abstractionists,' says James. 'I, myself, have never been able to escape, but the hours that I spent with Agassiz so taught me the difference between all possible abstractionists and all livers in the light of the world's concrete fullness, that I have never been able to forget it.'"

Only one picture of those days at the Medical School have we been able to find, and that by his friend James Jackson Putman, written some months ago in the *Atlantic Monthly,* an article, by the way, which we have called upon considerably for this paper. We quote this as one of the many examples of his generous nature. "My first meeting with William James," says Mr. Putman, "was in 1866 at the Harvard Medical School, and in thinking of him there, I am reminded of the old dissecting room in the basement of that building, where the students gathered every afternoon to recite and listen to the demonstrator in anatomy. Perhaps I can recall this with special distinctness because James congratulated me on having made a good recitation, but I was greatly impressed at once with the frankness of his expression, the generosity of his manner and the peculiarly attractive quality of his voice. There must be few of his friends that have not felt that same glow that I felt that day, at the sound of his ever ready and welcome words of praise." (*To be continued*)

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee.
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away:
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray;
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances,
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's smouldering embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Good-by, sweet day!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

My Library—No. XXVIII.

Says Mr. William D. Howells in his autobiographical volume, "My Literary Passions," "Always I read for pleasure, for the delight of knowing something more." In a large measure, this answers the question why I have been so interested in books, either for reading or for seeing. I have always felt the need of knowing more, ever since I first looked into my old Comstock Philosophy and there found definite information respecting the commonplace matters of my daily life. As I advanced into active responsible work, where not alone the prosperity of my own self was at stake, but the immeasurable needs of many others had to be exactly met, the simple craving for accurate knowledge and clarity of judgment and poise of will became insupportable, except I gratified it by daily, almost hourly, endeavor to secure these in such measure as would best prepare me for my responsibilities. That I have been faithful here, is one of the highest gratifications of my whole life.

But these practical considerations have by no means been all that has led me to the purchasing and reading of books, old or new. Underneath and through them all, there has always been a love for the companionship that books, and books alone, can afford, a companionship at once readily available, one that is as permanent as one desires, as useful as one has the wish to make it and as sweet and pleasurable as one's heart determines. Undoubtedly, I would have liked choice human companionship better, as the extent to which I have been so favored convincingly shows. Nothing on earth is like the grasp of a hand, the sound of a voice, or the actual presence that thrills and inspires and makes one feel at home in this world; but the human personality is hard to reach, is evanescent and capricious, and may grow entirely out of harmony, unexpectedly. The pity is, that one must go through life with so little of genial human companionship, when so much is needed!

So it is largely to books, that the aspiring, the growing, the ever-hoping human spirit must commonly go, for what it needs and for response to what it loves. Books endure as long as Time, are always the same, are quickly available, give back more than is taken to them, and bid one to renewal of association whenever one pleases. You can take them with you everyhere, too, give them attention or not, and always find them ready for your company upon instant solicitation. A few of them is sufficient to convert the meanest, or lonesomest, or strangest, temporary residence into your own fireside almost, and at will. The companionship of books, so far as it can go, is never a disappointment. As a substitute for the living spirit, a book from one's own shelves has no counterpart.

But I suppose there is something deeper even than this, that has led me all my life to take to books. They have been useful and companionable in almost every conceivable way, I know. For this I am grateful. They have been something else, too, for which I am even more grateful. They have been objects of love, a love as pure, as strong, as far-reaching, as satisfying, in many respects, as any that has ever awakened in me. Not, of course, the love of man for woman, friend for friend, or for God. The love of books is different, yet of the same tenor, probably. I only know that it is a fact, a worthy, comforting, uplifting, soul-satisfying fact, that I would exalt duly and be grateful for, world without end. For after all, it has been to my love of books and what I found in them that I am most indebted for the satisfactions that have come from my buying, possessing, reading, talking about, and now, last but not least, writing about them. My Library has been a perpetual feast for the yearning within; and as I have seen it grow larger and more select, I have found myself becoming correspondingly gratified, and grateful. It seems now as if I could not have become myself fully, without its unostentatious but discriminating help. On it I have lived dynamically, because of it I have expanded into the probable fullness of my individual stature. The Voice of My Lord has not been heard in the whirlwind, but in the sweet puissant melodies of my books, and the responding harmonies they have called up in my nature. In these harmonies I have sometimes seemed to be in truth at one with the music of every sphere. With this has come often the greater significance of both Time and Eternity!

I have sometimes been questioned as to the real good of so many books and so much reading of them. To me the real good has not been after all their use or their companionship or my love for them. It is, that I have lived in their presence, been receptive to their innermost offerings, have felt the transmission to my spirit of the spirits imprisoned within them, and have seen myself responding to them in kind, and expanding in every direction that I have most needed. It has been as if in their presence my soul were laid bare, and their very souls were in turn glad to touch mine in happy unison. Together it seems we have struggled with our problems, won our victories, and shared our satisfactions. At least I cannot gainsay this personalization of their influence, and—would not if I could. For with them I have been honest, tractable, recipient, reverent and devoted to the utmost truth, so far as in me lay. What life could have been without them, I cannot guess; what the future could be without the probability of their entering into it also, I cannot imagine. Like Ruth to Naomi: Whither thou goest, I will go! and where thou lodgest, I will lodge—My Library and I, in spirit at least, in every land near and far.

And as this spirit has come to abide with me, so will it be transmitted through me unto many another. The light of poetry, and art, and religion, and science, and philosophy, cannot be selfishly appropriated and hid away from everyone else. It shines through the possessor, often with a radiance increased many fold. Every hand he touches, every smile, note, action, thought, or feeling, reveals his illumination to everyone not spiritually blind. And, if there were no other worthy purpose in reading, this ought to be indubitable: that the reader is thus made more radiant of the better energies in the midst of his fellows. Reading helps the reader; through the reader, it helps the brother; through the brother, all the world is additionally helped. The endless chain is never broken; the cruse can never be empty. Joy upon joy, beneficence upon beneficence, expectancy upon expectancy, life upon life! and the universe is encircled with it all, and the little book that was the source of it, is yours for the asking!

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIX.
Resurrection

"O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" I. Cor. xv:55.

This is not a lesson for those who wish to believe that the New Testament is the inspired word of God, infallible, adequate, conclusive and final. Rather, it is a lesson indicating the conclusions of scholars and students of the New Testament in all the denominations where scholarship is allowed to be free, which conclusions are denied only by those denominations and schools where the interpretation of the priest is final and the dictum of the church and vote of councils conclusive.

First, what are the documentary facts of the resurrection? What is written, and what is the ground for belief in them? The time is gone by when our faith can be affected by mere textual criticism which aims to decide the original meaning of the writer of any given text and to take it as authoritative. Higher criticism would go farther back and ask how did the text come, how related to other texts and what about its credibility as an historic document? From this standpoint we are to consider the Resurrection.

Many attempts have been made to harmonize the four accounts contained in the closing verses of Mark, Matthew, Luke and John. Blessed saints of the centuries gone by grew gray and blind trying to make the four tell the same story. Looking into the four accounts, we will find that they do not agree except that there was a reappearance, the details of which are widely divergent. We will remember that Mark compiled his account forty or fifty years after the alleged event, Matthew perhaps twenty years after that, and Luke in another ten or twelve years.

The very earliest teaching on the Resurrection is in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, the fifteenth chapter, written in round numbers thirty years after the event, twenty years before the writing of Mark, maybe written in Ephesus. This is the way it seemed to Paul, who had never seen Jesus, confessed he did not care much about the disciples and boasted that he was not an eye witness.

"Next, Brothers, I would remind you of the Good News which I told you, and which you received—the Good News on which you have taken your stand, and by means of which you are being saved. . . . . For at the very beginning of my teachings I gave you the account which I had myself received—that Christ died for our sins (as the Scriptures had foretold), and that he appeared to Kephas, and then to the Twelve. After that, he appeared to more than five hundred of our Brothers at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have gone to their rest. After that, he appeared to James, and then to all the Apostles. Last of all, he appeared even to me, who am, as it were, the abortion."

This very frank statement of Paul has laid practically at the foundation of the evolution of the Christian Church through all times.

One of the Gospel writers tells of the women going to the tomb and finding there a young man clothed in white. In another account they find two young men, one at the head and the other at the foot of the place where Jesus lay, and the women hurry away in a panic. John says the women turned round and found Jesus standing there and they spoke to Him. Some say he was first seen after the crucifixion, way off in Galilee, almost a hundred miles from the place of entombment. Others tell of his falling in with the disciples on their way to the little suburban town of Emmaus. These and other discrepancies will be found in a comparison of the accounts and will show how loose the record is.

If we desire to believe in the authority of the writing, it will distress us, but the student of this as a human document will see in it an illustration of a psychic law, the psychological necessity of the human mind. E. C. Brewer has compiled an interesting Dictionary of Miracles, gathered from all sections of the world, in which are about ten pages, closely printed double columns of resurrections. The mythology of Greece, Rome, Egypt and Babylon is full of resurrections as it is of miraculous births. All showing how easy it is for the human soul to yield first to the fancy, then to believe in such reappearances.

Dr. Lester emphasizes the fact that this belief in bodily resurrection is a concession to the materialistic side of the human soul that finds it difficult to think of a soul disembodied, so clings to it by getting it back into the old body. Dr. Lester gives a number of illustrations of other resurrections and the fullest antecedents are found in Apocryphal literature. The Old Testament record is very meager in its allusion to or faith in the future life, but during the two hundred and fifty or three hundred years subsequent to the closing of the Canon, from Malachi to the time of Jesus, Jewish thought flowered into immortality, bloomed into angels and revelled in the thought of superhuman beings. When Jesus began to attract attention he was said to be Elijah. Even Herod was afraid he was John the Baptist, come to life again.

The theory that Jesus brought immortality to light is the unfounded assumption of the dogmatist. Egypt four thousand years off was so burdened with the thought of immortality that it was smothered by it, as is evidenced by the pyramids built by tyrants who wanted to be on hand when the hour of resurrection came. Egypt's life was literally crushed by the expression of immortality as enforced by her priests and pharaohs, who, at one time, probably stood in the same pair of shoes.

The growth in the belief of the resurrection of Jesus was not primarily a demand of the soul as artificial evidence of immortality, but it was the exaltation of Jesus out of humanity. Paul put him out of reach but kept him in sight, the creeds put him out of sight. Paul built his whole scheme on unrealities that did not stand the test. He built his splendid missionary column on the two foundations, the translation of Christ after death and a second appearing that was imminent. If you are inclined to inquire into the subtleties of psychology, the resurrection is a conundrum; if you are a crass denier of all such things as hallucinations, you can dismiss it with a stroke of the pen. The return of a body we know to be perishable is not very satisfactory evidence of the imperishability of the spirit. Let our hopes of

immortality be based on scientific and spiritual laws of the universe rather than spasmodic manifestations of the supernatural.

The incurious attitude of mind regarding the beyond testifies spirituality and not doubt. The prelude is so sweet, so suggestive of limitlessness, that we are warranted in the hope and faith that the sequel will be something worthy of it. The permanence that ever lies back of change, that substance is ever postulated by the fleeting and changing forms, gives us a larger grasp on perpetuity than any hope based on a personal experience or even on evidence that one life came back to this world and resumed the environment of the flesh. I regret the disposition to dismiss as infidel and unbelieving the attitude of those who, looking at the record from the standpoint of such as Dr. Lester and Prof. Schmidt, come to the conclusion that the New Testament resurrection falls easily into the large literature that belongs to or has grown out of the believing and loving but uncultured heart of humanity and is largely in that shape yet.

The very normal hunger of the human heart in its ignorance, which sends it to dark room seances, apparently brings gratifying results, but they do not stand the long test of time. In "Sludge, the Medium," Robert Browning has given a psychological study of the spirit experience. Only a Browning can deal with psychological problems and make them psychic and not physical.

Let us dread the pitfall of dogma, the dogma that establishes a boundary on the margin of one's own little convictions and judgment. I believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the legitimate son of Joseph the carpenter and Mary the carpenter's wife. I believe he was of the race of Israel, endowed by inheritance with spiritual conceptions that were monotheistic; that he came in the line of the best authenticated and highest revealed line of prophets in history, a spiritual child not of King Solomon, or King David, but of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, and with a large inheritance from the impersonal writings of the Psalms. He was an unconscious successor to the writer of Job, who grappled with the great problems of life. He came into a time that was intensely alive to the problems of religion and he bloomed into marvelous clearness of vision, simplicity of spirit and, finally, died a martyr's death to truth because he testified to a religion and religious conception the times were not ready for. If you can separate Pike's Peak from the range of the Rockies then you can differentiate Jesus from his next of kin. I can see pretty clearly the lower branches on this spiritual tree, can climb a way on it, can catch sight of branches above me, but it reaches out in the mist, and I cannot say that Jesus is the last word in the spiritual manifestation.

Historic "Christianity" has failed to teach the fundamental brotherhood of man. Christianity as *another* world religion is perhaps at the beginning of the end, but Christianity as a *this* world religion, as an application of the ethics of Jesus is coming surely. Christianity is a composite, one root Persian and Grecian philosophy, another Roman law and Roman organization, Pagan, Teutonic and Scandinavian inheritance got into Protestant Christianity. Perhaps the dictionary will one day define Christianity as the embodiment of all of them. Meanwhile let us make our teachings non-dogmatic, appreciative and sympathetic and in league with the whole round world.

Alfred Noyes, J. Vila Blake and James H. West

Why should we not know how good contemporary poetry is without waiting for some future time? We may be sure that the flower is pretty and smells sweet.. We may be sure that the poems have movement, melody, and meaning, and that the poet is a man of large nature, if these qualities exist.

I am led to write this after reading some of the poems of Alfred Noyes, who, though yet a young man is well known in England, and should be better known in America.

Alfred Noyes has, as Dr. Jones said, climbed high the Mount of Vision, and "realizes that red blood courses in the veins of Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Turks, as well as Englishmen."

It is said sometimes that the age creates the poet, and at others, the poet creates the age. Both contentions are true; the great artist is the mouth-piece of his environment, that is, receives his materials, moral, intellectual, religious, but he stamps upon them the might of his own personality. He does not create the waters, but he does determine the channel in which these waters of influence shall flow.

But he should not sink the poet in the preacher, for all true poetry, like all true art, is moral, is religious, is educational; or, in other words, if poetry, if art, is *beautiful,* it will be moral, intellectual and educational. If poetry, if art mean beauty it will be immortal!

I do not say the poem is not greatened by the great thought it may embody, but that its *beauty* is its divinest, its immortal quality.

Now I recognize the genius of Alfred Noyes, the beauty of his poems; I make no comparison, I only say we have two poets, James Vila Blake and James H. West, whose words are seen betimes in UNITY, whose poems mean beauty, whose munificence, whose melody, whose message ought to be known to all our American people. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

DRAG THE ROADS.

When the smiles of spring appear,
Drag the roads;
When the summer time is here,
Drag the roads;
When the corn is in the ear,
In the winter cold and drear,
Every season of the year,
Drag the roads.

When you've nothing else to do,
Drag the roads;
If but for an hour or two
Drag the roads;
It will keep them good as new,
With a purpose firm and true,
Fall in line; it's up to you—
Drag the roads.

—*The Kansas Industrialist.*

Reprinted from the "Illinois Farmer" for the benefit of preachers.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.

MON.—The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped.

TUES.—If you act, you show character; if you sit still, if you sleep, you show it.

WED.—A man passes for what he is worth.

THURS.—One piece of the tree is cut for a weathercock and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.

FRI.—Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so.

SAT.—That which we do not believe we cannot adequately say.

—*Emerson.*

WHEN I WAS LITTLE

When I was little, if a cloud
Came on my mother's brow,
I could not run away and play.
I sorrowed, too, for how
Could one be happy when she grieved,
Or laugh, she wept the while.
Does not the child's whole world of joy
Lie in the mother's smile?

So I would hang about, in mute
Alarm at cheeks so pale,
Until she asked, "What, Dollie dear?"
(Ah, mothers never fail!)
And then, scarce knowing how to put
In words the fear that clung,
I'd say, "Sing, Mother, sing." Was she
Not happy when she sung?

Only in dreams I hear it now,
Sweet voice that used to rise,
Singing to still the anxious heart,
And troubled childish eyes.
Oh, Mother mine! Oh, Mother mine!
The child thought you were glad.
Oh, do you know that she has learned
You sang when you were sad?

—*Elizabeth West Parker.*

Seeing Mother

A lady was once riding in her carriage among the mountains when she came upon an old woman, with a funny hood upon her head and a staff in her hand, walking on all alone. She was neat and clean and her skin was soft and delicate, but her back was bent and she was barefoot.

The lady saw that she was shoeless and stopped the carriage. "Here is some money," said the lady, in a tender tone.

"What for?" said the woman, looking up pleasantly.

"To buy a pair of shoes for your poor feet. Do you not want a pair of shoes?"

The woman laughed a little low laugh which seemed to come from a heart filled with simple, happy thoughts.

"Don't you want a pair of shoes?" asked the lady.

"I s'pose I do," said the woman, "but I didn't think of anybody's givin' 'em to me."

"Take this bill, please, and buy you a pair," said the lady.

"God bless and reward you!" answered the old lady heartily.

The carriage drove on and the lady sank back on the seat with tears in her eyes. "Oh!" said she, "I thought I saw my own mother in that dear old lady. She had just such a sweet face and pleasant voice. You don't know how I felt when I thought of my mother, old and feeble, walking with bare feet over this rough, rocky road!"

If we all saw our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, in the poor, the cold, the hungry, what a world this would soon be!

Child's World.

Strange Food

The nests, which furnish the material for that celebrated delicacy of Chinese culinary art, bird's nest soup, are not the every-day affair of twigs, grass, leaves, etc., which we commonly associate with the name, but they are very remarkable and unique productions in the bird building line. The birds who make them are the two varieties of esculent swallows inhabiting the Sunda islands, Ceylon, Borneo, and Java.

They build close to the sides of cavernous cliffs, much after the fashion of the common swallow and her mud habitation. The nests are composed entirely of a sticky juid secreted by two glands under the bird's tongue. These glands become greatly distended at the approach of building time, and give out their peculiar fluid upon the slightest pressure. The tongue acts like the spinnerets of the spider, and the feathered builder pressing this member against the rock which serves as a support, backs away a few paces and draws out a long, gummy thread, which dries and hardens rapidly. This she forms into a sort of web by turning her head from side to side, thus making the undulating lines that appear in these curious structures. The nest, when completed, resembles in shape and size a hen's egg quartered lengthwise.

The gathering of these nests is a regular industry, but also one of great difficulty and danger. The men undertaking it usually dwell in one of the caves. Their method of work is to fix a rattan ladder to the end of a long pole and wedge it against the rock. Two men then climb the ladder, one carrying a four-pronged spear with a lighted candle fixed a few inches below the prongs. By the light of this candle a suitable nest is selected, and transfixed with the prongs. A slight twist then detaches it unbroken from the rock. The spear is now withdrawn until its head is within reach of the second man, who deftly removes the nest from the prong point and drops it into a pouch tied about his waist. The nests of best quality are bound in packages with strips of rattan while those of inferior grade are simply strung together. Many caves in the north of Borneo have been worked for generations without any apparent diminution in their yield. Three crops are taken in a year.

The Chinese, who are the only ones who use these nests for food, but the whole supply, perhaps about twenty-five tons annually, at prices ranging from five to thirty-five dollars per pound.

Birds and Nature. *Louise Jamison.*

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THE FIELD

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

An important meeting of members and friends of the National Federation of Religious Liberals was held on the 20th of May at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. The object of the meeting was to more thoroughly consider the aims and possibilities of this organization, which for eight years past has been more or less active in the endeavor to unite for constructive liberal religious work the representatives of various liberal denominations and fellowships throughout the country. It has held five congresses in Philadelphia, New York and Rochester, and in other ways endeavored to serve the liberal congregations of the United States and to become their interdenominational opportunity.

There were present at the meeting ten gentlemen, representing five different liberal associations, President Jesse H. Holmes and the editor of the *Friends Intelligencer,* who represented the Liberal Friends; Rev. Frank O. Hall, D.D., of New York City, and Dr. J. Clarence Lee, representing the Universalist body; Prof. Morris Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Mr. George O'Dell, representing the American Ethical Union; Rabbis Berkowitz and Krauskopf of the Reform Jewish congregations; and Rev. C. E. St. John and Rev. C. W. Wendte, who were delegated by the Unitarian body. Letters expressing interest and promising co-operation were also received from prominent members of the liberal German Evangelical Churches of America, the Free Religious Association of America, from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Congress of Religion, and from Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer of the Meadville Theological School, who made particularly valuable suggestions. The meeting proved a most harmonious one. New Articles of Organization were drawn up, providing that hereafter in addition to the individual memberships which thus far have made up the constituency of the Federation, there should be official representatives appointed by various liberal denominations and bodies in sympathy with the purposes of the society and desiring to co-operate in it, each to be represented in its Central Council by two official delegates in addition to the members chosen from the Federation itself. A committee was appointed to put itself into communication with the various religious and ethical bodies referred to, and to invite their official participation hereafter in the work of the society. Plans were outlined for a greater usefulness for the Federation in the future. Among other things a special meeting is to be held on the 29th of August in Oakland, Cal., with three sessions. A number of prominent liberals throughout the country have promised their co-operation in this meeting.

The report of the Philadelphia Congress of Religious Liberals, recently held under the auspices of the Federation in that city, has been published and may be obtained by application to the secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A WONDERFUL PRESERVER OF WILD ANIMALS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an account of Carl E. Akeley, who has developed taxidermy from mere skin-stuffing into an art. He brought to this formerly prosaic work imagination and a desire for perfection, and the splendid realism of his work is the result of his experiences as explorer, naturalist, scenic artist and sculptor. He is connected with the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Taxidermy was no more than skin stuffing and animal upholstering when Carl Akeley, with a farmer boy's love of birds and bugs and animals, hove into Rochester from Orleans County, New York, and sought a place in apprenticeship to Old Man Ward, father of American taxidermists, owner and treasurer of the business house that did most of the stuffing and upholstering for American museums—Ward's Establishment. The apprentice went to work at fifty cents a day, stuffing and upholstering, pleading for perfection and permanence; at last—'a taxidermist with an idea'—striking off to Milwaukee to work alone; at last going over to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.

"In the Field Museum, by striving with his idea out of work hours, he mounted a group of deer,—the famous Fall Group in the Field Museum, and mounted a single deer, which he sent the American Museum,—mounted them the Akeley way.

"One can distinguish those deer now; they are Akeley deer, real deer, about to stir in their woods, so real that one anticipates the flexures of their muscles, feels their very veins rising beneath the skin. One can distinguish an Akeley elephant, too, whether in bronze or in taxidermy: a big tusker, for instance, coming down the line, breath bellowing, ears flapping, trunk slashing on high.

"Experts say the Akeley way is the way that gives reality,—'truth,' the artists call it,—and curators say it is the way that gives permanence; and without hope of permanence no artist will strive to give his uttermost. The Akeley way is the revolutionary way with new precepts, new ideals, that is evolving sculpture from taxidermy. It is making of the taxidermist, heretofore the stuffer and upholsterer, a new composite—one that will attract many an artist—of explorer, naturalist, scenic artist, and sculptor."

BRET HARTE'S ADVICE TO WRITERS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an article about Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin who, at seventy-six years of age, still does active work on a morning newspaper. She has seen all the thrilling times of western frontier life and in the old days was associated with Bret Harte and other famous argonauts. She is now working on a morning paper in Santa Cruz, Cal. Of her early experiences and her relations with Bret Harte the following extract from the article about her relates in part as follows:

"There was a time when the name of Josephine Clifford McCrackin was well known to all readers of current literature both here and abroad. Her first story, 'Down Among the Dead Letters,' appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for December, 1869, and the magazine's noted editor, Bret Harte, liked it so much that he urged her to write more,

and finally made her one of his associate editors. It is of the years she spent in the busy office on Clay Street, San Francisco, with Harte on the editorial tripod, and a host of illustrious folk always dropping in, that Mrs. McCrackin loves best to talk.

"'I like to remember those old days of intimate association with one of the greatest story-tellers America has ever produced,' Mrs. McCrackin said reminiscently. "Soon after I determined to make writing my profession, my mother came to me and said very solemnly:

"'Josephine, you must ask Mr. Harte what books you should read to acquire a perfect style.'

"'Accordingly I ventured into the editorial sanctum and said as solemnly as my mother had done:

"'Mr. Harte, what books shall I read to acquire a perfect style?'

"'Oh, lord!' he groaned, swinging around in his chair, 'for pity's sake, don't read anything! Just write! Write! Write!'

"'Our chief was a person of decided prejudices, and not infrequently he allowed them to enter into his judgment of a story. His particular spite was directed against big words. One day I came across differentiate in a story, and for the moment the meaning of the word escaped me.

"'Mr. Harte, what does differentiate mean?' I inquired.

"'Oh, it's just a long-winded way of saying different, or differ—throw that thing aside, we can't use it!' was his impatient reply.

"'For some time I lived in the same house with Mr. Harte and his family, and so had an opportunity to see a good deal of him outside the office. He was a genius, there is no question about that; but, like many another genius, he sorely needed a guiding hand; and that a perverse faith denied him.'"

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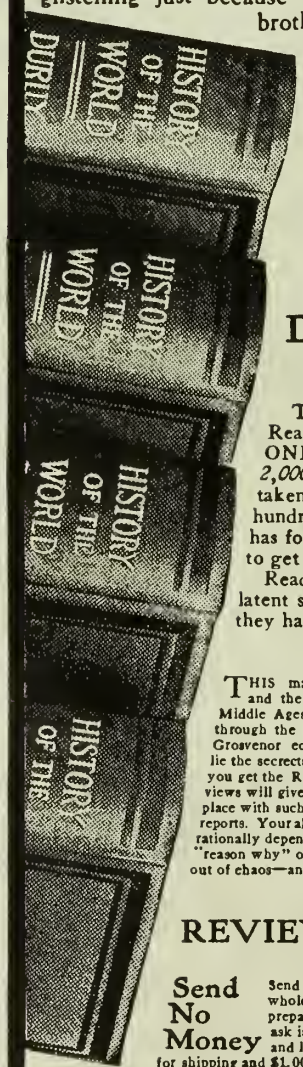

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AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best!

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Additional verses for the National Hymn, March, 1906, in the "White Bees," page 27.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1915. Numebr 18

Climb for the white flower of thy dream,
O pilgrim! Let the vision gleam
As hope and possibility,
Down the low level that must be
Thy usual path; but do not stay,
Enamored of supernal day,
While thy benighted comrades grope
In shadows on the dangerous slope!
Its light in eye and heart shall be
A signal betwixt them and thee
Of joy to wait for and desire,
While faith can glow, or souls aspire.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Forest Service Department of the Department of Agriculture has gone into the retail business successfully by serving as a go-between for the manufacturers. It has established a "wood waste exchange" by which the waste of one mill is made available to the usages of another. Through such activities the maple refuse from the furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been made available to the brush makers in other localities. By thus offering opportunities to buy "waste," even the scraps are being saved, another evidence that Uncle Sam has aptitude for business.

Our exchanges that come over the sea are still expecting much of the Almighty, while they themselves are giving sympathetic encouragement to the fighters who are killing under their own flag, and expecting the Almighty to teach, through their killing, the lesson of brotherhood. Perhaps, some day, they will see that their prayers are enforced by their practice. The rifle pits are a poor place in which to preach universal brotherhood and the bayonet is never an instrument of love. Alfred Noyes, in a new drama, "Rada," writes:

Thou! whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
Today a world that turned from Thee
Is bending at Thy Throne.

Is that "Throne" on the battle line and is He everywhere, except on board of battleships and where submarines do plow the deep?

The *Advance,* which may be considered a safe exponent of average, if not conservative congregationalism, in a recent number, groups casually on one page the advertisements of five theological schools, the wording of which is interesting and disturbing to those who remember the wording of similar advertisements of fifty years ago. "The Chicago Theological Seminary" announces its removal to the "vicinity of the University of Chicago with the opening of the next academic year." It promises to prepare students for "church ministry, foreign missions, community service and religious education." The "Yale School of Religion" announces that it is open "to students of all Christian bodies on equal terms," and has "five departments of research and training, for pastoral service at home, service in the foreign field, religious education, practical philanthropy and history and philosophy of religion." "The Bangor Theological Seminary" will begin its one hundreth year next September and is for "college or non-college men" and offers "regular and elective courses" that are said to be "modern, thorough and practical." The Oberlin Theological Department is "for graduates only." It advertises for "high-grade students" to do "high-grade work" and offers "one, three or four years' " courses, "broad electives, low expenses with self-support." "The Hartford Theological Seminary" advertises "scientific methods with practical training for the ministry." There are "graduate fellowships, both foreign and resident" and associated with it is the "Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy" for "training Sunday School and other lay workers," and, also, the "Hartford School of Missions," "fitting for foreign service." Yet, all these attractive opportunities, these schools, in common with other training schools for the ministry, are languishing for want of pupils. What is the matter? This question calls for still deeper thinking and more heroic explanation before the answer is given and the solution attained.

The Rev. Florence Buck in "Bulletin No. 9" of the "Religious Education Series," published by the American Unitarian Association, has said the latest word on the grading of Sunday School instruction. This clearly written and carefully thought out little leaflet of twenty pages has strenuously applied the principle to "small Sunday Schools." It is analytical, logical and, doubtless, what is wanted, if the "school" is chiefly pedigogical, but it leaves still a place for that other thought in the training of the spirit of the

young where synthesis and not analysis leads the group more directly into the few fundamentals of ethics and the unifying attitude of worship. There is still something to be said and more to be felt and realized in the "one-topic system," the normal preparation, the *esprit de corps* and the helpful togetherness made possible thereby. The "grade system," as it is called, has received much academic development at the hands of most competent and consecrated educators. Perhaps, the "school" has been improved, but we fear the thing which the word "Sunday" connotates has not been so much advanced. This is a question not to be settled by theory but by experience. We are still far from the last word and farther yet from the ultimate end aimed at in our Sunday Schools.

The circular of information concerning the relief and pensioning fund to Unitarian ministers and their widows has been issued by the secretaries of the four foundations administered for this purpose, namely: The Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society distributes the income from a fund of $13,000 to the widows and unmarried daughters of Congregational ministers in Massachusetts, whether "unitarian" or "trinitarian," Rev. Everett Hale, Secretary; the Society for Ministerial Relief has an annual income of about $11,000 to be distributed semi-annually to "Unitarian ministers who are in need of pecuniary assistance," of which Rev. Henry Wilder Foote is Secretary; the American Unitarian Association holds trust funds for a similar purpose yielding an annual income of some $8,500, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Chairman of the Committee; the Unitarian Service Pension Society, of which Rev. Robert S. Loring of Ann Arbor, Michigan is Secretary, was incorporated in 1907 for the purpose of providing a pension for all Unitarian ministers who are sixty-five years of age or over, who have an honorable record of at least twenty years active service. (The permanent fund amounts now to about $73,000, which yields to each pensioner about $125 per annum.) It is the hope of the society to be able to increase the amount to a maximum of $500 per annum. All these societies are most commendable. We suspect that in most denominations there are generous provisions made, for old age pensioning is not a charity, but an obligation. It is a distressing fact that the militant side of life is still more appreciated by governments than the civic. Why should the man with the gun live in an assurance of an old age provided for, while the man who labors to retire the gun to make life safe and pacific must ever become old with the strain of dependency at the end of a life well spent, with the merits of a peace well earned?

"The League for the Enforcement of Peace"

So notable and noteworthy an assemblage of citizens from all parts of the country as was gathered together in Philadelphia last week is very rare. Men eminent in all the professions, representatives of all parties and all sections, came to take into consideration some practical step looking not so much towards terminating the present lamentable war as the making of future wars improbable if not impossible. The meetings were deliberative to an exceptional degree. The gathering was called by a committee of one hundred, which committee, itself, had been named by a smaller group of men who have been meeting from time to time for many months deliberating upon the question of what can be done outside of governmental circles to bring about in some efficient compact the helpless nations, whether neutral or combative.

On Wednesday evening a banquet was given by the citizens of Philadelphia, presided over by Mayor Blandenberg. The opening address was given by Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent,* in which he outlined the scheme, step by step, which would bring together the neutral nations pledged to respect the individual autonomy and territory of each and to combine their influence and, if need be, their forces to punish any one recalcitrant power. Among the other speakers were Oscar Strauss, President Lowell of Harvard and ex-President Taft. On Thursday morning at half past ten, the historic Independence Hall was filled and the meeting was promptly organized, with ex-President Taft as chairman. The forenoon session was given to three or four marked addresses by men who had given much academic thought to and who had much practical experience in diplomatic affairs. Automobiles carried the entire delegation, at the noon hour, to Germantown, where a bountiful lunch was already spread on the tables by one of the leading merchants of Philadelphia. Then the guests talked and strolled through the spacious rooms and ample grounds while they ate. At three o'clock they were back again at business, listening to reports of committees on organization and resolutions, details of which we will give later.

If there was any element of weakness in this gathering of college presidents and professors, lawyers and judges, legislators, past and present, ministers and editors, socialists, republicans, democrats, and independents, it sprang from its rather labored inclusiveness. Naturally there was an element of conservatism, if not timidity, felt in such a company. There was, in some quarters, an undisguised distrust of the "pacifists," who were ungraciously dismissed as "peace-at-any-price-men." There still was some hanging on to the robes of the militant men, an occasional demand for further armament and nobler armies for

our country "until the peace day comes!" but they were all agreed that it is possible to perfect some kind of an union that would seek to settle international disputes by an appeal to law and justice rather than to force of arms. Such an union has already been established to settle disputes between the states of our union and between individuals in all the walks of life. Mr. Filene of Boston, in an address of great strength, urged the possibility of "economic pressure" and "international boycott" of any militant Power that would persist in warlike measures against any member of the pacific combination which it was proposed to organize.

There was, to the mind of the present writer, no adequate emphasis placed upon the moral, social and spiritual forces that might be used in the higher diplomacy which is yet in its infancy. There is still too much faith in the efficacy of gun-powder, even among those who deplore its use, too much of a tendency to assume that among nations brawn still goes farther than brain and that might is more powerful than right.

The original title, "The League of Peace," was changed by only a small majority to the title given above, which, to many of those present, the Editor of UNITY included, seemed an unfortunate revision. It has too much of a militant sound to suit this anti-militant movement. It almost amounts to a contradiction in terms, but the representative character of the gentlemen assembled, the large amount of learning and practical experience focused on the problem and, above all, the imminent demand that something be done about it and that right speedily, justifies high expectations and calls for most sympathetic co-operation from far and near.

Here, at least, is something that seems to meet, for the time being, the agonizing cry, "Let something be done and that right quickly." The newspapers will give wide publicity to this "League for the Enforcement of Peace" which was organized in the most historic hall in America, the cradle of American Independence, last week, and we will be glad to give the readers of UNITY further details of the organization, and sympathetic account of its progress in future issues.

TO A BOULDER.

Colossus, sculptured by the hand of Time,
What mystic secrets of the universe
Are crystaled in thy form! Could we rehearse
What thou hast known of Nature's rhythmic climb,
And bring within the compass of a rhyme
The time-long story—tell, in phrases terse,
What thou hast seen and been—our feeble verse
Would vaguely sketch the whole world-pantomime.
Fire-mist, an Age; Eras, a crust of stone;
An Epoch, soil slow silted to the sea;
Sea bed, an Aeon; other Aeons flown,
A mountain crag; half an Eternity,
Glacier-ground; for cycles set in place
Here where we hourlings, wondering, scan thy face.

—*Henry Smith Williams.*

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

(*Continued*)

The next biographical matter to record is that James took his M. D. in 1869, but never practiced. This was the only degree that he ever received for course of study, and we have seen hints of the irregularity of this course. It was the only degree that he ever received from Harvard College, till its LL.D. was conferred on him in 1903, seven years before his death. Perhaps this is the best place to record the degrees which were conferred on him throughout his life by a large number of institutions. Although in the little essay on "The Ph.D. Octopus" he made a very strong protest against the growing American custom of giving little worth to the individual "unless stamped and licensed and authenticated by some title giving machine," he carried himself an unusually large number of such authentications. In 1893 he received a Ph.D. and a Litt. D. from Padua University; in 1896 an LL.D. from Princeton; the same from Edinburgh in 1902; from Harvard in 1903; Litt. D. from Durham in 1908; Sc. D. from Oxford the same year; Sc. Nat. D. from Geneva the next year. He had the high distinction of being the Gifford lecturer at Edinburgh on Natural Religion in 1901-2; and the Hibbert Lecturer on Philosophy at Oxford in 1908. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences; an honorary member of the New York Academy of Sciences; a corresponding member of the König liche Akademie der Wissenshaften, and of the British Academy; honorary member of the Kongelige Danske Viderskabernes and of the Psychological Society of Moscow; of the Reale Instituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere, and of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei. During the winter before he died he was elected to the celebrated Institute of France as a foreign member of the Académies des Sciences Morales et Politiques. President for the Society of Psychological Research in 1894-5, and of the American Psychological Association in 1894 and 1904; of the American Naturalists and the American Philosophical Association in 1906, and at the time of his death he was president of the International Psychological Congress which met in 1913. In addition to these honors, it is no small glory to be a professor of philosophy whose books are read.

Translations of them can be found today in French, German, Italian, Russian, Danish, Spanish and Japanese, and there is hardly a volume on modern philosophy or psychology in which one cannot feel his influence or opposition directed against his teachings. If anyone wishes to make light of the honors which came to Prof. James, they may do so in the words of the man himself. In writing of those colleges which compensate for the obscurity of their teachers by decorating them with titles, he says, "The dazzled reader of the list, the parent or student says to himself, 'This must be a terribly distinguished crowd,—their titles shine like the stars of the firmament: Ph. D.'s and S. D.'s and Litt. D.'s bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it with a pepper cas-

tor.'" He calls it "a mere advertising resource, a manner of throwing dust in the public's eyes." The colleges that honored James were hardly of this type. He was worthy of their honor and they were worthy of the honor he brought to them.

But let us pass on to the more strictly biographical features of this man's career. The doctor's degree received in 1869 did not set him to work at any regularlark task. Till 1872 he might still be called a student. But during that year, when thirty years of age, he began to teach. He was appointed instructor in Physiology at Harvard, and formed a course, to which a year later he added Anatomy. It was about this time that he set up in the Lawrence Scientific School a Psychological Laboratory, which is thought to have been the first in this country. Here he made those experiments in sheep's heads and frogs that he afterward found so useful in illustrating his lectures. Beginning in 1875 he offered a course to graduate students, dealing with the relations between physiology and psychology—a red letter course in the history of psychology in this country. The next year he was made Assistant Professor of Physiology, holding the position for four years.

In this unique workshop, full of jars, odors and disorders, we see the beginnings of that popularity with the students which remained his all his life. One of his students tells me that the thing which he remembers best of William James was his sincere interest in the findings of his students. Like Darwin in this respect, he was willing to learn from any man. As we shall see presently, when it came to the secrets of the inner life, this man was as humble as a child. No human soul was too obscure to teach him. At times his modesty was almost shyness. "It makes me blush," he is reported to have once said to a friend, "to hear that you expect any help from such a poor crittur as I am." As he stayed on year after year at Harvard, he became almost pastoral in his relations with the students. They found in him lots of friendly counsel,—money and books sometimes,—and plenty of sympathy and appreciation, this last continuing long after they had left the college. More than one Harvard man can tell how after some good piece of work had been done well in the sphere of life that they had chosen, the morning mail would bring from this eastern college the "Well-done" of the old teacher. Students who came to him only to get material for their examinations were not as apt to feel this friendliness in the professor. His words for such was "Baldhearted." With his characteristic interest in the individual, he wanted his students to have an inner life that might receive his teaching, as well as a mind to understand it. Buried in his chapter on Association in "Psychology," is a passage that shows that his students had to mean names and faces and persons to him of a very definite character. "The writer of these pages," he says, "has every year to learn the names of a large number of students who sit in alphabetical order in the lecture room. He finally learns to call them by name, as they sit in their accustomed places. On meeting one in the street early in the year, the face hardly ever recalls the name, but it may recall the place of its owner in the lecture room, his neighbors' faces, and consequently his general alphabetical position; and then usually as the common associate of all these combined data, the student's name surges up in his mind." One of the best student memories of Professor James is one that found its way into *The American Magazine* soon after his death. It is written by John S. Reed, and it will be best to quote his words throughout, for the story is short:

"When I was a freshman in Harvard College, I stood one day looking into the window of a bookstore in Harvard Square, at a new volume of O. Henry. A quietly dressed, unimpressive man with sparse dark beard came up and stood beside me. Said he suddenly, 'Have you read the new one?' 'No,' I said. 'Neither have I. I have read all the others, though.' 'He's great, don't you think,' I said. 'Bully, let's go in and buy this one.' So we went in and bought O. Henry. Coming out of the store he turned to me and said, 'You'd better come to dinner with me, I am all alone to-night.' 'All right,' I said, 'I like to very much.' He never asked my name; I thought he must be some College instructor. We walked slowly through the College Yard, talking of what makes Harvard; not to a graduate, mind you, but to a freshman; the great football games, which have something stern and ideal about them; the big men in your class, and how you are sure that they will be big men in the world someday; "parties in town", on spring nights, when some are just a little "edged." He listened to these things with the air of a man who knew all about them, and loved them. And yet I noticed that his beard was a little gray.

Soon we arrived at a big house on a quiet street. There was no one at home but the maid that served our dinner; and a great dinner it was too. We both fell to like farm- hands. Somehow I got the impression that this man was about my own age. After dinner we went into a long deep comfortable room, lined with low book-cases. He produced some cigars; he sat in a big chair, and I reclined on a lounge. We discussed undergraduate clubs, and how to become popular; then we drifted into comic operas. It developed that he was rather fond of Eddy Foy and Richard Carle, my particular favorites in that direction.

I staid in the big room until nearly midnight. As I stood in the doorway telling him what a good time I had had, he said, 'You must come again, and then we'll have another talk. I don't think I know your name.' I told him 'And now may I ask yours?' 'I'm William James.'"

The story is complete without comment.

At this period of his life, that is, at the age of thirty-four, in 1876, he began his yearly vacations to the Adirondacks. There in one of a "little group of rough houses forming a sort of camp," in the midst of mountains, brooks and forests, he met informally large numbers of friends and every year came back to work with renewed health. It is said that during these early years he was one of the foremost walkers in the Adirondacks. Until he discovered that such vigorous exercise did not agree with him, the days were full of long walks and climbs, usually with some congenial friend who would keep the talking bright. James was the kind of traveler who wanted to stop every few paces and utter in rich terms the beauty of the steep forest clad hills. Up there among the mountains he still worked, reading each day his fifty pages of solid reading, in some solitary spot away from the regular trails. Mr. Putman in his article writes of one such place: "A ledge forming the verge of a superb precipice, with two fine pine trees overhead and the heavily wooded valley of the Ausable River rising steeply toward the north and descending into a broad plateau toward the south, was named for James many years ago by a warm friend and admirer. Another beautiful spot, well up on a steep side of Round Mountain, I remember reaching with him, toward the end of a still and golden September day. We had been walking for a number of hours through the thick dark woods, and this beautiful bit of cliff, nearly enclosed by the dense spruces of the forest, and carpeted with moss of a rich yellowish-

green tint, afforded the first chance for the afternoon sun to stream in, and for the trampers to obtain a view of the hazy valley winding off far beneath, and of the sun deserted mountains, closing in the deep ravine, alongside of which runs the narrow trail. I recalled this spot to his memory several years later—in 1889—when he was in Europe seeking health at Nauheim, and he wrote back, saying, 'Your talk about Keene Valley makes me run over with home-sickness. Alas, that those blessed heights should hence forward probably be beyond my reach altogether! It is a painful pang!'" Here in the woods sometimes reading Walt Whitman, Kipling or Goethe to his fellow campers, sometimes letting them hear over the fire the manuscript pages of some article on which he had been busy during the day; sometimes away from the camp trying to make conversation with some Adirondack farmer for information on an illustration that he wants to place in one of his lectures, many times full to overflowing with fun, the vacation months are made to contribute rest and health to him. Does anyone recall the squirrel story with which he seriously opens one of the most important chapters in his book on "Pragmatism"? He had been off with a party in the mountains, and returning from a solitary ramble one day, he says:

"I found every one engaged in a ferocious metaphysical dispute. The *corpus* of the dispute was a squirrel—a live squirrel supposed to be clinging to one side of a tree trunk; while over against the other side a human being was imagined to stand. This human witness tries to get sight of the squirrel by moving rapidly around the tree, but no matter how fast he goes the squirrel moves as fast in the other direction, and always keeps the tree between himself and the man, so that never a glimpse of him is caught. The resultant metaphysical problem now is: *Does the man go around the squirrel or not?* He goes around the tree sure enough, and the squirrel is on the tree, but does he go around the squirrel? In the unlimited leisure of the wilderness, discussion had been worn threadbare. Every one had taken sides and was obstinate; and the numbers on both sides were even. Each side, therefore, when I appeared, appealed to me to make a majority. Mindful of the scholastic adage, that whenever you meet with a contradiction, you must make a distinction, I immediately sought and found one as follows: 'Which party is right,' I said, 'depends on what you *practically* mean by going around the squirrel. If you mean by passing from the north of him to the east, then to the south, then to the west, then to the north of him again, obviously the man does go around him, for he occupies these successive positions. But, if on the contrary, you mean being first in front of him, then on the right of him, then behind him, then on his left, and finally in front of him again, it is quite as obvious that the man fails to go around him, for by the compensating movements that the squirrel makes, he keeps his belly turned towards the man all the time. Make the distinction and there is no further occasion for dispute. You are both right and wrong according as you conceive the verb 'to go around' in one practical fashion or another." This is pragmatism in the mountains.

One acquaintance of these woods ought to receive more than passing notice—Thomas Davidson. "One of the twelve most learned men of his time." Let every one read the splendid tribute which James pays to him in *McClure's Magazine* of May, 1905, now printed in "Memories and Studies" as "The Knight Errant of the Intellectual Life." Without a doubt James loved the strange intellectual giant for his concrete individuality. He would in his disgust denounce James for what he called his "musty and mouldy and generally ignoble academicism of character." "Never before, nor since, I fancy," says James, "has the air of the Adirondack wilderness vibrated more repugnantly to a vocable than it did that night to the word 'Academicism.'" Twice did James go up with Davidson in April to open up Davidson's cottage at "Glenmore" at the foot of Hurricane Mountain. The cottage was full of books, says James, and he must have been one of the best borrowers, for the use of them was free to all who visited the settlement. There is one little word of acknowledgement of the benefit of this comradeship to be found in the preface of the Gifford Lectures, which we must not let escape our attention:

"My thanks for help in writing these lectures are due . . . . . finally to conversations with the lamented Thomas Davidson and to the use of his books at Glenmore, above Keene Valley, I owe more obligations than I can well express."

We have woven all these stories of the Adirondacks together because the knowledge of William James, which those who never met him may have is such that no chronological order can yet be given to them. We are rich in seeing so much of James the vacationist. Sometimes it must have been to other resting places than the northern wilderness, that the search for renewed health urged him; for in "Talks to Teachers," we have that well known description of the farmer and his clearing in the North Carolina mountains, when a "certain blindness" in William James was healed. But the spirit of holiday was always present with James in his class work and fun for life's sake appeared in many a lecture. Readers will never forget his relief in getting away from Chautauqua, where he says he had been spending a happy week.

"I went in curiosity for a day," he writes, "I stayed for a week, held spell-bound by the charm and ease of everything, by the middle class paradise, without a sin, without a victim, without a blot, without a tear. And yet what was my astonishment, on emerging into the dark and wicked world again, to catch myself quite unexpectantly and involuntarily saying: 'Ouf! what a relief! Now for something primordial and savage, even though it was as bad as an Armenian massacre, to set the balance straight again. . . . . This city simmering in the tepid lake-side sun; this atrocious harmlessness of all things,—I cannot abide with them. Let me take my chances again in the big outside worldly wilderness with all its sins and sufferings!"

Perhaps no incident in his life illustrates this gladness in the outside world, with its massacre chances, than his experiences in the San Francisco earthquake. He wrote the story for the *Youth's Companion* in the summer of 1906, the earthquake year. He had been asked to lecture in Leland Stanford University, and as he was leaving Harvard one of his friends, who knew California, said, "I hope that they will give you a touch of earthquake while you are there, so that you may also become acquainted with that California *institution.*"

"Accordingly," he writes, "when lying awake at half past five on the morning of April 18 in my little flat on the campus at Stanford, I felt the bed begin to waggle, my first consciousness was one of gleeful recognition of the nature of the movement. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'Here's B.'s old earthquake after all!' and then as it went *crescendo* 'and a jolly good one it is, too.' Sitting up involuntarily, and taking a kneeling position, I was thrown down on my face as it went *Fortior*, shaking the room exactly as a terrier shakes a rat. Then everything that was on everything else slid off on to the floor, over went bureau and chiffonier with a crash, as the *Fortissimo* was reached; plaster was cracking; an awful roaring noise seemed to fill the outer air and in an instant all was still again. . . . . The emotion consisted wholly of glee and admiration; glee at the vividness which such an abstract idea or verbal term as 'earthquake'

could put on when translated into sensible reality and verifiable concreteness; and admiration that the frail little wooden house could hold itself together in such a shaking. I felt no trace whatever of fear; it was pure delight and welcome. 'Go it,' I almost cried aloud, 'and go it stronger.'"

But let us leave the mountains, woods and earthquakes and get back to Harvard and the regular work. It was in 1876 that we followed this youthful professor on his vacations. In 1877 he offered an undergraduate course in Psychology and delivered a series of lectures on the subject at Johns Hopkins University. In 1878 he married Miss Alice H. Gibbens, and because of an increase of health which came to him at this time, he began to turn out much more work. Now he begins to write articles for the different philosophical magazines and reviews. His first philosophical paper was one written on "The Sentiment of Rationality." It appeared in the *Critique Philosophique;* though the first part of it can be found in an article in *Mind* for July, 1879, and the last part was an address delivered before the Harvard Philosophical Club and published in 1882 in the *Princeton Review*. It was afterward included in his volume called "The Will to Believe."

It was in 1877 that Josiah Royce,—the teacher whose name has so often been mentioned with that of James, first met him. Royce went to see him at the home on Quincy Street, to see if he would be doing right in devoting his life to philosophy, when his friends were telling him to let the subject alone. The relations between these two men is one of the most beautiful pictures of Harvard life. It has been charged that James was too fond of cranks and that cranks loved him. "Well, I am one of James's cranks," exclaimed Royce; "he was good to me and I love him." James gave no small share of his academic work to controverting the philosophy of which Prof. Royce was the chief exponent at Harvard. Yet the two men held each other in the warmest regard. It is said that what James thought of Royce was shown in a Harvard class room whenever at the half-year he surrendered his pupils to the lectures of the man whose philosophy he had taught them to regard as a blight and sterile. "I envy you the good time," he said, "that you will have with Prof. Royce. He is certainly one of the richest intellects now living in the world." The only thing that we have been able to find that would even appear to contradict this beautiful love for each other, we disscovered in the memories of an English writer in one of the English weeklies. It is Mrs. Royce who is made to tell the story. One day in the White Mountains she and Mrs. James missed their respective husbands, and after some searching round crags and boulders, they were found almost at the point of blows over the question of the existence of the Absolute. James was expletively denouncing that creature and all its works.

In the early eighties another great change took place in his college life. The Professor of Physiology and Anatomy is writing rather strange articles in the magazines. They seem rather to emanate from the occupant of some chair of Philosophy. Assistant Professor of Philosophy is what he now becomes. During 1879 and 1880 he delivered his first philosophical course on what he called "The Philosophy of Evolution." Four or five articles also belong to this changing period. Before the Harvard Natural History Society he delivers a lecture on "Great Men and their Environment," which in October of 1880 is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The article seems to have caused considerable disturbance at the time, for Grant Allen and John Fiske attack it. Professor James writes a reply entitled, "The Importance of Individuals," which is not accpeted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is seemingly thrown into oblivion, but ten years later, in 1890, it is printed by the *Open Court* of Chicago. In 1881 he speaks before the Unitarian Ministers' Institute at Princeton, Mass., on "Reflex Action and Theism," an address which is printed during the same year in the *Unitarian Review*. The next year he writes "On Some Hegelisms" for *Mind*, and in 1884, before the Harvard Divinity School, he gives an address on "The Dilemma of Determinism," which is later published in *The Unitarian Review*. In 1885 he holds the Alford Chair of Philosophy with full professorship, which he continues to fill till 1897, when a branch is for the first time designated as a chair of Psychology.

In 1884 public expression was given to another very important feature of this man's life. This year he took part in helping to establish the American Society of Psychical Research. The fact has been noticed by friends that both William James and his father had the instinct "generously to espouse unpopular causes," especially where the principle of personal liberty was at stake," and in both the advocacy went to the verge of what many persons called a fondness of paradox." In strange and sad contrast to the inquiring and generous nature of James is the story of disdain which some of his colleagues showed to this subject. In his essay on "Frederic Myer's Services to Psychology," which is now published in "Memories and Studies," his fruitless attempts to interest them at this time are told:

"I invite eight of my scientific colleagues, severally to come to my house at their own time and sit with a medium, for whom the evidence already published in our 'Proceedings' had been most noteworthy. Although it means at worst, the waste of an hour for each, five of them decline the adventure. I beg the 'Commission' connected with the chair of a certain learned Psychologist in a neighboring University to examine the same medium, whom Mr. Hodgson and I offer to send at our own expense and leave with them. They also have to be excused from any such entanglement. I advise another psychological friend to look into this case, but he replies that it is useless, for if he were to get such results as I report, he would, being suggestable, believe himself hallucinated. When I propose as a remedy, that he should remain in the background and take notes, while his wife has the sitting, he explains that he could never consent to his wife's presence at such performances. . . . . So runs the world away!"

No one who knows Prof. James ever so little will believe that he had any love for such "performances," but he did love fair play, and he insisted not only on all such things being heard, but also investigated before they should be condemned or believed. This element in his character, while it is most frequently connected with Psychical Research, has notable illustrations in other directions. He came forward unasked "as an advocate for those who wished to keep the privilege of consulting Christian Scientists and other irregular practitioners, when their standing was at issue" in Massachusetts. Of course many of his friends misunderstood his action and many a colleague was displeased, but this is how he writes about it to a friend: "If you think that I like this sort of thing, you are

mistaken. It cost me more effort than anything that I ever did in all my life. But if Zola and Col. Picquart can face the whole French army, cannot I face this disapproval? Far more easily than the reproach of my conscience." He had for another unpopular cause the presidency of the Anti-Imperialist League until his death, and it was his firm belief that that body had a great task to perform. He was most ardent in the defence of the rights of the people of the Philippines. With the same enthusiasm he entered into the cause of World Peace and in all he undertook for his fellow men he shows himself as one of the great American Exemplars of the philosophy of "loyalty to loyalty." Can we close his relationship to all the isms that his friends counted queer, better than to quote his own words: "Every kind of 'Bosh' has its own factors and laws, and patient study will bring them definitely to light."

(*To be continued*)

A Visit to the Gary Public Schools

Having heard much in praise of the remarkable school system at Gary, Ind., three of us, teachers in Chicago, made a trip to Gary on Friday, May 21, 1915, to see how they were going about it to solve the problem of better and more efficient public schools. The fact that we only had one day to spend there and that we arrived inopportunely, at a time when visitors were not usually allowed, curtailed our investigation somewhat; however, we were graciously received and, by inquiry and observation, we learned some interesting facts about the schools.

Gary, with a population of twenty-five thousand, was made to order and built in five years by the Steel Trust, among the sand-dunes and scrub-oaks. It has been said that it would keep a grasshopper moving to pick up sustenance from the scanty vegetation; yet, a city has been built there of brick-walls and paved streets with nearly twenty-first century improvements. We were told that 85 per cent of Gary school children are foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents. The inhabitants comprise a great number of foreign elements, Slavs, Croatians, Letts, Magyars, and two dozen others, most of them from countries where such a thing as a free public school is unheard of; consequently, Gary's school children are eager and enthusiastic students and there is very little tendency on the part of the pupils to drop out of school at the age of fourteen. The schools are made so interesting that, with little difficulty, they retain their hold on the children until they have reached the eleventh and twelfth grades.

Mr. William Wirt, the Superintendent, is the organizer of the Gary school system, which holds twice as many students as do other public schools and seems to be more than twice as efficient. A well-known educator says that "this school system is the most remarkable educational experiment the world has ever seen."

The Gary schools are in operation daily from 8:15 to 5, and in the evening from 7 to 9, six days a week. The day enrollment is about 4,500 and the night-school enrollment over 5,000. In the day school, there are really two complete schools working side by side, each set of grades with its own teachers. Though the capacity and facilities of a Gary school building would, under ordinary circumstances, accommodate only one school, yet, under Mr. Wirt's revised system of having the study and recreation periods of two schools dovetail and alternate, twice as many pupils may receive instruction on the same premises. The curriculum offers all the usual subjects of study, including Domestic Science, Manual Training, Music and Art, besides Printing, Wood-Turning, Bacteriology, Plumbing, Cobbling and Painting. There are, also, a machine shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop and sheet metal shop. The buildings are open Sundays, when occasion requires, for the use of any organization engaged in social service. The play-grounds, gymnasia and swimming pools are open seven days a week, including evenings.

We arrived first at the Emerson School and were shown to the Auditorium assembly. Here we found high school students engaged in chorus singing, lead by a music instructor who was playing the violin and aiding the pupils in the four part singing of simple but very good music. The assembly is a necessary unit in the Gary school schedule and is conducted by the children under the direction of teachers. A student was presiding as chairman. In an assembly period at the Froebel School we found a younger class of children being instructed in the art of window trimming by a man who was showing them how to arrange coats, hats and other garments in an attractive fashion. Sometimes moving pictures are employed in the assembly to illustrate certain types of labor or study, and occasionally, dramatic entertainments are given by the children. In this way the assembly period is always an interesting hour for the children. The discipline is free and easy but we saw nothing that was boisterous or unruly.

From the Auditorium we passed to the music room where we saw a seventh grade in a singing class in company with fifth grade "observers." Certain classes of older pupils are attended by younger students as "observers," who in this way absorb a good deal of useful information. In the science classes, for instance, an elementary student observes a high school student performing certain operations in Chemistry, perhaps, and later the younger pupil writes a paper on his observations and presents it to his grade teacher. When the older pupils attend younger classes, they are called "helpers" and in this capacity, aid their younger brothers and sisters with the work in hand. In the music class, just referred to, we saw some good technical work but the tone-quality permitted was not very admirable. The singing was in three parts and the fifth graders, as "observers," were singing in the soprano section.

At the conclusion of this class we went to the school lunch-room, where we found a neat dining-room and good food. We learned that the cooking is taught and superintended by a teacher and practical woman. The eighth and ninth grade cooks are assisted by fourth and fifth grade "helpers." The kitchen serves meals to teachers, children and visitors and is on a paying basis. The school furnishes no supplies. The customer serves himself and the price of the food is very small in comparison to its excellence. A student serves as cashier and the one who received our checks was diligently studying while not busy with the cash-register.

We observed through glass doors the operations of certain classes, which we were not permitted to inspect at closer range. By this means, we saw dress-making and cooking classes, young boys in the print-shop printing and older boys working in the paint-shop. In the corridor, we saw boys painting iron-work, evidently turning their class-room ability to practical account. We had an interesting peep into the pottery-room, where eight or ten jolly boys, with an instructor, were moulding clay bowls on a wheel run by foot-power.

We visited the Froebel School in the afternoon, which seemed to be a replica of the Emerson School in capacity and working plan. Here as elsewhere, we were impressed with the fact that, in spite of a long school day, the children seemed to be neither bored or weary. It was during a music period at this school that I spoke to a little curly-headed fellow sitting in front of me. I asked him if he lived near the school. He whirled around on his swivel-chair, in the most genial fashion, and said,

"Sure."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Louis."

"And what's your last name?"

He replied with a long picturesque word ending in "owski." I said:

"You're a little Russian boy, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," and then, after a slight hesitation, he added, "My father is, though."

This incident amused me, as it seemed to betray a desire in him to wish to be a real little American, not "hyphenated."

The Gary school children are permitted to have religious instruction during school hours, if they so desire. Since the Sunday School reaches, relatively, only a small part of the children, certain time is set aside in the day school for religious teaching. The particular church or teacher chosen is regulated by the desire of the child's parents.

The pupils in Gary, therefore, are spending more time in school than students in most public schools, but the time is well-spent, judging from results. Their hours of work alternate with hours of supervised play and recreation, and the children go home in the late afternoon, ready for supper and bed-time,—all the demands for exercise and play having been met. Mr. Wirt recognizes the fact, that it is the natural inclination of the child to keep busy and to interest himself, and if the public school or his home do not meet these needs, something else will and it is too often the wrong thing. In the Gary school plan, he is kept busily, happily and usefully at work or play most of the day and in this way Gary solves, to a large extent, the problem of the streets and alleys, the cheap theaters, dance-halls, saloons and other commercialized places of amusement. The libraries, the swimming pools, play-grounds, besides the advantages of the night-school classes, are open to young and old, both day and evening, and offer considerable opposition to the aforesaid places of unwholesome amusement. An instructor told us that a certain large roller-skating rink had had a difficult struggle for existence, during the past winter, due to lack of patronage. The fact of the matter is, that the young men and women were more interested in those things which would give them a broader outlook, educationally, and which would offer them higher moral and spiritual inspiration, or, at least for them, wholesome, and not harmful, amusement. The rapid increase in city population and the resulting congestion has created a demand for recreation which is not fully met in large cities, but Gary is making an effective attempt toward this end by making the school a community center. The Gary school system is educating its children in a unique but a most effectual way and aims to give them the sort of complete development, which will help them to grow up and become worth-while Gary citizens.

HAZEL BYRDE SMITH.

THE STUDY TABLE

In the Oregon Country

* George Palmer Putnam. New York: 1915. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 169. Price, $1.75 net.

Mr. Putnam, the author of "In the Oregon Country," is a member of the famous family of book publishers and bears the old and honored name. He has cast in his lot with Oregon, and at the time of writing this book lived at Bend, where he was an editor of the Bend *Bulletin*. The book is dedicated to the Emblem Club of Bend and the dedicatory page reproduces the emblem of that lively and hustling organization. When Dr. Withycombe was elected governor of the State last fall, Mr. Putnam was selected by him as his private secretary. So much for the author. As to "In the Oregon Country," it is a collection of pleasant outdoor essays, with sketches of camping, canoeing and mountain climbing. It smacks of the pine forest and the sage brush and is full of the buoyant spirit of the West. It is at its best, not when describing outings, though these are well told, but when giving expression to western and pioneer feeling. Nowhere else in our country is there today so genuine a pioneer spirit as in Central Oregon. It has but just now been reached by the railroad, distances are still vast, population is sparse, hope is enormous. Development and change are already evident. "The change has come in five short years. Those who, like myself, went a-pioneering for the fun of it, making for Central Oregon because upon the map it showed as the greatest railroadless land, have seen the warm breath of development work as picturesque changes there as ever in the story-book days when the West was in its infancy. We are young men, we who chanced to Oregon's hinterland a few seasons gone by; yet already can we spin yarns of the 'good old days' which have a real smack of romance to them and cause the recounters themselves to sigh for what has gone before and betimes to pray for their return—almost." We do not in the least begrudge him his outing tales, but we would have been glad to have Mr. Putnam crowd in more of his pioneer yarns. He claims to have some folk-lore in his book, but his folk-lore is all borrowed and had better been omitted. To tell the truth, thirty-two pages of quoted matter (mostly from Winthrop) is too much in a book totaling 169 pages, and we wish they were replaced by original stuff. In expressing such a wish and such a criticism we are surely complimenting our author. In other words, we wish the book were one of 300 closely printed pages dealing at first hand with Oregon and

Oregon only—containing no folk-lore but only outing and pioneer material. As it is we are glad to add this pleasantly written book of sketches to our shelf of Oregoniana. FREDERICK STARR.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I get a bunch of timely stuff just now, while the San Francisco spell is on. We ought to be grateful for such a list of books while traveling across the continent, or if we are unable to go, filling the gap. The first one of these books is John Muir's "Our National Parks"—not a new book, but mighty good, a classic; and his "First Summer in the Sierras," which I have not yet read—only looked at it longingly. Alas, for John Muir, our noblest naturalist, gone. In this pile comes "California Coast Trails," by J. S. Chase. Then we have "Rocky Mountain Wonderland," which I am now reading with delight, and "The Spell of the Rockies," both by Enos A. Mills. "Where Rolls the Oregon" is contributed, and it is one of the best, by Dallas L. Sharp, and after that comes "The Flock," by Mary Austin. These are all well written and helpful; a bunch of sunny, nature-blessed literature; purely American, and fresh as the song of bluebirds in Spring. They constitute moving pictures of the great West, and they give home-keepers a most delightful comprehension of our property in the vast highlands of the Rocky Mid-Continent.

E. P. POWELL.

Bergson an Intuition

Bergson, in teaching that there is a method of truth, immediate, independent of the intellect which he calls "intuition," has done religion incalculable mischief.

Religious intuition cannot give us truth, for truth even about God is still truth. There is only one method of truth (or knowledge)—that of experience, observation or thought and legitimate inference therefrom.

Theology is a branch of truth (differing from other branches not in its method but in its object)—a method subject to constant revision as experience develops and intellectual capacity increases.

When Bergson says that men may have a knowledge of God and of an invisible, spiritual world through *illuminations,* it is an *assertion* but not a *demonstration.* It is no doubt true that there are these illuminations. But everything must stand on whether or not there is any real being or world behind, corresponding to them. And this is a matter for science. Supreme faith is evidence only of its own supremacy, not of the actuality of the person or thing believed in.

I do not doubt that there will come a new religious baptism, a spiritual *renaissance,* but it will not come alienating from us every man of science and every distinguished philosopher of modern times.

A new religious baptism shall come as science, philosophy, art, and the ministry shall reveal the possible depth and significance there are in human life and conduct. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The man that has begun to live more seriously within, begins to live more simply without.

Phillips Brooks.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XX.
The Beatitudes

MRS. CHARLES D. STEEL, LEADER

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God." Matthew v:9.

In the Sermon on the Mount we probably come nearer to the real Jesus than in any other writing of the New Testament. The oral traditions of the first years would naturally hold fast to whatever was strongly national, particularly the parabolic, laconic and pointed material found in this sermon. When the time came for the writing of the Logia such traditions as these would be the very sort of material to come into peoples' minds, and the sermon as we have it may be regarded as direct transcription from the Logia. Scholars divide the material in various ways. The most natural division seems to be the Beatitudes, the ethical sayings and the Lord's Prayer, with a slight introduction and few closing verses. The translators of the Greek manuscript into the Latin Vulgate (Jerome) rendered the word meaning happy, "beta," and gradually the "blessings" came to be the Beatitudes, which are the subject of our lesson today.

Matthew always arranges his material topically, so it was natural for him to collect these statements beginning with "Blessed" and arrange them in one group. Great minds under similar spiritual conditions arrive at the same spiritual conclusions. All the great religious teachers have left "Sayings" that may be compared with our Beatitudes. There is a set of "Sayings" by Confucius, really an arrangement of the Cardinal Virtues, and the Dharmapada, or "Path of Virtue," by Buddha, contains a collection very similar to our Beatitudes.

We find them in their clearest form in Matthew. The Sermon begins with the fifth chapter and continues through the seventh. They are generally enumerated as nine, but some authorities count only eight by combining verses 10 and 11 as one, while others, indicating a Swedenborgian tendency to seek correspondences, make ten by separating verses 11 and 12, counting as a Beatitude, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven," thus making two groups of five, corresponding to the division in which five commandments indicate our relation with God and five with our fellow men.

Many Jewish writers refer the various Beatitudes directly back to the Old Testament sources. Some even taking the stand that Jesus never gave them, that they simply represented the current thought of Jewry and were ascribed to Jesus later. There is a parallel in the Old Testament for most of the Beatitudes. It contains at least thirty different Beatitudes, twenty-six of them occurring in the Psalms.

Matthew renders the first Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Luke says: "Blessed are ye poor: for

yours is the Kingdom of God." In the forty-first Psalm, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, verses one, two and three correspond beautifully with the first Beatitudes.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," parallels a passage in the Psalms. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Jehovah."

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth," is rendered in Psalm thirty-seven, "The meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace," while the book of Enoch gives the instruction, "In patience and meekness spend the number of your days, that you inherit endless life." And in the Dharmapada similar instructions may be found.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness" is similar in thought to "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," found in the forty-second Psalm. And in Isaiah xxxii:17, "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever."

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," writes Matthew. The Talmud gives a parallel, "He who has mercy on his fellow creatures obtains mercy from Heaven."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God". Psalm lxii reads, "Surely God is good to Israel, even to such as are pure in heart." Notice the Israelites are distinguished. We do not find such distinctions in the New Testament.

Blessed or Happy are the Peacemakers. The use of the word "happy" gives an added meaning, an idea of inner condition rather than outward form. We find a parallel passage in Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace."

"Happy are they that have been persecuted for rigteousness sake," suggests a fine passage in Isaiah, "For the Lord Jehovah will help me; therefore have I not been confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be put to shame."

Aside from the historical evidence which shows that these Beatitudes could not have been delivered at the same time, it would seem inadvisable in an oral discourse to give such a category of advice, and it is most natural to believe them to have been gathered together later by the disciples.

Luke gives this sermon in a much more condensed form. Only four Beatitudes and corresponding with them four woes are given, in good literary form but not so satisfactory spiritually. Happy are ye poor, hungry, who weep, ye who "men hate for the Son of man's sake, for your reward is great in Heaven."

"But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you, ye that are full now! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you, ye that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets."

Luke's words are very direct but lack the breadth and sweep of the Matthew version. He is more material and critics think his wording, "Blessed are ye poor," the more accurate. Jesus was speaking to the poor, seeking to give them consolation.

Luke's four blessings remind us of the story told of a conference held between Satan, the angel Gabriel and Jehovah. Satan begged the Lord that he might be permitted to give mankind four gifts. After looking into Satan's heart and seeing what was there the Lord said yes. Gabriel was grieved to the heart and immediately implored the Lord that he might bring four gifts to offset those of Satan. The Lord granted permission and presently the two brought their gifts, and when they came to look upon them, lo, they were the same—wine, women, work and death for the blessing of mankind.

The Beatitudes are practical for teaching purposes. Each shows contrast, direct antithesis. Jesus declaring that he came not to destroy but to fulfill, stripping off the external, teaching straight morality, was then, as always, considered revolutionary and heretical. While his teaching was perhaps not new, he gave to it an emphasis never found elsewhere nor to such an extent.

A rather startling and striking omission to us with the modern habit of thought is the absence of any mention of work or of social obligations. Not until Paul do we find any great distress about people not working. The early church discussed the matter. The older piety put the emphasis on meditation and that thought gave rise to monastic orders in which men gave up their entire lives to poverty and the attempt to live a perfect life, leaving outsiders to do the work.

Perhaps we have all at some time or another made discoveries in a literary way. Thanatopsis may have come as a great light, or Wagner's "Pilgrim's Chorus." If we "discover" the Sermon on the Mount it will worry us much. So much stress laid on the value of poverty and the difficulties of riches. Is it possible to apply it when discovered? Of course it is exactly what Jesus did, exactly what gave him his freedom and power to do what he did. Tolstoy lived it, and there are many who in humbler ways are working for better laws, conditions and social reconstruction.

(1) In what manner were the beatitudes probably first delivered?
(2) How were they first gathered together?
(3) Find parallels in the Old Testament.
(4) Compare the beatitudes in Matthew and in Luke.

RE-VISITED.

Pink with the pale erigeron's bloom
I saw the old home mead in June;
And buttercups of brightest gold
Starred all the hollows as of old!

The cockspur thorn its clusters hung
As purely white where the thrushes sung;
The splendid hickories towered still
Beneath the shadows of the hill.

On mossy seat I sat me down
And, dreaming, viewed the distant town—
A tortoise waddling slowly by
At length recalled my wand'ring eye,

And woke sweet mem'ries of the days
When Eden pure seemed woodland ways,
And all these scenes, with tenants shy,—
Vale, hill and mount, brook, marsh and sky—
With home,—the central picture fair,—
Were mine, and I without a care!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me.

MON.—Happy is the house that shelters a friend.

TUES.—Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal.

WED.—The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.

THURS.—It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love.

FRI.—True love cannot be unrequited.

SAT.—There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

—Emerson.

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play.
They feed the cows, and make the hay,
And trim the lawns, and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.
And then they lay aside their cares
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helena Leeming Jelliffe.

In the Outlook.

The Brooding Woodcock as I Saw Her

Some thirty years ago, during my schoolboy days, my father was clearing a strip of brushy woods on the southeast corner of his farm in Mercer County, Ohio.

When our winter school had closed, late in March, father took my brother and me to help in the clearing. It was joined on the north end by a low wet woodland. Through this ran a stream, then a favorite place for wild ducks and other birds which frequent water courses. The south part of the clearing was a rich knoll, where we began the clearing and continued working toward the north end. A wood-road ran from the wet woods on the north the entire length of the strip, and there was a little rise of ground from this road about half way between the ends of the strip.

One morning in April, as we were going along this wood-road to our work, we flushed a female Woodcock from her nest on the rise of ground. This was a great pleasure to me, for it gave me a chance to study this interesting bird at close quarters, and it was the only time I ever found its nest, saw its eggs or its young.

The nest was placed at the foot of a small wild plum-bush, which grew on a small hillock. It was only a slight hollow scratched out by the bird and was lined with leaves. There were four eggs in the nest, large at one end, small at the other. The ground color was a dirty white greatly mottled with brown and much darker at the larger end. They much resembled the eggs of the killdeer, only they were larger. They were arranged with the points to the center of the nest. The female was sitting when we found her, and, although the nest was not more than six feet from the wagon-road, she seldom flew off her nest as we passed. She soon became accustomed to our passing and for about two weeks we enjoyed looking for her. She was almost identical in color with the brown leaves, but from the position of the nest near the small bush we knew exactly where to look for her, or it would have been difficult to see her at all. There was one peculiarity about her position on the nest, she invariably faced the south, which was opposite her feeding ground. She presented a beautiful picture to a lover of nature, her rich brown plumage being delicately penciled; her small head well drawn back and settled in her feathers, and with her long bill almost hidden in her full round breast. The most noticeable thing was her bright eyes, which were ever alert and took in everything around her with no effort on her part. There was nothing to obstruct the view from the wagon-rack and I have often thought what an opportunity that was for a pecfect picture, had it been in the days of the camera, yet the picture is still vivid in my mind.

One morning we passed and as usual looked for the bird. She was not there. The nest was empty, but on looking round, a few feet from the nest, the mother bird suddenly began to crawl away, flapping her wings in that deceptive way and doing everything in her power to attract us from her family. We had been waiting too long to see the little folks to be thus diverted, and on closely scrutinizing the spot from which she started we found, lying on the leaves, the four little chicks, which must have hatched during the previous night and were already beginning their short trip to their feeding grounds in the nearby swampy brushwood. They were interesting little fluffy brown things, with two bars of a lighter shade running down their backs, very much like the young of the small brown bantam chickens. Their little eyes shone like black beads, and their long bills were out of all proportion to the size of the little chicks, which seemed puzzled to know what they should do with them. But we presume they soon learned, for we only had this one study of them and never saw them again.

John F. Strete.

Birds and Nature.

DANDELIONS

They like to tramp about—
They do not know what duty means
Nor do they trouble to find out.
They feel as good as kings and queens
And everyone of them is brave.
No matter what may come—
Like soldiers they behave.

They push their way with plucky might
And never mind the blows—
Nor falter in the fight
With plows and rakes and hoes.

—Aileen Cleveland Higgins.

"Craftsman," July, 1912.

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

As it has been the custom of UNITY in former years, the Editorial Department will be transferred from July 1 to September 15 to Tower Hill, Wisconsin, where all communications designed for the Editorial Department are to be addressed. All communications to the Business Department and the mailing list will be sent to the permanent Chicago office at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The indulgence of contributors and readers may be taxed occasionally by the inevitable difficulties subsequent to the long armed editing, but past experiences justify the assurance that the UNITY work will be kept on in its rythmic path.

"Men may come and men may go,
But UNITY goes on forever."

MORAL CONDITIONS AT THE PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

The Federal Council of Churches, through its Secretary, Rev. Charles S. Macfarlane, is sending out timely "danger signals" to those interested in the above exposition. The truth had better be known.

"For the purpose of helping to maintain the moral safety proclaimed by the authorities of the Exposition and the city, various organizations have already issued friendly warnings concerning dangers which may be encountered by young men and women, and especially by girls who may be dependent upon securing employment during their stay on the Pacific Coast. Among such warnings are the following:

"'Danger signals are being flashed to young people bound for the Panama-Pacific Exposition without definite positions, money or friends. To show that warning is needed, the American Social Hygiene Association points to a report indicating that there is much unemployment in San Francisco, and calls attention also to the city's moral conditions which give cause for anxiety. At the Exposition alone the manager of the employment bureau reported to the investigators that there were on file in his office, December 7, between 90,000 and 100,000 applications for positions. Of these, between 9,000 and 10,000 are women. But the number of positions for women to be filled directly by the Exposition authorities is not more than 1,000.

"'Employment bureaus are crowded with applicants. One, for example, which has kept statistics for 1913, stated that 1,978 applications were received for three months, September to November, 1914, as compared with 824 in 1913, while the number of places filled in 1914 was only 217.'

"The Social Hygiene Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs recently distributed broadcast a warning to girls calling attention to the efforts of the women of San Francisco directed against commercialized vice in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and says: 'Every girl should be warned against advertisements of positions in San Francisco, for every place that is worth while will be taken, and the door that will be open for the strange girl will be the door that leads to perdition.'

"'The papers that do their duty to the girlhood of the nation will publish the warning, and women of every town and city who would protect the youth of the land, will sound the alarm, and caution and guard the girls of their neighborhood.'

"The moral forces which are endeavoring to support the authorities and encourage them to greater effort find that it is a difficult matter to direct their endeavors so that the desired results may be obtained without injuring the attendance and appreciation of the Exposition's wonderful presentation of progress in every field of human endeavor. A growing sentiment is, however, evident in many parts of the nation toward voicing a general protest against any failure of the authorities and citizens of California to safeguard in every possible way the health and morals of the visitors to the Exposition."

MINNESOTA IS GOING DRY.

Twenty-six counties of Minnesota have voted dry since March 1, when the county option bill was signed by Governor Hammond. Not counting the elections of June 14, twenty-nine counties have voted on the question, only three voting wet, the dry vote closing 250 saloons, wiping out twenty-three wholesale liquor houses and depriving three breweries of their markets.

One of the busiest spots in Minnesota is the office of the Anti-Saloon League, which has led in the counties' cleansing work, under direction of its state superintendent, Dr. George B. Safford. And the league looks beyond county freedom from saloons to a dry Minnesota. Elections are to be held in ten counties during the next four weeks, preliminary arrangements are being made for contests in the counties containing Duluth and St. Paul, and it is already freely predicted by the man on the street that Minneapolis, with its 350,000 population, and the whole of Hennepin County will drive out the saloons when the county takes a vote.

From The Continent.

WOULD ANYBODY BE A HUSS TODAY?

What lesson shall the church appropriate to itself from the semi-millennial celebration of the martyrdom of John Huss? What counsel echoes over from the fifteenth century, which burned this prototype of Protestants, to the twentieth century, which celebrates him among the wisest, noblest and strongest of mankind?

The man of today would more likely muse thus with himself:

"Of course, I mustn't be too positive about my own opinion. Every man makes mistakes."

And to his antagonists he would most probably make answer:

"Well, I must acknowledge that you people seem to have some good arguments. I'd like to consider them further, and you can depend on me not to make trouble meantime."

Is the twentieth century sure that it has any men who would stand to be burned for their convictions if anybody tried it?

The age has no ruthless Emperor Sigismund to condemn a Huss to the flames, but has it a Huss who would not fear to be condemned?

Huss was not a bigot, nor was his martyrdom a mistaken folly. He died for a real truth, with a clear eye seeing it and a clean conscience holding it fast. And the talisman which preserved him from selling his soul for some trifling and fictitious conceit was a saving grace still open to men.

Huss' protecting secret was that, as Paul would have put it, his heart was "enlarged" toward the multitudes; he craved a truth which would comfort the many; he had compassion

like his Master on sheep having no shepherd.

And a man of that spirit will always see truth worth seeing and cling to truth worth holding.

Bigots are the only men who cherish selfish convictions—a persuasion of doctrine calculated to uphold an institution, defend a philosophy, support a tradition.

Those who give themselves to serve mankind in the apostleship of some larger truth which extends its power to the many that struggle with sin and sorrow, are sanctified by the truth they love.

They, like Christ, consecrate their lives "a ransom for many."

From The Continent.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

How bare and bald the city is,
Like Grandpa's head;
No crinkly trees and shining lawns,
But bricks instead.

And when a little grass appears
And tries to grow,
Then,"Keep it off!" a sign commands;
They hate it so!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

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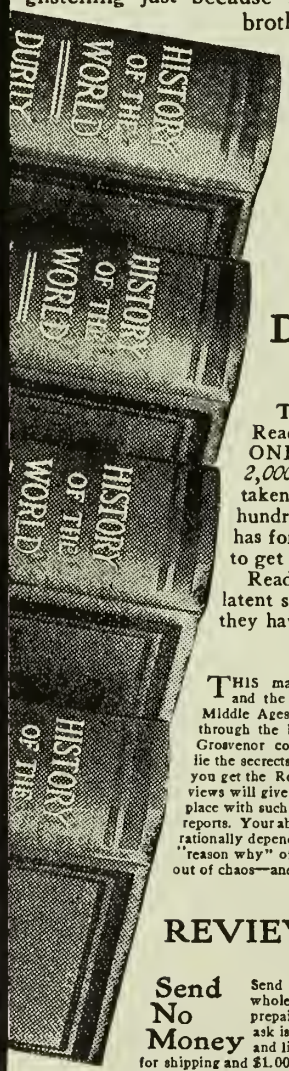

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OUR ELEMENT

A wing implies the air,
From fins infer the sea,
From stealthy tread, the lion's lair;
And honey means the bee.

From tides we learn the power
Inherent in the moon.
The golden grain denotes the shower
At morn and eve and noon.

The range of winds is wide,
Space they must have to fly.
The planet with his sun must bide
A linked unity.

An element, a cause
All things in nature claim,—
A bound, a bourne, abiding laws,
A hope, a home, an aim;

A complement is given
Throughout creation broad
To every being under heaven:—
Man's element is God.

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

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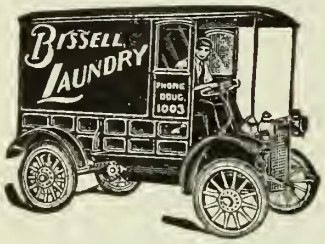

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915. NUMBER 19

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there—
For pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow—
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection 'mid the snow—
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the bush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—What lessons there are bought!—
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught—
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling place seems God so strangely near!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*
In "Lyrics of Life," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Must the Church Be Vulgar?" is the pertinent question asked by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Secretary of the Church Federation, as quoted in the *Literary Digest* for June 19. Doctor Jefferson seems to distrust the habit of some ministers "to work their subjects into fantastic forms, adopt the methods of hustling promoters and convert their sermons into theatrical expressions for the sake of making an impression on hearts." In this age of "yellow journalism," the Doctor is not surprised that we should have "yellow evangelism." Such ministers feel that anything that draws a throng or makes a stir is justified. Surely these are pertinent and timely words.

At the annual convention of the Theosophical Society, held in London, there was an attempt to interpret "the moral and spiritual issues behind the war." Fundamentally the war was described as "the contest between the materialistic interpretation of life and the spiritual." "A new civilization is to have its birth in the awakening of those forces which belong to the spiritual well being of men." Amen! This truth must be spoken by many voices using many dialects, and they will all hasten the time when "the oneness of the human race, the oneness of all the religions, the unity of humanity," to borrow the words of Abdul Baha to the recent Bahai Congress held in San Francisco, will come.

According to the *Christian Commonwealth*, published in London, a "Buddha Day" was recently celebrated in that city at the Buddhist headquarters. Surely the message of him who "made Asia mild" and for the promulgation of which no blood has ever been shed in aggressive warfare, is needed in these militant days and among those belligerent people. Perhaps the meaning of the message of the Nazarene which has been lost by familiarity and deadening reiteration, may be discovered in the unfamiliar guise of the mendicant prince. When both are understood, the world will be startled and then inspired by discovering the identity of the messages and the fundamental agreement concerning the realities of the spiritual life which are related to national as well as individual well being.

The Continent tells us that President Wilson's commendation of a nation that is "too proud to fight" was made much sport of in London and that for a few days the city became an "uncomfortable place for Americans because of the jesting." But our Presbyterian neighbor, in commenting upon the same, wisely says:

> Yet it is worth noting that when the necessity for taking a brute as a brute does arise, when human reason has failed and other rational beings refuse to be rational or to accept rational treatment, there is always a strong advantage with the man who has refused to be brutalized himself, or with the nation that is too proud to fight until every way of the human level has been tried. Christ had no weapons for his own defense; he could not stoop to brutal measures. But in behalf of others, for righteousness and the claims of God, was there not a scourge of cords?

Accepting the militants' grim resort that there may come a time when the nation must defend itself with powder, ball and submarine, even then its strong defense will lie with those who have been disciplined in the school of peace, made heroic and efficient in shop and on farm. The best training possible for the manual of arms in times of necessity, is that which comes from the dextrous handling of hoe and plane, plumb line and compass, yard-stick, ledger and typewriter. These assertions are justified by history.

The tireless pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church of Chicago has less faith in UNITY and its message than we have in Johnston Myers, who is just rounding out his twenty years of devoted pastorate of this splendid church. As it seems to us, Mr. Myers' theology is obsolete or obsolescent. He has been strangely indifferent to the results of modern

scholarship and painfully dogmatic in his conclusions. In spite of this, not on account of it, his tireless energy, his unflagging stream of courage, his unselfishness, has enabled him to keep the church growing in the "Twenty-second Street District," from which so many churches have fled because of the "impossible locality," because of the "moving of the members farther south," because "there is nobody left in that territory to keep the church going;" his has been one of the busiest, livest and, in its way, one of the most helpful churches in the city. According to the *Standard*, the organ of the Baptist Church in Chicago, the membership under Dr. Myers' administration has grown from 800 to 2,500; its working force now consists of fourteen salaried members, including two secretaries, two janitors, three missionaries, a matron and a general superintendent of buildings; it sustains four missions, it is open seven days in the week and all parts of the spacious building are constantly used. It has, as might have been expected in that territory, given over 100,000 free meals to hungry people during the last year, it has distributed tons of clothing. But he also has held on the average thirty-five religious services every week. Here is the church that did not run away from its task and is the admiration and the holy envy of its whilom neighbors who have followed their rich members southward and are still living, as the hymn book says, at a "poor, dying rate." It is not the orthodox theology or doctrinal confidences that explains this splendid center of power and source of pleasure, but the determination to apply religion, to put piety to work, to *embody* the gospel. Let other city churches take note!

A shelf-worn, dusty, faded, little paper-covered pamphlet, 6 by 4 inches, lies before us which bears on its title page, "Hymns for Theists, Collected by E. P. Powell, published by the Independent Religious Society of Utica, N. Y." It bears no date but it must carry us back nearly forty years to the time when our friend E. P. Powell, whose memorial appeared in a recent number of UNITY, was still in the active ministry. It is a modest collection of a hundred and fourteen hymns, most of them familiar, and now available in most of the standard collections of hymns made for the use of liberal churches. At this distance one can see that the preaching and not the singing instinct, was the dominant force directing the collector's hand. Tennyson and Whittier and Adelaide Proctor have been forced into the service without asking leave of the musicians. The collector has modestly slipped in four or five of his own compositions, none of which perhaps have been able to pass beyond the limitations of this collection. The collection has become a curiosity and has only archeological interest to the hymnologist, but the word of preface is still interesting and significant. It may well be laid before every Committee whose business it is to compile a hymn-book for the future. Nothing is more significant in connection with organized religion than the recognition of these principles on the part of hymn-book makers, the advance made along these lines by all the churches when they come to sing. Henry Ward Beecher was wont to say "there is no heresy in the hymn-book." Had he lived to this day he would be delighted to note how rapidly the hymn-books are being expurgated of obsolete theology, the other-worldliness and the pious damnations that used to characterize the old collecters. UNITY is glad to give our old friend and colleague editorial space to speak to a larger audience the words written over thirty-five years ago, but which are timely and prophetic:

"This collection of Hymns includes a fair number of such religious songs as express or imply the purely Theistic conception of God. Care has been taken to exclude such as are burdened with other-worldliness, or with backward-looking into a region of ecclesiastical mythology. Equal care has been exercised to avoid such verse as implies that dissatisfaction expressed for this life, or yearning for another, constitutes an element of piety. The true life, here sung, is that of an immediate and daily walk with God; the child with the father, full of trust, hope and gratitude.

"Recognizing the present life as not a pilgrimage, but as the real home of the soul: man as no way fallen, but as the very hopeful child of God; the world as no way an evil thing, but as the good gift of God; these hymns sing along our way in church and in field, at prayer and at work, helping us to that peace which comes only by an honorable discharge of our daily duties."

Bryan

The reason offered for the recent Secretary of State's withdrawing from the Cabinet, because he could not sign the second state paper sent to Germany, which was a much milder document, touched with a more pacific spirit than the first one which he did sign, hardly seems a sufficient cause for the drastic step taken. It could not help being a serious and an undeserved embarrassment to President Wilson, whose position, at best, is a most trying one and his conduct and attitude under severest analysis, is one of commendable dignity, consistency and power.

This act of Mr. Bryan is one more of the many illustrations of his capacity for blundering, judging from the standpoint of the politician, or even the astute statesman.

Still W. J. Bryan is THE BRYAN who has been a candidate for the Presidency three times, who made one president and has helped unmake several and is, even now, a power to be reckoned with, not only in the politics of the Democratic Party but also in the future development of the country. He is the layman who persists in preaching, and who, while one of the most popular of orators on the American platform

today, has projected his personality far beyond the widest reach of his tongue or pen. No man in public life has been more persistently cartooned and buffooned than Mr. Bryan. No man has been more often successfully "refuted" and mercilessly ridiculed. It has been quite safe for every editor, from the penny-a-liner reporters on flippant dailies to the stately "bosses" in state and national affairs, to "dispose" of Mr. Bryan. Still he is a man respected by his neighbors and honored in many ways by people who are neither foolish nor corrupt. How is this gigantic paradox in American public life to be explained?

First, because of his transparent honesty. His thinking may be illogical, even incoherent, but he says what he thinks and says it forcibly. His thinking may not be "consistent," he has apparently changed his mind many times. He has taken back his own words with a frankness that commands the respect of his opponents. Whatever may be said of Bryan, it must ever remain true that he has carried his heart upon his sleeve for the American people. He has done much honest thinking on high questions and has reported the same with phenomenal frankness and power.

In the second place, he has been right, as we think, on four out of five great questions, not only in American politics but also in the civilization of the twentieth century, which has been so severely tried and has been found so profoundly wanting. He has been on the minority side of these movements which are steadily moving forward into the majority, namely: the woman question, the drink question, the war question and, perhaps, so far as any man can be right in a partisan way, on the tariff question, a question with which only a non-partisan, long continued, expert commission can properly grapple. There is but one other question of great importance concerning which this great commoner has not spoken with what would seem his characteristic promptness, bluntness and apparent indifference to consequences, and that is the irrepressible race question and prejudice of color.

What the future place of Bryan in American politics will be does not appear. He has so often successfully "Killed Himself!" according to the consensus of editors, that it would be rash to predict that after this one more effectual case of political suicide he is to remain dead.

There are plenty of editors to dispose of Bryan, plenty of reformers to distrust him, plenty of shyster politicians and well ordered bosses to throw stones at him. UNITY prefers to admire his frankness, to recognize his power, which has in it a large element of honest thinking, forcibly stated, concerning current problems which are themselves shifting, changing, growing problems.

Deploring whatever of embarrassment his recent action may have brought to an administration that deserves to be steadied and strengthened by all the peace loving citizens it possesses, we persist in believing still in both Bryan and Wilson. They are, both of them, now standing in the haze, but when the mist is lifted it will be found that William Jennings Bryan's uncompromising attitude against militarism, his belief that the safety of the United States lies in its unarmed power, that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between the reign of the bullet and the reign of the ballot, that justice and reason applied to international affairs and administered by competent courts and international officials have need of few battleships; that the peace of nations, aye, the safety of the United States, is not to come through submarines or aeroplanes charged with destruction, but by neutralizing the air and water, internationalizing all ports, canals and narrow passages, the re-writing of the international code, supplanting the old theory of the antagonism of interests as being the normal relations of nations by the new theory of the community of interests and preserving the sanctity of the present boundaries subject only to the changes demanded by the will of the people is still prophetic, standing for things that are to be.

Bryan is still a man to be watched! He has not spoken his last word and it is not time to speak the last word about him!

The Books We Read

The free libraries tempt us to reach too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion, and becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice, or a mania; it is certainly a disease.

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Harper's "Easy Chair."

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

(*Continued*)

In 1884 William James publishes his first book, not on Psychology nor Philosophy, but on "The Literary Remains of Henry James; Edited with an Introduction." Mr. Putman says of his first book: "All those who wish to gain insight into the evolution of Prof. James's mind, by noting the influences that were early at work upon him, should read this admirable volume. The theology there defended is sufficiently simple and sufficiently well adapted for men's needs to have commanded James's respect, and both the character of the sentiments and the splendid language of the father strongly reminded one of the son's thought and style." While speaking of the father's religion, we may keep ourselves reminded at this point, that throughout all this period of his life William James was a fairly regular attendant at Appleton Chapel in the Harvard Yard. Apart from the indirect service which the teachings of this man have rendered to religion and religiousness in the world, there appears to have been in him more than is usually supposed of real personal faith that directly went forth from him in helpfulness. In a few words at the funeral of a dear friend, he said, "Good-bye, then, old friend, in that wider world of being, of which this little world of being forms so infinitesimal a part, we may be sure that our spirits and their missions here will continue in some way to be represented, and that ancient human loves will never lose their own." For all that has been said of the blighting effect of his Pragmatism on religion by those who cannot be said to have appreciated the depth of James's views of it, there is much in it that has given and yet will give new vigor and fresh youth to the religion of men and women. No better title has ever been given to him than "William James: Life-Helper." "I confess that I do not see," he writes, "why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which anyone of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself may draw vital energy and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this." He tried up to the very last,—read his books and hear what his friends say,—to help men think that they had a right to believe in immortality if they cared to, that science could not say them nay, even if it could not affirm."

In the year 1890, when he was forty-eight years old, he published the book that first gave him his world-wide reputation and gave him the permanent place that he will always hold in the history of Psychology. It was written for the most part during a trip to Europe, and on publication it proved to be an immense success. There was recognition everywhere of its great value. The English Psychologist wrote, "Prof. James, a true American, for all his European sympathies, has done 'the big thing.'" James seemed to be as much surprised as anyone. He had not taken special pains, he said, to make a monumental work. Two years later he issued the "Briefer Psychology," thereby spreading in this country the reputation which he now possessed among the scholars of Europe. The little essay on "Habit" has become a classic and has been issued separately.

One of the results of his book-making that must have pleased and helped him was the financial returns. He was one of the few scientific writers whose works were a source of revenue. On the income from the "Psychology" and "The Talks to Teachers" he made several trips to Europe.

If we keep to any kind of chronology in this article we ought to mention at this point that in March, 1890, there appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* his article on "What Psychical Research has Accomplished," or rather part of it appeared in this magazine, and part two years later in the *Forum,* and a third part was made of the material which he used in his presidential address before the Society for Psychical Research in 1896. Then in 1891 his "Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life" appeared in the *International Journal of Ethics.* It had previously been delivered before the Yale Philosophical Society.

In 1892 we find him and his family in Florence for the winter after having spent the summer in Switzerland. He thus amusingly describes their housekeeping in a letter to Mr. Putman:

"If we can escape freezing this winter the retrospect next spring will doubtless be a good one. Our apartment is snug, clean and sunny, and though devoid of every 'domestic convenience' except one stop-cock and a hearth in the kitchen some ten feet by six, it seems a place in which housekeeping can go on. Our cook, Raphaello, with whom we converse by means of raw Latin roots without terminations seems nevertheless to grasp our meanings and evolve very savory dinners out of the nudity of his workshop. I ought to say that we have a big Bernese governess, who looks like Luther in his more corpulent days, and knowing more Italian than we do, has been quite useful as an interpretess. But her appetites are ungovernable, she has no tact and we shall have little use for her when the boys go to school, so we shall say farewell and give her a recommendation to some full-blooded family."

So far we have said very little about his children. This man, without autobiography or biography at present, has very little to tell. The only book which seems to mention them is the "Principles of Psychology," which, as we have seen, was written about twelve years after his marriage. Again and again we are made to think of Darwin's volume on the study of emotion in men and animals, from the many references which show that he also studied and experimented with his babies. Here, for example, is the story of one such experiment. It appears in the chapter on Instinct, and is in illustration of his belief that the fear of vermin ripens gradually. In proof thereof he says:

"I gave a live frog once to a child of my own at the age of from six to eight months, and again when he was a year and a half old. The first time he seized it promptly, and holding it in spite of its struggling, at last got its head into its mouth. He then let it crawl up his breast, and get upon his face, without showing alarm. But the second time, although he had seen no frog and heard no story of a frog meanwhile, it was almost impossible to induce him to touch it. Another child a year old, eagerly took some very large spiders into his hand. At present he is afraid, but has been exposed meanwhile to the teachings of the nursery."

He goes on to tell of his baby girl of eight months showing no fear of a pug dog, but developing a great fear afterward. In quite a few passages of this first great book of his, reference to his children may be

found. In the chapter on Perception, where he tries to show that every new experience must be disposed of under some old head, his illustration is from his child of two, who called his first orange a ball, his first eggs, potatoes, and his first folding pocket corkscrew "bad scissors."

Either before going to Florence or on his return he was asked by the Harvard corporation to give a few lectures on Psychology to the teachers of Cambridge. These were afterward, in 1899, published in book form under the now familiar title of "Talks to Teachers." During this same busy year of 1892 he found time to issue the "Briefer Psychology as a text book. At this time also he gave up the directorship of the Psychological Laboratory and began to show growing interest in general philosophy and less in experimental psychology.

The years pass very quickly after each other now, so far as data is concerned at the disposal of one who never met William James. In 1893 he received his first foreign degree, that from Padua, which we noted above. Two years later we have the appearance of his address on "Is Life Worth Living?" which was first given before the Harvard Y. M. C. A., and after being published later in the *International Journal of Ethics,* Mr. S. B. Weston issued it as a pocket volume. The year following, 1896, he gives his famous essay on "The Will to Believe" before the Philosophical Clubs of Yale and Brown universities, and in June it is published in the *New World.* It seems to have been published the following year with other essays. During 1896 he also gave the Shaw Oration in the Boston Music Hall, at the unveiling of the Shaw monument, which can be read today in his "Memories and Studies." The first lecture printed in this volume, on Louis Agassiz, was given this year. In 1898 came the Ingersoll lecture on "Immortality." In 1899, when "Talks to Teachers" is published, we become first aware of his seriously impaired health, due, it is said, in the first place to over-exertion in the Adirondacks. A weakness of his heart made it needful for him to secure a leave of absence from Harvard during the years of 1899 to 1901. It was at this time that he went to Nauheim, to which Mr. Putman made reference earlier. From this time on till he retired from Harvard, he was never able to give again more than a single course a year, and it is said that even this was done with a "keen sense of his physical limitations." Yet for all this, it must appear to the mass of men that his really productive period began with this year. Leisure from regular professorial duties gave him time for more reading and writing, and thus so far as the non-collegiate world went, it appeared that he was busier than ever. In 1899 he was called to give the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh, but his health forbade his accepting at that time; but it did not forbid his preparation of the lectures, so for a whole year he was busy on the data which was to form the book which, next to his "Principles of Psychology," or perhaps even equally with it, was to make his reputation lasting: "The Varieties of Religious Experience." Those who have read the book will remember the vast amount of material from all manner of sources that he gathered together. One of the things to which attention ought to be called, so characteristic is it of him, is the honest and modest way he had of acknowledging his debts to other men and books. A long preface, full of the usual literary acknowledgments, does not satisfy this man. An effective illustration taken from Guido Reni's picture of St. Michael in the Louvre has the following footnote: "I owe this allegorical illustration to my lamented colleague and friend, Charles Carroll Everett." All of his works are the same in this respect: "The Crillon quotation on page 62 is due to Mr. W. M. Salter, who employed it in a similar manner in the *Index* for August 24, 1882; and the dream metaphor on page 174 is a reminiscence of some novel of George Sands,—I forget which,—read by me some thirty years ago." Most of us would acknowledge our indebtedness for some bright passage or position advocated, but when William James quotes from the "Life and Journal of the Rev. Mr. Henry Alline of Boston," he has to add as a footnote: "I owe my acquaintance with this book to my colleague, Dr. Benjamin Rand." If he found a very good example of something he was teaching, he would write for permission to print it, even though he was not intending to mention names. ""Here is an excellent example," he writes in his chapter on 'The Sick Soul,' for permission to print which I have to thank the sufferer."

In 1892 he was able to deliver his Gifford Lectures, and by the originality of his method and the importance of his presentation of religious facts, he found himself a leader of religious thinkers and his name possessing a permanent place in the history of religious thought. Probably the feature which average men and women will remember longest of this book is the successful manner in which he uses all kinds of religious experience, and gives to the most obscure saints and to cranks who would never have been heard of the full recognition which their experience seems to warrant. Prof. Royce says, "World-renowned saints of the historic church receive his hearty sympathy; but they stand upon an equal footing in his esteem with many an obscure and ignorant revivalist, with faith healers, with poets, with sages, with heretics, with men that wander about in all sorts of sheep skins and goat skins, with chance correspondents of his own, with whomsoever you will, of whom the world was not and is not worthy, but who, by inner experience, had obtained the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

James is always a sharer of his feasts and his friends. If a new book comes to his notice and it is worth while, he wants to draw atention to it. When Boutroux came to this country and his lectures at Harvard were not well attended, the fact becomes an article by James in *The Nation.* In 1895 he quotes from a book called "The Flaw of Supremacy," by one Paul Benjamin Blood of Amsterdam, N. Y. He is used again in his Gifford Lectures, and then, in case the world should still ignore this writer and forget his originality, he must write about him in the *Hibbert Journal* a few months before his death. It was this same spirit of modest and generous interest in others that helped to lead him toward the end of his life to almost call a younger man,—Henri Bergson,—his master. The simple blunt fact of human life always gave value and importance to men and women in the eyes of James; his democratic heart could not give any importance to the more frequently mentioned superficial distinctions. Once in earlier

days, in Vienna, he says that he had a feeling of awe and reverence in looking at the peasant women in from the country, on their business at the market for the day:

"Old hags, many of them were dried and brown and wrinkled, kerchiefed and short-petticoated, with thick wool stockings on their bony shanks, stumping through the glittering thoroughfares, looking neither to the right nor the left, bent on duty, envying nothing, humble hearted and remote;—and yet, at bottom, when you came to think of it, bearing the whole fabric of the splendors and corruptions of that city on their laborious backs. For where would any of it had been without their unremitting and unrewarded toil in the fields. And so with us, not our generals and poets, I thought, but to the Italian and Hungarian laborers in the subway rather ought the monuments of gratitude and reverence of a city like Boston to be reared."

With an uncommon though true scientific spirit, it has been well remarked, William James was unwilling to treat lightly any data whatever which might seem to have any significance.

We are now treating of the days within six years of his death. From this time on he was a kind of philosopher at large, giving addresses and writing many articles, some of them of the popular kind that found willing readers all over the English speaking world. In 1903 Harvard gave him his LL.D, though only three months previously he had written his protest against degrees in the *Harvard Monthly*. His speech at the dinner on the day on which he received the honor will not soon be forgotten. "The true Harvard," he told them, "was the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth seeking and independent and often solitary sons. . . . The day when Harvard will stamp a single hard and fast type of character upon her children, will be that of her downfall. Our undisciplinables are our proudest product."

The important dates from now on include such scholastic events as the following: In 1904 he gave the address on "Peace" at the International Peace Congress; in May of this year an address on Francis Boott in Harvard Chapel; in July, his article on Herbert Spencer's Autobiography appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1905 we find him again in Italy, and to this same year belongs his article in *McClure's* on Thomas Davidson, which was probably written while he was at Nauheim, for his first intimation of the death of his friend comes to him in a copy of the Paris edition of *The New York Herald*. Having recruited his health by his stay in Europe, he comes home to take up the work of Acting Professor of Leland Stanford Jr. University in California. The address that he gave at that university on Founder's Day can be now read in his "Memories and Studies." While here, of course, he experienced the terrible earthquake, to which reference was made earlier in this writing. Toward the end of the year, on the 28th of December, as the President of the American Philosophical Association, he gave his somewhat famous address on the "Energies of Men." It spread from coast to coast by word of mouth and printed page, and everywhere men and women began to take new courage and hope in life. The address was afterward reprinted, with some slight alterations, in *The American Magazine*. But in 1907 his name was again being heard on the lips of men who had not taken thought of him before, for at this time he began his Lowell Lectures on Pragmatism. They were repeated at Columbia University and then published. This same year he retired from Harvard University. Attending this retirement, a subscription was started to place his portrait on the walls of the college. A dinner was held some three years later in the house of Prof. James to celebrate its completion. The painting was by Miss Ellen Emmett of New York, and it can be seen today in the Faculty Room of University Hall. His address on the "Social Value of the College Bred" was given in November of this year before the Association of the American Alumni and was afterward published in *McClure's Magazine*. In the spring of 1908 he is again abroad giving the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford University, which were afterward published as "The Pluralistic Universe." But all through 1907, in the midst of much pain and suffering, he was kept busy with letters and articles defending and explaining his book on "Pragmatism." Many of these letters and articles were gathered together about this time and published under the title of "The Meaning of Truth: A Sequel to Pragmatism." But the days were getting fewer and he knew it, for he had followed with care all the progress of his disease and knew how dangerous a condition his life was in. But he still had articles in the magazines. *The American Magazine* now printed his "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher." He was sure that his twenty-five years of interest in the subject was drawing to a close. The Association for International Conciliation asked him to give them an article on Peace, which shall gather up some of his best and most important views on the subject, and he writes the essay, so well known now, "The Moral Equivalent of War.' The beginnings of his thought along this kind of emphasis will be seen by his readers in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," where he makes the vow of poverty a moral equivalent. *McClure's* and *The Popular Science Monthly* both published this essay afterward. His last article was on Paul Benjamin Blood, which appeared in the *Hibbert Journal*. With all these last things appearing, it was not unnatural that his philosophical friends should get after him, to have him write a careful and systematic work on Philosophy as he had done years previously on Psychology, and during his last months this was his constant work. For several years he had cherished the idea of doing this, but he did not begin the actual writing of his "Introductory Text Book for Students in Metaphysics," as he once called it, till March, 1909. It was his dearest ambition to finish it. And though illness often interfered, he worked hard at it. When he went abroad that last year, he took it with him and worked at it on the boat. After his death two type-written manuscripts of the unfinished work were found. In a memorandum dated July 26, 1910, in which he directed the publication of the manuscript, he wrote:

"Say it is fragmentary and unrevised."

"Call it a 'Beginning to an Introduction to Philosophy'; say that I hoped by it to round out my system, which now is too much like an arch built only on one side."

This fragment can now be bought and it is worth possessing, and it has been called, "Some Problems of Philosophy."

About the middle of August he returned to America and his death occurred the following week at the little country village of Chocorua, in New Hampshire, after a severe attack of heart failure. His body had long been the inefficient instrument of his ardent spirit and now it had to be laid aside, with sixty-eight years of wonderful work completed.

American Poetry*

The last ten years have marked a very decided change in the value of American poetry. At the beginning of this period poetry had reached its lowest ebb in the history of America. The verses were those so often characterized as "magazinable," printed and written as fillers. Poets who published volumes of verse were usually obliged to do so at their own expense, and could not hope for a large market, because the public was not induced to care for poetry. It was seemingly dead to the voices of its poets, and the effect was bad both upon the poets and the public. Our poets *are* our seers,—the men and women who see more clearly than the others and who can voice the visions that they see. At no time more than in the complexity of the present age have we needed poetry. During the last ten years, however, a tremendous change has taken place. America is awaking to its poets, and at the call of public appreciation poet after poet has come into recognition, till we not only do not feel that it is humiliating to compare the output of verse in America with that in England, but we feel confident that a greater poetic age is dawning here. It is the poets of America who have risen most nobly to the crisis of the present war, and with eyes unblinded by its issues have sung with deep visioning. Among the most potent of the influences which have brought about the poetic awakening in America has been the untiring work in the cause of poetry which has been done by William Stanley Braithwaite. Himself a poet of no mean pretensions, Mr. Braithwaite has possessed the clear insight of the critic and has devoted himself to the cause of native verse, often at the expense of his own poetic output. For ten years he has annually made a searching study of the leading American magazines, carefully weighing the poetry which they have printed, and he has published a review of this in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. So wide has become the appreciation of this work and what it has meant to American poetry, that the public has demanded that these reviews, together with his *Anthology of Magazine Verse*, containing what in his judgment is the most significant of the poetry of the year, should be embodied in more permanent form, and for this reason now for the second time a book has prepared which is a distinct event in American poetic annals.

In the present volume, just published, even wider scope has been given to his achievement by the addition of tables of the volumes of poetry published during the year, with a brief summary of each, a list of the best ten volumes of verse for a small library, the best twenty-five volumes of verse for a larger library, and supplementary facts in regard to poetry for larger libraries. This addition makes the book a very fitting year book of American poetry and cannot help acting as a great spur to poetic activity in the entire country. It is the good fortune of Mr. Braithwiate to be able in these annual reviews to draw public attention to magazine verse and also volumes of poetry, which in his keen critical judgment it seems that the public should notice, and which often, if the author is not well known, receive scant appreciation. Thus in this volume he has called especial attention to the work of a new poet, E. Sutton, who in the past year has published three martial poems of distinction. He reiterates what he expressed last year in regard to the fine quality of the work of Mahlon Leonard Fisher, a poet who has not yet published a volume of verse, but whose first book is soon to appear. It is also his opportunity here to speak of the exceeding excellence of the lyrics of Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, a poet who has been known to us previously through her dramas and through a few scattered magazine lyrics. Mrs. Dargan's is one of the significant volumes of poetry of the present season.

Nothing is more striking, even were we without the assurance of Mr. Braithwaite himself, than the superior quality of the verse of the present year over what has been gathered from the magazines in past years. As the basis for his observations Mr. Braithwaite has selected the seven leading magazines of former years, *Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, The Forum, Lippincott's, The Smart Set,* and *The Bellman.* He has added to these this year three new monthlies and one quarterly, *The Trend, The International, The Masses* and *The Yale Review.* He has selected one poem each from the following magazines: *The Metropolitan, The Craftsman, The Poetry Journal, The Southern Woman's Magazine, Puck* and *The Infantry Journal,* and two from each of the following: *Poetry, The Nation, The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Outlook.* In addition he has selected poems from the following newspapers: The *Boston Evening Transcript, The Boston News Bureau,* and the New York *Evening Sun.* In the case of each of the magazines he has worked out a very interesting average, based upon the total number of poems printed and the number which he has found worthy of being called distinctive. This is of especial importance because of the light which it sheds upon the real value of the contribution to the permanent poetry of the nation, which each of the periodicals has made. Thus we find that while *The Smart Set* published 148 poems, only 18 of these were considered by the critic distinctive, as against 23 distinctive poems in *The Bellman* out of 42 printed, or in the case of the 71 poems in *The Century* in the past year, only 19 were selected as worthy of this appreciation, while 13 of the 33 poems in *The Forum* are on his distinctive list, and out of a total of 19 poems in *The Yale Review* 10 are credited in this manner. Thus we see from the table of his average that *The Bellman, The Forum* and *The Yale Review* are considered the most successful of the magazines in respect to the quality of the verse which has appeared in their pages. No rating of *The Yale Review* has been made before the present year, but in looking back we see that *The Bellman* and *The Forum* have been mentioned before for the high quality of their verse. Eighty-two of what he considers the most distinctive of the poems of the year are published in the *Magazine Anthology,* thus collecting the very best of the entire poetical output of the country into compact form.

As we pass from the question of the larger purpose of the book to the more intimate detail of its make up, we are particularly struck by the large number of long poems contained in it. A few years ago it was an understood fact that no poet could hope to bring his more ambitious achievements to the public notice save

* *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Year Book of American Poetry.* By William Stanley Braithwaite, Cambridge, Mass.; published by the author.

through the pages of his own volumes. Here, however, we have the *Phi Beta Kappa Poem* of Bliss Carman (*The Forum*), *Romance* by Conrad Aiken (*The Poetry Journal*), *Old Fairingdown* by Olive Tilford Dargan (*Scribner's*), Percy MacKaye's *Fight* (*The Outlook*) and Vachel Lindsey's *The Fireman's Ball* in *Poetry*, as representative of the new tendency of the magazines to find place for the really serious verse. A lyric is the inspiration many times of a happy moment and by the turn of a phrase may come from a haphazard pen, but from the longer poems which express more fully the vision of the author, it is easier for us to judge in respect to an author's actual achievement. The long series of *Sonnets* by Arthur Davison Ficke, some of them representing a very high degree of excellence, which appeared in *The Forum*, are another evidence of the attitude of editors toward more sustained work.

Each year in Mr. Braithwaite's review, it has been of especial interest to observe what poem he has chosen as first in rank in his magazine anthology, and we recall the year when he had the opportunity to award this praise to George Edward Woodberry's "Comrades," a poem which must continue to stand in the forefront of Mr. Woodberry's work. This year he has given precedence to "The Flirt,' by Amelia Josephine Burr, and we feel very ready to agree with him in his estimate of the lyric appeal and the vital and impelling impression which are gained from the poem. There are many other poems which give evidence of the scope and variety of Mr. Braithwaite's appreciation, even as his ready acceptance of the *vers libre* assures us that he is actuated in his choice by no narrow dictates of preconceived ideas. Of the better known poets, we have the "Phi Beta Kappa Poem" of Bliss Carman's as well as the little song, "The Deserted Pasture," which recalls vividly the "Songs from Vagabondia," "Jewel Weed," by Florence Earle Coates, "Eros Turannos," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and poems from Percy MacKaye, Clinton Scollard, Witter Bynner (whose new book, "The Little King,—Mitchell Kennerly—shows the widening scope of this poet's achievement), George Sterling, Madison Cawein, Amelia Josephine Burr and Richard Le Gallienne. Walter Conrad Arensburg is represented by several poems, and two of the foremost of the present day singers, James Oppenheim and Louis Untermeyer, speak nobly the voice of the new age in poetry. Arthur Davison Ficke has shown a decided growth in power in his Sonnet in *The Forum*, but no poet shows a more distinct advance in attainment than does Percy MacKaye in the surer utterance of this volume, particularly in the war sonnets which appeared originally in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. The entire list of poems is singularly promising and well repays the labors of the critic in their selection.

The first decade of Mr. Braithwaite's work as a creative critic has passed, and the change which the ten years have wrought in the attitude toward American poetry has been very great. To this change Mr. Braithwaite's work has certainly done much to contribute. Every year has seen the scope of his annual review taking on larger and more significant form until at the present date we have the "Year Book of American Poetry," the precursor of what we hope may be a series of books of ever widening influence, which shall redound at once to the credit of American poetry and to an appreciation of the large work which has already placed Mr. Braithwaite in the foremost rank of our critics in the opinion of both America and of England.

Dorothea Lawrence Mann.

From The Forum, February, 1915.

Sincerity

There is a quality which makes human life eternally worth while, and universally commanding. That quality, I need scarcely explain, is *sincerity*. In this quality our age is lamentably deficient. There are so many who yield to the base desire to win the applause of the multitude rather than to be controlled by the burning ambition to be true to their ideals.

A distinguished writer in the April *Forum* confessed, without blushing, that he wrote (not what was true) but what the editors wanted and for the money they gave him. Now, I maintain there can be no greatness, no nobleness, no real interest in life without sincerity. This quality is essential in literature, in art, in politics, in business, in work, in the home, in friendship, in religion. And by sincerity I mean that one shall be true to oneself—true to his ideals and true to his work; sincere in his sentiments and in his speech, in his emotional aspirations and in his intellectual achievements. To be sincere should be the aim of poet, painter, author, teacher, minister, the daily workman or the draft horse or milch cow of the family. One will not, if sincere, commercialize his gifts or his culture; he will not pander to the lower appetites of the masses or the whims of the rich. For one should be sincere in his entire being, in his faiths and in his doubts, if he has them, in his optimism and in his pessimism.

I do not mean in showing how vital, how essential sincerity is, that it should stand alone, be elevated into a dogma, or made the substitute for faculties or gifts. In the poet or author, for example, there must be the psychological touch, the sense of beauty, the original phrase, an apotheosis of color, movement and melody. He must have a wide vision, and the illumination of an inner beauty. He must have that charm which comes from the use of melodious words, simple scenes and harmonious settings. But I aver that insincerity vitiates, degrades these high gifts. He is already degraded who sells his independent thought, or lowers his ideals for the dollar. Every insincerity is a nail ill-driven, a door ill-hung, a garment ill-sewed or a line ill-traced. Any man loses who descends to the bizarre, the sensational, the theatrical, the rhetorical.

If we study those poets and teachers of bygone times whom we love, whose words still have the bloom upon them, for example: Aeschylus, Plato, Jesus, Milton, Pascal, Rousseau, Emerson, Whitman, Stevenson, we shall find that first of all they were sincere. They did not need to study what Voltaire calls "*le grand art de plaire,*" the grand art of pleasing, for their transparency, their spontaneity gave infinite charm.

I am glad to say that those writers who today set the pace, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Lowes Dickinson, H. G. Wells, Henry M. Alden, write not for effect, but to voice their profoundest convictions.

Believe me, to be insincere is to do oneself and probably many others—a moral injury; but an uncompromising insincerity will lead us out of every labyrinth, it will in the end be fatal even to luxury and the life of idleness. To pretend, to be false, is man's wisdom, sincerity is God's.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The Things Which Unite

In death they were not divided; in the grave there was peace. We have the picture of an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German, all mortally wounded, yet each consoling the other through the last moments of their common agony. We have, too, the picture of the British officer decorated for the same act with the Victoria Cross and the Iron Cross, dying, too, with his decorations on him, because he carried an accidentally wounded German doctor back into the German lines. Such incidents should surely convince us that the things which unite us must prevail over all else. But what are those things? Not merely a refraining from ambitions, from hatreds, from jealousies. Europe will never cease from war until she finds something better to do. That better business is neither trade nor philosophy, nor even art, though it may include all these. It is, in one word, sacrifice; the modern equivalent of that adventurous altruism which made of St. Francis, St. Elizabeth, of Florence Nightingale, John Howard and David Livingstone an inspiration to the world. The courage of goodness must outshine the courage of battle. The alternative to Nietsche and Bernhardi is not Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. It is a Wesley, a Luther, a Savonarola, a Tolstoy. A sterner war even than this war must be declared, if that demoniac violence is to be exorcised which has already rent our civilization into fragments. *Philip Whitwell Wilson.*

From Goodwill (London).

THE WIND

The Wind that made the meadows dance,
Came whistling through the glade,
And all the little birch-trees laughed
And twinkled in the shade;
He tossed a red leaf in my hair,
Caressed each slim young tree,
And left the garden all agog
With gay expectancy.

Today the Wind came back again,—
He marched like men at war,
And dust and leaves and frightened birds
Came hurrying before;
He tramped the meadows under foot,
He whipped the trees to shreds,
And oh, the havoc that he wrought
Among my garden beds!

Next time the Wind comes whistling by—
So airily polite—
I'll run and tell my lady trees
To bind their tresses tight;—
I'll send a warning to the brook,
I'll bid the rain-crow shout,
And every garden sentinel
Shall hang storm-signals out!

—*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

"Harper's Magazine."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXI.
The Sermon on the Mount:—*Second Lesson*
Mrs. Charles D. Steele, Leader

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Matthew vii:9.

In all ages, students of the Sermon on the Mount have been struck not only by its ethical value, but by the tremendous amount of literary art, the clarity with which ideas are presented and the skill shown in the condensation. Combined with the richest poetic fancy is an acute and penetrating understanding, not merely speaking of the literary form of the Greek, or of the logical sequence of Matthew's account, but of the inherent literary value of the separate fragments. There was a great gain for oral deliveries in these classics. They could be easily understood by an ordinary concourse of uneducated people, and they were so condensed that they could not fail to make a profound impression. In oral teaching it is easy to become trivial or trite in appealing to the masses, and the effort to make pointed, pithy statements results too often in a stilted, stiff utterance without developing any real meaning. So people who understand the difficulties of that sort of teaching continually marvel at the literary power there is in this sermon.

A teacher preaching by the wayside would naturaly and inevitably repeat himself, which might account for the slight discrepancies in the different gospel accounts. We find the sermon in its most complete form in Matthew, which gives us the best basis for analysis.

The first division gives the scenic description. Matthew: "On seeing the crowds of people Jesus went up the hill." Luke: "Afterward Jesus came down the hill with them and took his stand on a level place." As the sermon was not given as a whole, two events were probably referred to.

With the Beatitudes might be included the description of the kind of people who were to be included in the Kingdom. "The salt of the earth," "the light of the world."

In the third division Jesus said, "Do not think I have come to do away with the law and the prophets," resenting the idea that he was revolutionary, and implying that he simply followed out the line of thought handed down through the ages. In this section he contrasts the old conception with what he wishes to present. "Ye have heard that it hath been said," but to the old law concerning murder, adultery, etc., he gives a deeper moral significance. Luke does not need to refer to the old law he wrote for the Gentiles, but for Matthew, writing for the Jews working in Palestine, where Jewish thought had been so strongly developed, it would be most important. In a truly magnificent way the Jews had clung to their ancestral religion through the ages, though dominated by Greek

culture and learning. They had practically lost their political independency long before, but had developed a peculiar adaptability and showed themselves susceptible to outside influences. In spite of this adaptability they had clung to their old ideas, strongly expressed in the tendency to crystallize the Old Testament into a canonized form. Practically one source of inspiration for scholars and the one source of education, the influence of the Old Testament had been overwhelming. It was the national treasure house of religious inspiration. With whatever purpose it was studied it could not fail to bring inspiration into the life of the people. On the other hand the fact that the canon became fixed, set the stream of religious thought into a very narrow channel. Since it was the one source of thought and instruction, it was necessary that it should be observed and understood. Developing as it did through hundreds of years under differing conditions and by differing purposes, it would inevitably contain much conflicting material which had to be reconciled and explained.

But while the external form became stationary the real thought and life of the people did not. It clashed continually with the prevailing theological belief, resulting in an ingenious system of sophistry and falsehood which, instead of making the path to right living clear, caused the greatest confusion and extension of the law, subsidiary details becoming equal to the law.

This limitation of the source of inspiration applied to the actual fixing of the New Testament Canon did have exactly the same effect. The marvelous Jesuit system might serve as an illustration. Upon it has been expended infinite thought, study and detail. Starting with the absolute inspiration of the scriptures, with the most relentless logic they have worked out a system with not a hole in it, their philosophy being so complicated that few people can master it. Of the many who join the Jesuit Brotherhoods very few are able to take any but the lowest orders. Only a clear mind and devoted life can accomplish the higher.

Wealthy and prominent Catholics all over the world have sent their sons to Geneva, Switzerland, to be educated, and of all the brilliant youth there educated very seldom is any originality developed. In fact no innovation or freedom of thought is tolerated.

The English accuse the United States, with its State and National Constitutions, of having completely crystallized its susceptibility to growth. This might be true if it were a closed canon, but it *can* be amended.

Another sidelight on or result of a "closed canon" is seen in the rise of the Pseudepigrapha and Apocrypha. As all authority lay in the old books, to ascribe the new literature to the old authorship would give it standing.

While the Pharisaic scribes often exerted a baneful influence, many of them, Paul for instance, were undoubtedly sincere. Two other sects or "schools" were prominent at this time, the Essenes and Sadduces. The Essenes very ascetic as to ethics, with a transcendental idea of their relation to God, Quaker-like in attitude toward swearing; not merely an oath, but every word should be inviolate. The Sadducees, with a lifeless rationalism had little sensibility toward spiritual truth. The usual Pharisaic idea was that a duty of form or ritual in the temple would take precedence of the needs of a dying neighbor.

Against all this exaggeration, hypocrisy and pretense, and to show their fallacy and limitations, Jesus directed his teaching. He continually contrasted personal observance with external observance. With praying in public in many words, he contrasts the Lord's Prayer, not using the Gloria, "For thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory for ever," which was probably added in the third or fourth century by some of the early Fathers.

The teaching of Jesus never was brought by him into a single doctrine. He never seemed to have any idea of planting a systematic philosophy. But ever since his time the students of ethics have been busy with the material he gave us, and His parables and Sermon on the Mount have crowned all philosophy.

Students have classified ethics under three departments, the one ideal, the end and aim of all moral action, virtue, or the formation of character, and the animating force of virtue, duty, the prescribed path of virtue. In this sermon Jesus uses the expression, "the Kingdom of Heaven," or, in the other gospels "the Kingdom of God," as we would use the ideal, the animating end and aim of everything. The phrase used to represent duty in the Old Testament is "the way" and in the early Christian communities the members were often called "Followers of the way." The ethics of the Greek world, though to our mind lacking, at that time had been carefully worked out by their philosophers. To the pagan the idea of happiness was the final goal,—the ideal. To Aristotle and other masters of philosophy, the acquiring of individual virtue was not an aim in itself, but a necessity of the state. Individual virtue was development merely as a means of growing power for the State. In modern times we resent the Aristotle idea and believe that personal virtue has inherent worth.

Jesus did not say in so many words that his was the ultimate ideal. Very fortunately he put no restriction about it, and to determine it is the most important function for every person to perform, and there is no time too early to begin. Our ideals should increase as our conceptions increase. Carlyle said that the first question in the Presbyterian Catechism stayed with him all through life, "What is the chief end of man?" and we, none of us, would admit today that happiness is the chief end.

Jesus laid stress on purity of motive, a sincere attitude of mind and appreciation rather than actual practice. He laid emphasis on the virtues of love, forgiveness, compliance and helpfulness rather than on the more masculine virtues of courage, wisdom, temperance and justice, which had been so over exalted by older philosophers.

As a closing thought, Jesus taught that the attainment of this ideal, this "end," is something that may be missed. "What good will it do a man to gain the whole world, if he forfeits his life?" (Twentieth Century New Testament.) Or, as in our revised version, "What shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life?"

(1) Could the Sermon on the Mount be interpreted as revolutionary?

(2) Do you find in it any new philosophy of life?

(3) Write an estimate of its literary value.

(4) Discuss the result of a "closed Canon" in any line of thought and give an illustration.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God.

MON.—The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee.

TUES.—Oh, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear.

WED.—God will not make himself manifest to cowards.

THURS.—The faith that stands on authority is not faith.

FRI.—Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be.

SAT.—Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generaled, but put him where you will, he stands.

—Emerson.

MEADOW TALK

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumblebee;
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully bunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?"
I follow the trade for which I was made.
We all can't be wise bumble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad
And a time to be glad,
And time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—From "St. Nicholas."

"The grasshopper is a flippant bug."

The Crow's Wedding

It was a day early in April. Joe, my brother, and I were out plowing the field, where we had been since early morning. The breath of spring was in the air, and I remember I could hardly wait until the noon hour when I should be at liberty to lie on my back and just drink in each little bit of awakening Nature.

At last it was twelve o'clock. I was hungry, yet I did not care to eat. I flung myself down under an old stone wall which acted as a buffer against the somewhat keen wind that was blowing, and there with my face turned up to the sky I lay, bathing my face in the struggling spring warmth of the sun.

High overhead the sky was the old intense blue, with here and there an island of woolly white clouds; they looked as if someone had tossed up fleecy, white shawls and they had hung there in the sky. The fresh earthy smell from the newly plowed field came to me —the truest odor of the world's returning life of which I know. I closed my eyes sleepily, deliciously giving myself up to every spring influence—to the timidly tried love-song of a far-away robin, to the chatter of some gay little squirrels, and to the caw of a seeming multitude of crows. What a row they were making! And quite near they were, too.

I shoved myself up on my elbow and peered over the old wall.

"Joe," I exclaimed, "look here!"

Our astonished eyes beheld any quantity of crows, all formed in a long line, and making the most dreadful racket; then suddenly all was quiet and a huge old crow steped out in front, and in crow language addressed the assembled crow colony.

When his speech was finished, a young crow walked out of the line and slowly and carefully began an inspection of the lady crows. At last he seemed to find one who met with his ideas of feminine beauty, and together they flew away. This little scene was repeated again and again, until all the crows had flown away in pairs in all directions of the compass.

We had stayed there watching them long past the hour allowed for dinner, and old Bob, the farm horse, was beginning to think he was forgetting how to tell time by the sun, when we at last returned to the plowing.

"What do you think they were doing?" I asked of Joe, who prided himself on knowledge which came of his two added years.

"Why, 'twas a wedding, stupid! Couldn't you see that the old crow was the minister and that he married the young crows?"

In the years since I have never met but one man who had seen the same thing, and he was an old farmer in Vermont, and he agreed with Joe's idea that the event was a wedding.

Alas for childish ideas! As we grow older, Science, who steals our imagination, takes many things from us, and among the first, we learn that with civilization have come customs, forms, rites and ceremonies; the birds and the beasts know not the joys of birthday parties and wedding feasts.

So, although this is a true story, the name I have given it does not apply; but, as I have never been able to discover just what the old crow said to his little flock, I have clung to my first childish impression, and called it "The Crows' Wedding."

Birds and Nature. *Dorothy Lord Maltby.*

I have made my lair in many places since I first kept house with Nature. I have couched in heather by the pines of Leith Hall above the Weald; I have lain in dry furrows or on the margin of a copse, or in the parks of the children of fortune, for whose welfare, in gratitude for their unconscious hospitality I shall ever pray. But of all the grassy bedrooms I have known, the openest are the most delightful. To see the whole sweep of the stars; to lie on the shorn ground free of all that overshadows or encompasses or confuses; to breathe in the great gulf of air; to stretch unhindered limbs—this is an initiation into a new life, a fragrant memory in the long glooms of winter. Let nothing come between you and the stars, that they may look well upon your face, and haply repenting of some ancient unkindliness, draw you at this rebirth a new horoscope of blessing and fair fortune.

W. Compton Leith.

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James. H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN SOCIAL HYMNS OF BROTHERHOOD AND ASPIRATION

Collected By
MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY

These hymns were first collected for THE SURVEY, in which they appeared on January 3, 1914, after they had been submitted to a jury of critics representing many phases of religious activity. The warm welcome accorded them there has led to their republication in the present form, with some alterations, and with all the music.

Social aspiration is the dominant note in this book. The editor's first object was to find hymns that could be sung by all people in all places,—in churches, in halls, in schools, in the open. Many hymns, therefore, were chosen which Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic may sing with equal fervor. To this common store were added a few which voice the special messages of different groups. The line has been drawn to include hymns of cheer, courage and inspiration; other phases of religious life have been left to the church hymnals.

THE BUILDER OF FIFTY TOWN CLOCKS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an account of Nels Johnson, who erected over fifty town clocks in the United States. He kept secret many of the devices which made his clocks so successful. He died a few weeks ago and many of his secrets died with him. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Mr. Johnson has erected over fifty tower clocks in the United States; Detroit has two of them, Milwaukee three, and Rochester, N. Y., one. The great clock of the Michigan Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, was his. In 1912 he installed one in the Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

"'I have quite a bit scattered around the world to show I've been living,' he said.

"Nels Johnson was born in Nordrup, Denmark, in 1838, of destitute peasant stock. As a boy he worked 'fourteen hours a day for six years' learning the blacksmithing trade. When he arrived in America in 1862 he was in debt for his transportation, uneducated beyond the barest fundamentals and unable to speak a word of English."

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION.

For two thousand years the world fell to nodding, and slept at the point she had achieved, until a crooked, little, thick-set, scowling creature crept into Rome and studied and thought and learned, and drew the big people that were producing the Renaissance, that were shaking their unafraid hand in the face of heaven, and dared to think as they wanted to; and he said, "Enough of Phidias! You Romans want that old stuff? I want no more of it." But he carved a baby and buried in in his garden and sold it as an antique, and then laughed at the man who bought it. Thus Michael Angelo came into the art world and gave us a new form of beauty, and stands today the peer of that Greek age. But the Renaissance was greater because it produced Columbus, the greatest man since Christ, because he had the courage to fathom that great West, and he gave to poor, tired, struggling, jealous, fighting Europe—he gave all humanity—a new hemisphere; he gave the poor, tired old race a chance to try its virtues, its principles, its religions, its forms of government all over again. Four hundred years ago, that's all! And every virtue, every principle, every ambition, tried out, fought out, worked out, lived out by all the people, by all the insurgents, by all the courage of individuals of that old world, has been relived from pole to pole on this western hemisphere. We have lived a life so large, so rich, so full, that there is nothing in Phidias' age, there is nothing in the age of Rome, comparable to the larger ideals of this western hemisphere. But after education something else comes, and that is civilization, that is culture, that is the realization that what you think and I think is precious, and we have a right to be proud of attaining liberty of conscience, political liberty, liberty from the despotisms of Europe; we have a right to be proud that we freed the black race and wiped that last stain off; we have a right to be proud of so many, many, many things, and yet none of them appear in our art!

Do you know what civilization is? Do you know that when the Great Almighty left Adam and Eve in this uncultivated wilderness, He gave them only the need for food, shelter and the desire to mate? Language, song, poetry, painting, sculpture are all man's work. He invented all. And what we are today—your enjoyment, your interest in what I say and my interest in talking to you—all of it man has invented.

A few individuals up and down the long line of history have discovered the value of the emotions, the finer ambitions of the finer individuals; death came into the world, and we found how precious life was; and the artist and the poet and the sculptor have sung about these values through the ages. That is what civilization is. —Gutzon Borglum.

CONFESSION OF FAITH

The white light of the Truth divine
Is broken into many a ray;
"Lo here!" "Lo there!" the preachers say,
And brothers prate of "mine" and "thine."
But in God's sight it well may be
That all in *one* may interweave.
Lord, that each ray leads back to Thee
I do believe.

I do not know what Heaven may be.
A City walled with carven gem?
A glorious company "of them
That praise God's name continually?"
But that His heaven somewhere doth hold
Full comfort for all hearts that grieve
And love that close all life doth fold,
I do believe.

I do not know what Death may be.
That it is not the end, I know.
What further marvel life can show
Some day I shall fare forth to see
Beyond this little round of Earth,
With wider vision to perceive
Death's but another name for Birth
I do believe.

What God may be I do not know,
His face from me He hides away;
No Sinai-cloud for us today
His living Presence makes to glow.
But that the Everlasting Arms
Outside their shelter will not leave
One least frail thing a prey to harms,
I do believe.

Thou *art*, O God. I know not *where*.
What matters it where Thou may'st be?
My soul each hour may reach to Thee
Along the electric chain of Prayer.
Thou who dost know Thy creature's want
Wilt fail no true prayer to receive,
Nor any rash petition grant,
I do believe.

Widen my vision to behold
Thy meaning in all pain and wrong
Thy time of waiting seemeth long,
My heart in Thy great Patience fold.
Thou who hast led, dost lead us now—
In every hour of joy or grief;
Hear Lord! I do believe: Help Thou
Mine unbelief!
—*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

The above poem was read at the conclusion of her address which closed the final session of the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference recently held in Cincinnati.

A ROMANCE.

As Lily watched her Phlox one day,
A fierce Snap-Dragon came that way.
Sweet William to the rescue flew,
With blade of Grass the monster slew.
—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

GOSSIP.

Dandelion, gossips say,
Kissed Tulips the other day,
Yet no punishment receives,
For he kissed them *by their leaves.*
—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

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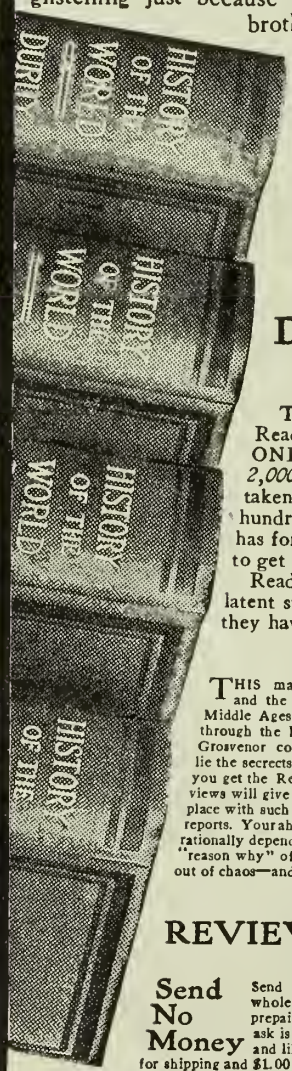

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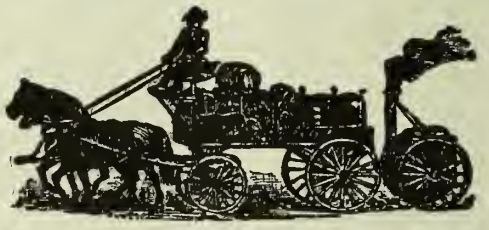

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915. Number 20

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THE REAL GERMANY

BISMARCK—or rapt Beethoven with his dreams:
Ah, which was blind? Or which bespoke his race?—
That breed which nurtured Heine's haunting grace,
And Goethe, mastering Olympic themes
Of meditation, Mozart's golden gleams,
And Leibnitz charting realms of time and space,
Great-hearted Schiller, and that fairy brace
Of brothers who first trailed the goblin streams.

Bismarck for these builded an iron tomb,
And changed the door, and turned a kaiser's key;
And simple folk, that once danced merrily
Their May-ring rites, march now in roaring gloom
Toward that renascent dawn when the black womb
Of buried guns gives birth to Germany.

—*Percy Mackaye.*

The Present Hour, The Macmillan Company.

THANK YOU FRIENDS!

The undersigned are driven to this inadequate means of acknowledging the receipt of unmeasured kindnesses, cordial congratulations and greetings from friends scattered from ocean to ocean.

We are touched beyond telling by this evidence of far-reaching fellowship.

Our common tasks have grown more binding and will, we trust, be performed with greater efficiency by this union.

Lovingly yours,

Edith Lloyd Jones
Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Tower Hill, Wisconsin
July 12, 1915

The First Baptist Church of Poughkeepsie, New York is making practical use of moving pictures. In one month, according to *Religious Education* for June, it offered no less than ten entertainments, including such topics as "From Molten Steel to Automobile," "The History of Napoleon," "Jephtha's Daughter, a Bible Story," "Under the Roof of the World," "The Glories of India," "The Sunset Gem," a Decoration Day Sunday exposition; "The Star Spangled Banner," a Sunday and flag day exposition; "A Safe and Sane Fourth," etc., etc. Now that the non-inflammable film is here, or almost here, and some of the forbidding precautions are removed, churches and schools ought to hasten to relieve themselves of the great reproach that this, one of the most brilliant scientific achievements of the twentieth century, should as yet be largely monopolized by those who cater to the vulgar, prurient or at best idle tastes of children and childish men and women.

It is not too late to call attention to the June number of *Religious Education,* the monthly journal of the association that bears that name, of which Henry F. Cope is general secretary, and the office of which is at 332 South Michigan Avenue. This number contains suggestive articles on the "Rights of the Child in the Community," by Walter Rauchenbusch; "The Rights of the Child to Education," by Professor Gardner of the Southern Baptist Theological School and Rabbi Berkowitz of Philadelphia; on "Organizing a Church for Religious Education." by Rev. E. Rosmond Stanford of the First Methodist Church of Fort Worth, Texas, and much other valuable pedagogical material. This very important association is preparing to hold its International Congress in connection with the Panama Exposition, August 27th to 29th, with a startling, we will not say formidable, array of academic speakers. No less than eight college presidents are announced, besides professors many. The results of their deliberations will be worthy of study.

If ever a principle was observed in the letter and broken in the spirit, the boasted neutrality of the United States is open to such a suspicion at the present time. There are gruesome stories of whole trainloads of ammunition being quietly shipped into Canada, of contracts mounting to millions being given to the shops scattered through the peaceful towns of Wisconsin and elsewhere for the manufacture of armored automobiles, auto trucks, shrapnel, guns and other direct munitions of war, all under the protection and justification of the international code which does not prohibit the dealing in such contraband articles by private individuals. If this wholesale profiting by this infamous war was defended on the score of anti-German feeling and pro-Allies sympathies it would not be so damnable, for there then would be a conscience element in it. But the present "industry" makes no pretense other than the good business—the prosperity it brings; hence the greater shame and the deeper humiliation. Tolstoy dreamed of a time when war would be impossible because the individual conscience would become so keen that men would be

willing to stand up to be shot rather than to shoot at a fellow mortal. War would become impossible because men would become too enlightened to enlist, too heroic to kill. Did he reckon on that baser cupidity that men would sustain war for profit, multi-so much per head? Compared with this commercial depravity the "mercenaries" who hired out for war ply the instruments of death for wages, kill men at and the "soldiers of fortune" who offered themselves to the highest bidder of the middle ages were honorable.

An Anti-Tobacco Convention

For the first time in the history of expositions there is to be a day devoted to the consideration of the tobacco question at San Francisco. The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America is to hold its first annual convention in the Exposition Auditorium Hall on July 16th and 17th. This organization, whose headquarters are in New York City, and of which Charles G. Pease, M. D., is president, is devoted to the enforcement of laws, ordinances and rules prohibiting tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places, and seeks the enactment of additional laws looking toward this end. Mr. H. K. Bassett, assistant director of congresses, will give the address of welcome. President Pease will respond with an address on the "Poisonous Character of Tobacco Smoke, the Difficulties in the Way of Legislation and the Need of Public Interest." Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of pure food fame will speak on "The Rights of the Non-Smoker." Professor Wilder of Cornell will have a communication on "Smoking on the College Campus." Twyman Abbott, Esq., of the New York bar will discuss "The Personal Liberty of the Tobacco Smoker." Mrs. E. B. Ingalls of the Department of Anti-Narcotics of the W. C. T. U. will discuss "Our Assets." Professor William A. McKeever, Professor of Child Welfare of the University of Kansas, will discuss "Nicotine as Related to Social and Economic Progress." George A. Rutherford of the New Jersey Sanitarium for Tuberculosis diseases, is to discuss "The Effect of Tobacco and Tobacco Smoke Upon Tuberculous Convalescents." Herbert H. Tidswell of London, author of "The Tobacco Habit," is to discuss "The Causes of Cancer," a challenge to cancer research workers. Professor David Starr Jordan will offer "Three Counts Against Tobacco." Professor Frederick W. Roman, head of the Department of Economics, Syracuse University, will discuss "Tobacco and the Clergy." Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor of UNITY, "Tobacco from the Ethical Standpoint," and Palmer H. Langdon of New York City will discuss "The Fire and Land Danger from the Tobacco Habit." It is expected that those who are unable to be present in person will send their contributions to be read by some of the officers of the convention.

We are well aware that to many this program annonunced at the present time will seem like "fiddling while Rome is burning." Others may dispose of it, as "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," and still in the last analysis great public issues and international problems hinge on individual integrity, and the spiritual potencies connected therewith. There are no "minor morals," and certainly this great and growing offense to private and public health, prosperity and purity has a right to be considered in a great world convention such as is being held this summer in San Francisco. The neat eight-page program before us carries the following five resolutions which it is proposed to offer to the convention, and in so much as the Editor of UNITY cannot be there in person, he exercises the editorial right of voting "aye" in these columns when the question of adoption is proposed:

(1) *Resolved*, That each clergyman and religious and educational teacher hereby is requested to deliver at least one sermon or make one address each year in support of the work of this organization and the abolition of the tobacco evil.

(2) *Resolved*, That this Convention strongly urges the establishment of the third Sunday in April of each year as "Anti-Tobacco Sunday," as a means of creating and influencing public sentiment and opinion against the use of tobacco, especially in public places, in the interest of the health, comfort and welfare of the people of the world.

(3) *Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Convention that the President of the United States of America should prohibit and he is hereby requested to prohibit tobacco smoking in all governmental offices.

(4) It being an established scientific fact that tobacco and tobacco smoke are destructive of animal life and detrimental to the moral, mental and physical welfare of the human race, and against the highest interests of the people, it is *Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Convention that the cultivation and sale of tobacco be prohibited by law; and be it further *Resolved* that we, in Convention assembled, do hereby call upon Boards of Health and all legislative bodies, both national and State, to enact and enforce laws prohibiting the cultivation and sale of tobacco.

(5) *Resolved*, That tobacco smoking be prohibited by law, in private and public places, where others are compelled to inhale the atmosphere thus polluted.

"The Sorrows of Belgium"

Is it true that war stimulates the poets more than peace? This is an oft-repeated claim, which, on general principles, we are inclined to disbelieve. A wide study of literature by a mind unpoisoned by militancy would, we believe, reveal the very opposite to be true.

There is a truth in the old Biblical saying, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting;" pain sub-soils the heart as pleasure cannot, and the gruesome side of war, particularly the pathos of defeat, drives the soul back of things visible into the realms of things eternal. But on the other hand, the soul, like the body, can only suffer to a certain shallow depth, after which nature benignly

deadens the nerves and brings on insensibility, and the limit of pain brings also the limit of creation.

During our own Gethsemane period of '61 to '65 our great singers were largely silenced. Whittier sang the song of the enslaved in broken measures. At the close, Lowell rose to his Commemoration Ode and Emerson sang his Boston Hymn for the Emancipation Day, but in the main the muse folded her wings and was silent. Perhaps the greater suffering, the deeper humiliation, and the home devastations, stimulated the muse of the South more effectively. We have been in the habit of saying that "The War Poetry of the South" is richer and relatively more voluminous than the War Poetry of the North.

Be this as it may, we are waiting anxiously for the inspiration of the muse to reveal to us some silver lining to this horrible cloud of European war. We are waiting to see whether spiritually there are some compensations to the gruesome wickedness of war.

UNITY is in search of War Poetry "severely selected," that will somehow soften, if not interpret, the terrible experience.

In this line comes from the MacMillan Press a play in Six Scenes, by the comparatively young, and, to American readers, at least, new Russian poet, Leonid Andreyev. "The Sorrows of Belgium" have indeed touched the heart of this countryman of Tolstoi and Veristchagen, and even through the translation of Herman Bernstein grips the heart with tremendous power. It is true to life as well as a stroke of genius that this drama should gather round the home as well as the heart of Belgium's greatest poet-philosopher, Maetterlinck, and that the pathetic king should flit through the drama. We cannot say that the poet has adequately revealed the torture of body and mind that belongs to such a man as Maetterlinck at such a time, because it is beyond the power of genius to interpret such; but he has presented us a vivid, living picture which suggests it more effectively than any of the dispatches or letters of reporters in the daily papers.

Here, also, the poet enables us to grip the Belgium that is still alive. Pierre, the son of Emil Grelieu (behind which name the poet Maetterlinck masks), says:

"They have already robbed us. They have deprived us of our land and of the air; they have destroyed our treasures which have been created by the genius of our people, and now we would cast our best men into their jaws! What does that mean? What will remain of us? Let them kill us all, let our land be turned into a waste desert, let all living things be burned to death, but as long as he lives, Belgium is alive! What is Belgium without him?"

Later along Count Clairmont, who may well stand for the king, comes to the poet whom he calls "the conscience of the people," to ask his consent to break the dams which will bring the climax of physical calamity to the realm. He says:

"Blinded by the war, we may unwillingly unwittingly, altogether against our will, violate man-made laws. Let your noble heart tell us the truth. My friends! We are driven to despair, we have no Belgium any longer, it is trampled by our enemies, but in your breast, Emil Grelieu, the heart of all Belgium is beating—and your answer will be the answer of our tormented, blood-stained, unfortunate land!"

While this gifted Russian turns his vison upon Belgium, the poet justifies himself and he anticipates history in his revelation of the awful calamity, but when, in Scene V, he undertakes to lift the curtain upon the German camp and tries to portray the spirit and soul there prevailing, even his genius fails him. He can interpret the miseries of his friends, but fails to do adequate justice to the inspirations of his foes, for inspirations they must have.

Blumenfeld, the German official, suggests well the high achievement of the German army when he speaks of the commander as having

"A German philosophical mind which manages guns as Leibnitz manages ideas. Everything is preconceived, everything is prearranged, the movement of our millions of people has been elaborated into such a remarkable system that Kant himself would have been proud of it. Gentlemen, we are led forward by indomitable logic and by an iron will. We are inexorable as Fate."

But not even the German strategist could be guilty of de-humanizing himself enough to represent his General as saying:

"I sleep very little myself, and advise you, gentlemen, not to indulge in foolish sleep. Nonsense! organism—that is something invented by the doctors who are looking for practice among the fools. I know of no organism. I know only my desires and my will, which says: 'Gerhardt, do this! Gerhardt, go there! Gerhardt, take this!' and I take it!"

Space forbids further analysis of this most striking and perhaps, this far, most dramatic poetry of this war.

We must add a word further in the way of introduction to this one more Russian of the household of Tolstoy. "Anathema," "The Seven Who Were Hanged," "The Life of Man," and "Red Laughter" are mentioned in Bernstein's introduction as works which have already attracted universal attention, and we are told that his deep sympathy with "the oppressed and weaker nationalities," naturally prepared him for this task of interpreting the sorrows of Belgium. He feels keenly the shame of Russia in its Jewish policies. If in this drama he has spoken of "German barbarians," with equal candor he has spoken of "Russian barbarians" in his treatise on the "Tragedies of the Jews." He speaks of the Russian treatment of the Jew as something monstrous, like a hunch on his own back, always with him, disturbing his sleep at night and his waking hours, filling him with a sensation of confusion and shame. He says:

"It is necessary for all to understand that the end of Jewish sufferings is the beginning of our self-respect, without which Russia cannot live. The dark days of the war will pass and the 'German Barbarians' of today will once more become cultured Germans, whose voice will again be heard throughout the land. And it is essential that neither their voice nor any other voice should call us loudly 'Russian Barbarians!'"

We cannot conclude this too inadequate notice of this notable contribution to war poetry without asking again for the poets who can interpret the glory of all the nations involved, as Mrs. Cone has done for England in her notable "Chant," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February last and reprinted in a recent issue of UNITY.

Percy Mackaye has begun the task for Germany in the sonnet which we print elsewhere, entitled "The Real Germany." But this is inadequate, and we pass it back to him that he may make room for Luther and Kant, Lessing and Beethoven, Von Humboldt and all the rest of them. When the glory of France and Russia and Hungary, Italy, Poland and Bohemia are adequately chanted, then let the poet-laureate of them all give us the International Chant that will blend them all into one great pæan of praise of the humanity that is slowly finding itself.

PIETA: A HOMAGE TO BELGIUM

I

You men of Antwerp, who have lifted down
Once more from His high cross, the Crucified,
And from the hands and feet, and pierced side
Wiped your own blood, above that anguished crown;
There by the belfry tower that glorified
The upward gaze of Flanders and Brabant;—
Men of Namur, Liège, unconquered Ghent
And leafy fair Ardennes;—
Is it with you again,
As with those far Judæan brother-men
Who saw their glory, and the living Word
Of all men's longing slain, and sepulchered?—
His Body left alone,
Unto His own;
And their despair, wherewith to seal the stone.
And are your words the broken words they had
As once they walked together and were sad,
Along the smouldering desolated ways?
"Now is it many days
Since all these things were done
Before the Sun.
And lo, the Very God that gave us breath
Is scourged and put to death."

Brothers, it is not true.
By all new born Compassion, now we know
The Lord is risen indeed; and walks with you,
Though your worn eyes are holden;—yes,
Through all the wilderness
Through the black desert there,
The waste of rankling embers, where They go,
As snowflakes on the air,
Unknowing whither, and unknowing whence.
The wingless Innocents,
The little children. And, of all that mourn!
Mothers of trampled sons,
Perishing, outcast ones,
The Women, Women, broken, bruised and spent
Dragging a blinded flight to banishment,
Faint, with the weight of woe in men unborn!
Homeless—and guiltless; west, and west, and north,
Whither the lords of Famine drive them forth,
Along the awful footprints trodden red;—
But shepherded
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

Heroes, He walks with these—
The Refugees.
Heroes, He walks with you,
Your widening realm made new,
Your kingdom vaster now, than ever then;
Your world-wide empire in the souls of men.

II

And you, New World?—
Now that the lightning blast
Of tangled hates has left your heart aghast,
What is your answering deed
To men in need?
The Eyes, that once their startled eyes could see
Through the blue morning mist of Gallilee,
Are on you now, with their one *"Lov'st thou me?"* . . .
And with the cry of light that follows death,
"Thou knowest that we love Thee!" sobs all breath.
And—*"Feed my lambs"*—He saith.
Ah, by that word to keep
By all the sharpness of their more-than-death,
"With nothing left them but their eyes, to weep"—
Shall we not feed His sheep?

III

Now, with the cold, draws near the Holy Time
When there shall sound no chime
From towers that look alone
On glories overthrown.
There shall no tongue of bell
Proclaim Emmanuel!
To mock with homage thus
Our tortured God-with-us.

Far on the Syrian plains, the shepherds there
May pipe to moonlit air
While tidings of the Hope of all men's dream,
Men yet blaspheme.
O New World, do not mock
The desolation of this perishing flock
With chime or festival,
While shames and sorrows call
Above the wind, the scourging, bitter wind
For these that never sinned;
Save that they held the unconquerable gate
Of human Hope, against the hordes of Hate.
Look on that Mother-Country, face to face—
Stricken that men might Live.
And to that ruined manger-place,
Gather, and gather;—GIVE!—
O fair-of-fortune—hope and humbleness,
Gather and garner;—bless
Your lowly offerings
Of precious things.
Open your treasures forth for her;
Your gold, your frankincense, and myrrh.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

(*Read at the Mass Meeting of the Belgian Relief Fund.*)

THINGS TO FORGET.

(ALWAYS IN SEASON.)

If you see a big fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have such spots concealed world without end),
Whose touching his heart-strings would play on and rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving would mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that would darken the joy
Of a man or woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing, just the least little thing,
Whose telling would cork up the laugh or the grin
Of the man you don't like; for the Lord's sake, keep it in.
Don't, don't be a knocker; right here stick a pin,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—*J. M. Lewis in Pioneer.*

The International Eisteddvod of the Panama Exposition

The Board of Directors of the Panama Exposition, and the Board of Directors of the International Eisteddvod of the Kymric people, are more than grateful to the Editor of UNITY for the privilege of having this article appear in its columns. President Charles E. Moore of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and President E. D. Roberts of the International Eisteddvod are among the most zealous workers for the success of the "Welsh Festival Week."

This Eisteddvod will be held July 27-30, 1915, in the magnificent Auditorium, Civic Center, of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, and every literary and musical contest is open to the essayists, poets, elocutionists and choirs of all other nationalities. In all probability it will be the most truly international competitive of all festivals of the kind. It is to be held under the auspices of the California National Kymrodorion Society, and is officially sanctioned by the President and Board of Directors of the exposition, who have and are extending every courtesy and assistance to the directors of the Eisteddvod, including the guarantee that all awarded prizes shall be paid.

During the last two years the general secretary, Mr. William Solomon Jones, and the executive committee have succeeded in making the national festival of 1915 known to Kymric people of four continents, Great Britain, America, Australia and Africa. Already Welsh, American, German, Italian, Norwegian and Swedish choral societies have registered to enter the different contests

At the 1904 St. Louis Exposition Eisteddvod of choral contests only, real American choirs from Evanston and Ravenswood, Ill., from Dubuque, Iowa, from Denver, Colo., besides the Welsh-American Scranton (Pa.) choir, appeared and made a superb exhibition of choral excellence.

The secret of that choral success was due to the splendid way in which the publicity committee did its work. And now the same tide of Eisteddvodic enthusiasm that made former great festivals famous, rising weekly higher and higher, will soon sweep along toward the Pacific Coast from all directions—from east, north, south, and from the far western colonies of Kymric people in Japan and China. All the enthusiasm that the patriotic bugle call "See America First" has stirred in the hearts of the people at large will contribute to the success of the Panama Exposition and its "International Eisteddvod."

To state that mixed choirs, choirs of men, choirs of women, bands and orchestras are already organized in many parts of the States and Canada, and are rehearsing the test pieces, is proof that the 1915, greatest of all Eisteddvodau, will be one vast flood of musical success.

The following gentlemen constitute the Eisteddvod Board of Directors: *President,* E. D. Roberts (State Treasurer of California), Sacramento; *Vice-President,* Edward Thomas, San Francisco; *General Secretary,* W. Solomon Jones, Oakland; *Directors of Finance,* W. R. Williams (State Superintendent of Banks), San Francisco; *Treasurer,* Thomas A. Williams (State Harbor Commissioner), San Francisco; *Financial Secretary,* Hugh J. Lloyd, San Francisco; *Director of Music,* J. J. Morris, Palo, Alto; *Attorney and Counselor,* Rees P. Daniels.

The absorbing and crucial question with all the choirs has been "Who are the gentlemen selected as Board of Judges?" About a month ago the directors solved this ticklish and dangerous question in a very satisfactory way. Secretary Jones reports that he has been flooded with letters of congratulation for the directors because of their tact and wisdom in selecting judges to whom no sensible musician nor choral conductor could object. The five judges are musicians of high standing and of excellent reputation. Their names are set down as follows: Ernest R. Kroeger, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman; E. D. Lloyd (R. A. M., London), South Bend, Ind.; Henry Houseley, Denver, Colo.; David Davis, Cincinnati, Ohio; Redfern Mason, San Francisco, Cal. A brief word concerning each:

Ernest R. Kroeger was born at St. Louis and has constantly resided in that city. His instructors in piano playing were his father, Egmont Troehlich, Waldemar Malmene, W. Goldner and P. G. Anton. At twenty-three he entered upon his carreer as a musician; since then he has been prominently before the public as pianist, organist, conductor and composer. For his service as Master of Programs at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, the French Government elected him as officer in the Academy.

E. D. Lloyd is a son of musical Wales, and only recently came to reside in the United States. His experience and success as organist, choirmaster, instructor in voice, piano, organ harmony, composition and as adjudicator at Eisteddvodau, is well known in Great Britain. His reputation preceded him to the United States. In a short time after his arrival he was engaged as organist and choirmaster at the First M. E. Church, South Bend, Ind. It was a compliment well placed to appoint hime one of the five judges at the International Eisteddvod. Doubtless many such honors will be paid him in this, his adopted land.

David Davis, the Cincinnati tenor, instructor in voice, harmony and composition, and well known musical critic, is a native of a most charming spot in Cardiganshire, South Wales, not far from another charming spot where Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago was born. Cardiganshire has produced a very large number of prominent and learned preachers, poets, musicians, scientists and scholars in many special directions. Mr. Davis is a pupil who studied singing, harmony and composition under the late and lamented foremost musician of Wales, Dr. Joseph Parry, at the Aberystwyth University of Wales. He has appeared at some of the leading Eisteddvodau in this country, where his critical remarks have always been characterized as being clear, convincing, uplifting, sympathetic and instructive—all in perfect keeping with his character as musician and gentleman.

Henry Houseley is a native of Ashford, Nottinghamshire, England. He came to America in 1888, has resided "exclusively in Denver ever since," and, who can estimate the worth of his artistic work in music as organist, pianist and conductor from 1888 to the present time, not only in Denver but through students who have come to him for instruction and inspiration. Mr. Houseley is a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists (F. R. C. O.). He is director of the Apollo Club of Denver and organist of St. John's Cathedral

and Temple Emanuel. It was Mr. Houseley that trained and conducted the chorus of sixty selected voices in the "second grade" contest at St. Louis in 1904, which won the first prize of $3,000.

Redfern Mason is a musician who sat at the feet of the late musical Gamaliel, Dr. George A. Macfarren, president of the Royal Academy of Music, London. He is a Cambridge man and the author of "The Song Lore of Ireland," "Musical Cameos," and a lecturer on musical subjects. Articles from his pen have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and similar magazines. Mr. Mason is the musical critic of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Local pride is reason enough for calling special attention to the fact that Chicago's Hadyn Choral Society, under the direction of H. W. Owens, Mus. Bac., have organized especially to enter the contest at the Exposition International Eisteddvod, for the $10,000 prize. The indomitable director has proven the high quality of his mettle several times in the leading choral contests in the United States by carrying away the first prizes, and when his choir wins but the second choral prize, he proves himself a manly and honorable loser. It is but fair to state that he possesses the power of carrying along with him the members of his choir without any defections, and that he possesses, also, the gift of music interpretation to an uncommon degree. No preparatory training of his choir for the San Francisco Eisteddvod could be better, or wiser, than the performing in public of Sir Edward Elgar's "King Olaf" and Haydn's "Creation," etc.

It is creditable to some of Chicago's prominent citizens that they are interesting themselves in this purpose and activity of the Haydn Choral Society, not only sociably, but financially.

It is the only Chicago society of mixed voices that will represent Chicago at the exposition and at the Eisteddvod. The executive committee has elected the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. and the Union Pacific R. R. to take the society to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, where it is to perform Haydn's "Creation." They appeal to the civic pride of our leading citizens to assist them to bear the expenses of the trip.

The readers of UNITY will be pleased to learn that the program of the Essay subjects, etc., contains the following items:

ESSAY (No. 9) In Welsh or English—"The Problem of the Unemployed." Prize, $250. Adjudicators: Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, LL.D., Chicago, and Rev. H. O. Rowlands, D. D., Omaha, Neb.

ESSAY (No. 7) In Welsh or English—"The Eisteddvod in America: Historical and Critical." Prize, $250. Adjudicators: Hon. Arthur L. Thomas (ex-Governor) of Salt Lake City and William Apmadoc, Chicago.

PASTORAL POEM (In Welsh)—Subject: "The Shepherd of Eryri." Prize, $100. Adjudicators: Rev. O. G. Owen (Alcevon), M. A., Wales, and William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM APMADOC.

There is a certain sweetness and elegance in "little deeds of kindness" and in letting our best impulses have free play on common occasions.

Charles G. Ames.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

V.
Luke The Historian

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Delivered December 13, 1914, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us Father, this morning, to realize the unseen forces, to believe in things that cannot be weighed and measured. Help us to feel the tides of life that, unheralded and unrecorded, have come down through the ages, enriching our minds, and clarifying our hearts. Help us to give thanks for the unrecorded heroes, those whose words and works are unknown by name. May we take to heart their lessons, that we may give ourselves to high service regardless of record or reward, never doubting but that in the economy of thy universe every good deed and every good impulse is conserved for the ennobling of life and the beautifying of the world. Amen.

SERMON.

We come this morning to our fifth study of "The Men of the New Testament," this being "Luke the Historian."

Luke is a shadowy and undefined personality, so far as the record is concerned. His name appears only three times in the whole New Testament, and each time simply incidentally named with other coworkers with Paul. In the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Colossians Paul says, "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas salute you." In the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of II. Timothy he says, "Only Luke is with me. Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is useful to me for ministering." And in the little footnote to the letter to the Colossians, Philemon, he says: "Epaphras my fellow-prisoner in Christ Jesus, saluteth thee; and so do Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, Luke, my fellow-workers." This is all the New Testament says about him. And still he, or another man whose name he wears, made a profound contribution to the new movement.

By the process of careful elimination of the early Fathers, reinforced by modern criticism, of all the names mentioned in collaboration with Paul, Luke is, more probably, the author of the third Gospel and the Book of Acts. By this process of elimination and analysis we come to the conclusion that the Gospel of Luke and the Book of Acts are written by one man, they are ascribed to the same pen. About the author of the Book of Acts we know nothing except that the two books are ascribed to one man. By putting two and two together we infer that this man was a Greek and not a Hebrew. We have Paul's word for Luke that he was a "good physician." We have ample evidence in these works which are assigned to him, but which he never claimed, that he was a scholar, controlling the Greek language as perhaps no other writer in the New Testament did; that he was almost, to use a modern phrase, a "man of science." Critics have discovered a hundred or more words that would today be called technical terms, most of them medical terms, terms of the professions, so to speak. He was a master in literature. He was a man of vision, and he injected into the

literature of the time and saved for Christianity the broad spirit of Paul. I do not mean to undertake to establish these assertions. I am only speaking the commonplaces of the Bible student.

The first thing that strikes us, then, is the anonymity, the nameless character of this great literature. Take the third Gospel and the Book of Acts out of history and what a vacancy! And still the author's name is only inferred. But the fate of the writer is better known than most of the contributors to the deathless literature. It is hard for us to realize what an anonymous book this Bible of ours is. How much of it comes from pens wielded by hands unnamed and undated. The Old Testament in its entirety is an anonymous work, barring certain few exceptions of the great prophets alone. The book of Psalms, Job, the Pentateuch, the historical books of Chronicles and Kings, Ruth, Jonah, Daniel, all of them are works that have survived the name of the author.

The New Testament is no exception. The letters of Paul, and possibly one or two of Peter, are the only authentic autographed contributions in the New Testament. Our Bible is no exception to the bibles of the world. Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Moses, also, left no recorded history of themselves or of their times. Mohammed perhaps stands alone among the seven great teachers of the world of whom it may be safely said we have some words. Even the modern hymn book is no exception. Open the hymn book of any denomination, Protestant or Catholic, and the great hymns of the world are largely anonymous. The most valuable writing in any hymn book, our own included, I suspect, are signed anonymously. The work survives, the name of the worker vanishes. The same is true of art. The deathless things in sculpture are unlabeled. The galleries in Europe are rich in paintings concerning which the master hand is only inferred.

So we stand this morning in the presence of an unknown man,—if you like, an unnamed man. For if it is not Luke it may be one of the others. The claims of Timothy and Titus and the rest of them have been examined. Be that as it may, we stand here in the presence of a great contributor to the world's life, unknown except as he shines through the record. Scholars agree that the writer of the third Gospel and the writer of the Book of Deeds, which we call the "Acts," is the same, and they also agree that both are written in elegant Greek. They are written with more literary competence than any other portion of the New Testament, and they reveal a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit and the message of Paul. So touched is he with the universality of Paul, that in his record in the early pages of the book of "Acts," which is concerned with the church in Jerusalem of which Peter and James were the initial leaders, is given broader interpretations than Peter. We have reason to believe that the "Acts" put Peter in the best light possible in view of the fact that Peter opposed the universalism of Paul; he distrusted the movement that took Christianity out into the world and made it available and accessible to "Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman," rich and poor.

We come in the Book of Acts on what is known by the scholars as the famous "we passages;" three, perhaps four times, the sensitive scribe drops the third person and assumes the first person plural. "We did that," "We do this," "We went next," and these "we" passages reveal a wealth of detail such as the sample I read you this morning. Here is such an acquaintance with biography and narrative, so subtle in personal experiences and personal analysis that their authenticity is almost beyond question. He kept a log-book as they sailed from the port near Philippi down to Corinth. He gives detail of shipwreck and describes his dangerous journey from Cesarea to Rome. But at the time of the riotous Nero the story vanishes, and all that we know of Paul comes to an end and this biographer and personal attendant also disappears. We like to think of him as being necessary to Paul because of his professional attainments, for poor, sick and tired Paul must have often been in need of a physician.

With this glimpse of a man, we pass in search of a lesson on Luke, the skylark of the New Testament. Like the skylark, he soon vanishes from human vision; at best it is but a speck, indescribable and indefinable, but way up there in the blue, out of reach of eye, the song thrills the air, charms the ear, steals into the heart, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Notice the special contribution which Luke has made to the literature of the Christian movement. Out of twenty-three parables we find in the third Gospel, eighteen of them are original and represent the heart of the Jesus message—the Story of the Good Samaritan, the Story of the Prodigal Son, the Mustard Seed, the Great Supper, the Lost Sheep, Dives and Lazarus, the Pharisee and Publican. All these would have been lost to the world,—at least they have been given to the world only through the hands of this scholarly Greek. He, of all the New Testament writers, seems to stand outside the pale of Judasim. It was natural, then, that he should gather up the material from tradition, the records that were lost, from conversation and oral investigation, for there were still living those who might have said "I saw!" though he could not have known many who had seen the Master and walked along the shores of Galilee with him.

The church has a tradition that Luke was an artist. The Old Masters loved to paint him with the implements of painting near. The old church boasted for years the possession of one authentic portrait of Mary by the hand of Luke the artist, a tradition which has more truth than many of the artistic traditions of the world, for truly the book of Luke is full of pictures and the artists of all times, the present included, pour out their genius in an attempt to visualize these pictures which Luke has given us of New Testament men and times, illustrations of the Gospel story. The shepherd carrying on his shoulder the lamb that had wandered away, is one of the earliest and crudest attempts of artists to portray the Master; you will find those sketches on the walls of the Catacombs. Luke was an artist with words. He has left us incomparable pictures that outreach and defy the artist's skill or the sculptor's chisel.

Let me hold Luke at arm's length a little longer. Let him stand for a type of the man who benefits his age by scholarship, of those who have enriched the world with letters. Let him be a type of the man

with a pen and let us set over against him the man with the sword.

Cadmus, the fabled founder of Thebes, is reported to have taken possession of that site and proceeded to slay the dragon. He killed the fierce serpent that was the terror of that vicinity. He destroyed him by fire and scattered the ashes broadcast on the land. But the dragon's teeth sprang up again as armed millions, who delighted themselves by hacking one another to death. Violence brought forth violence, slaughter bred slaughter. But there is another legend that Cadmus brought with him from Phœnicia fifteen letters of the alphabet, to which were added in due time the necessary characters to complete the Greek alphabet. He is, in the Greek mythology, the father of letters. Written speech sprang from Cadmus. The gift of literature came not from the man who slew the dragon, but from these little counters of thought that can be so arranged as to stand for world thought and transmit our feelings. Thus he projects the soul down through history. How rich and beautiful is this contribution of the book as set over against the contribution of the sword.

Old Richard DuBury of the seventeenth century said: "Books are the golden urns in which manna is laid up." Again he calls them "Udders most copiously yielding the milk of life."

Channing said:

"Books make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages; books are the true levelers."

Emerson says:

"Books become the organic culture of the time. In the highest civilization, the book is still the highest delight."

And more vigorous than any of these comes the nervous sentences of Thomas Carlyle:

"Envy not him whom they call city-builder and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, thou art victor over the devil, thou hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, a wonder bringing city of mind, a temple and seminary and prophetic mount whereto all kindreds of the earth will pilgrim."

Carlyle's rhetoric is not extravagant. The words of men, the inscriptions of the scribes have survived the noblest temple ever reared. The Pharaohs caused the mighty tombs to be carved and great pyramids to be built to perpetuate their names. One, perhaps the greatest of them, summoned his poet to inscribe upon the walls of the tomb his achievements, hoping thereby to perpetuate his name. Today we stand between five and six thousand years away from that Pharoah; and the inscription he viewed with pride remains to the credit not of Pharaoh but of the poet Pentaur. Pentaur is remembered with love and admiration, the man with the stylus, while the tyrant, Pharaoh, is commemorated only by his tyranny and witnesseth to the doom of aristocracy, the doom of kings. The book is the string upon which the souls of men are strung and their message transmitted from one century to another.

You have heard from this pulpit the story of the Greek prisoners of war compelled to toil in the quarries of Syracuse on meager rations and terrible, burdensome labor. But when the managers of Syracuse found that some of those Greek prisoners of war, working in the quarries, knew some of the lines of Euripides and could sing the newer songs of Greece, their tasks were lightened and their rations increased.

In these days of terrible, threatened want, of hunger and cold, in the last analysis, the very sufferers who come to our doors asking for bread, need more that food of the soul which comes through the literature of the noble. Many a beggar needs a dose of Dickens more than he needs a loaf of bread, and if Dickens could minister to him, the bread would be forthcoming somehow and somewhen, as the history of the world clearly shows.

So I celebrate the book. I celebrate the nameless writers of books, the noble army who survive only in the message that gives vision. You remember that story from Browning that tells of the clown dressed in goat skin, who plowed all day at Marathon with no other instrument than a plowshare, plowing that day for Greece, and when the work was done at night he disappeared to attend to his flock, and when the grateful people and admiring generals sought to know from the Oracle the name of the clown, who with his plowshare plowed all day for Greece but forgot to leave his name behind him:

"How spake the Oracle? 'Care for no name at all.'
Say but just this: We praise one helpful whom we call
The holder of the plow-share. The great deed
Ne'er grows small."

So the great words survive. Never mind the name of the writer.

The old monks were wont to compile with great skill and sometimes with great art the golden texts that most fitted their need and most inspired them with spiritual fervor and moral power. These little books were carried everywhere with them, as the modern man does his diary that bespeaks his business engagements. And these books they called the *Vade Mecum,* the "go with me." "May they go where I go and stay with me." Let Luke stand for one of the great contributors who have furnished humanity with a Vade Mecum, great texts that never fail, great messages that always inspire. And the legends of Luke become verified in history.

It is said that Gregory the Great was cured of a besetting malady by visiting the alleged portrait of Mother Mary, painted by Luke, and when Rome was beset with a great plague and people were dying in herds, as a last resort the great Pope ordered a procession to move through the city bearing at its head this portrait by Luke, the picture of Mother Mary. According to the story, as the procession moved there was seen rising in front of the column great clouds of poisoned air; the pestilence was rolling away and leaving the city wholesome and clean.

These old legends of sanctity poorly hint at the profound truths of history. It is very true that pestilential air has been lifted from over cities innumerable by the contagion of a noble thought, by the revelation of words, by the discovery of the "Good Physician" of whom Luke may well be the patron saint.

I like that other story of the *Sancta Casa,* the Holy House, or the sacred cottage. The legend runs that in the middle ages, when pagan hands were invading the sanctities of Syria and desecrating the holy places of Jerusalem, that a body of angels came down and picked up the home into which the Christ was born and bore it off to Dalmatia. The astonished people then were amazed in the morning to find this quaint, curious little house built of small red stones of Oriental arch-

itecture, dropped in the night, and when they looked inside, lo! there was a shrine and a statue of Mary carved out of cedar, by Luke. The angels had snatched the holy home and placed it in Dalmatia. The exigencies of the case kept the angels busy. They had to move it several times before they found a place somewhere down there in Italy, where it was left without foundation. The way the authenticity of the house was established by the cardinals who investigated the matter was that they found the foundations that were left in Dalmatia.

The house committee of some ecclesiastical society proposed to make sure and built a stone wall around it, to keep it from falling; but the angels were indignant over the implication that the house could not rest without a foundation and so they moved the new wall out a space, and it remains there today, if you believe several Bulls from Popes.

Never mind the story. It does stand today without any artificial barrier. The bulwark that critics may throw around the name of Luke, the guesswork of the scholars may be trifling and unnecessary, but the internal power of these gospel stories of the Good Samaritan, the parable of the Prodigal Son, the message of the Good Shepherd, survive, and they will stay until the end of time, a redeeming power and a potency in the world.

I glory in these old stories because they open the way for our appreciation of the real power of the intangible, the true potency of those things that deal with love and thought and not with guns and bayonets.

When a minister of the gospel in Chicago, carrying the insignia of the church about him, pleads as he does in one of the morning papers for the organization of battalions and batteries, and summons the whole nation into the field of Mars to be drilled that they may defend the United States, he but imitates those unwise old cardinals that undertook to stay the foundations of the Mary and Luke gospel in the world by clumsy masonry made out of granite, carved out of the side of a hill. If history proves anything it proves the weakness of force and the power of thought.

The best guess we can make is, as I hinted in my sermon on Peter, that poor Paul went down either from weakness or from the fury of the flames kindled by Nero after the great fire. Probably Luke was his companion there. Indeed, Paul wrote and told Timothy, "Luke is the only one with me." Perchance Luke followed his chief and went down under the waves of Nero's persecution. He and Paul were extinguished by one of the great emperors of history, one who at that time could proudly write his name as "Emperor of the World." Where is Nero? Here is dear Luke, safe, enshrined on the indestructible pages of literature, but safer still in the loving hearts of untold millions. Mothers are more vigilant beside the sick bed, fathers are more diligent in the hard, relentless toil that provides for that sick child because the "Good Physician," inspired by the great Planter Paul, gathered all the flowers within reach and gave them a bath of immortality.

It is supposable that the writer of Luke had access to the same material that Mark and Matthew did, but not to the finished product of the present Mark and Matthew. He gathered from the records now lost, from the traditions of those interested in the new movement, perhaps from the testimony of eye witnesses and companions on the march, all of which he fused into a noble narrative. This author selected with a masterly hand. He was one who could write Greek elegantly. He arranged by the power of his own culture, not from the dictation of any angel in the sky, these priceless gems in the literature of the world. These great witnesses to the power of the Nazarene suggest the real forces that cover the triumph of Christianity. Christianity as a fabric of ecclesiasticism, as a product of theologians, as the creation of cardinals and popes and councils and creeds, is being put to severe trial in these days. It is being tried and found wanting. Something has broken down in Europe that has been masking under the name of Christianity for many centuries.

Here in Chicago a bishop of Christianity turns from his Luke and his Bible to plead for a great military machine in the United States, that will discipline a million men in the arts of destruction. Over and against that I put these eighteen parables in Luke, the tender loyalties of the Good Physician, who wrote the "we" passages in the Book of Acts, who could say "we" with Paul in his dire extremity, could say "we" with Paul when he was scourged with whips, imprisoned and shipwrecked.

If we have the name we know nothing else about him except that Paul once called him the "good physician." Just two words! Once more he wrote: "Luke alone is with me." If we question the authorship of all the rest, here are the "we" passages, indicating a companionship of Paul, and he stands as a type of those who work in the world so well that their names have been neglected. It is only the poetaster who is always anxious to scratch his name under his verses. The poor artist is ever anxious to have his name put in perfectly clear type; the great artist, like Angelo, does not stop for footnotes, postscript and autograph. The great things of the world have come down to us on the mighty stream that is too large to be confined by any name. Way back there in a log schoolhouse in Wisconsin we were taught to say, with fitting gestures, "The great mechanical powers are six, heavy weights to be lifted up and large timber to be fixed, the wheel, the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge and the winding screw." Not one of these six great mechanical powers have been patented and not one of them have been invented by any known man. Every one of them reaches back and down to the creative power of the human too far back to discover the name of the inventor. We all come here by the watch and I am going to close today by the watch. But no one can tell you who invented the watch. It was not invented by anybody. It grew out of inventive brains; it was produced out of the potency of mind. So the parables of the world, the great contributions of history, suggest to us that the best thing we can do is to work so well, strike so hard at central things that it may be said of us, the power survives; the name is lost. Let those who come after us say but just this:

> " . . . . We praise one helpful whom we call
> The Holder of the Plow-share. The great deed
> Ne'er grows small."

May the faith that makes faithful, the hope that saves, the love that casts out fear and the peace of God that passeth understanding be and abide with us, forevermore. Amen.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity.

MON.—A cheerful heart is a good medicine.

TUES.—The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity.

WED.—If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

THURS.—He whose spirit is without restraint is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

FRI.—Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

SAT.—Give me neither povety nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me.

—*Proverbs.*

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Up through the rocky pastures,
Where the blackberry globes hang low,
A stately dame has come wandering
Back from the long ago—
Back in her sable velvet,
With its showers of ancient lace,
In its pearls and curls and ribbons
That mock her weary face.

What says my Lady Marlborough
As the Queen goes here and there?
Is not dame Abigal angry?
(She has those robes to wear.)
White as the bloom of the berry,
Fine as the cobweb's trace,
Scattered on thorn and bramble
Glistens our Queen Anne's lace.

Far and wide o'er the meadow
It shines where the sunbeams fall,
It waves where the brooklet ripples,
It droops by the old stone wall;
Wherever the Queen may wander,
Tired of court and crown,
Her way is marked by the lily lace
The briars tear from her gown.

—*Georgia Benedict.*

In "Cornell Era."

Some Curious Facts About the Spider Family

Jack Wilson and Morris Brown were spending a week in the country with friends, and during a long stroll on a fine autumn morning Jack exclaimed with a litle shudder: "There is an ugly spider on your coat, Morris. Wait and I'll brush it off," as he raised his umbrella for that purpose, but Morris caught it, saying: "Don't, Jack, I want to look at that spider. See what a beautiful creature it is!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Jack in a tone of mingled surprise and contempt. "How can you say so, Morris Brown? I do not wonder at your devotion to butterflies and moths. I admire them myself and I can excuse your fondness of beetles, but your admiration for a spider is beyond my comprehension. Ugh! it fairly makes the cold shudders run over my back to see you handling that."

"Never mind, old fellow. I used to feel as you do about them until I visited Uncle John two years ago and heard him tell of their interesting habits and read about them in some of his books on Entomology. Since then, I have taken great pleasure in studying them and examining their curious webs and nets. Look closely at this spider and see how beautifully she is colored. Like all members of the spider family, her body is divided into two regions—a cephalothorax or head-thorax and an abdomen, and she also has eight eyes and eight legs. She is one of the most beautifully dressed of the spider family, her head-thorax being robed in silver grey, her abdomen beautifully marked with black and yellow and brown, and her legs, dark orange ringed with brown and black."

After a few moments of close scrutiny Jack exclaimed: "It is not so very ugly after all. Are spiders insects?" he inquired abruptly.

"They are related to them and their scientific name is *Aracnida,*" his friend made answer. "They belong to that branch of animals called the *Arthropoda,* which includes the cravfishes, the centipedes, the insects and the spiders, the last being placed in a class called the *Aracnida,* a name derived from the Greek word for spider. This specimen is sometimes called the large meadow spider, but the technical name is *Aroiope riparia.*

"Did you know that here in America there are between six and eight hundred species of spiders? Here in these weeds is the web of our spider."

Kneeling on the ground before it, Morris spread a black note-book behind it to form a background.

"How beautiful it really it," exclaimed his friend. "I cannot remember of ever seeing one like it before. It is a veritable work of art."

"Uncle told me how the spider spins its web, but I have forgotten many of the details. She first lays out an irregular polygon of lines which form the framework of the wheel-shaped web. She then fills in the radii or spokes. Then she begins near the center and spins a long thread, moving around the net toward the framework. When she reaches it she reverses her movement, thus carrying her line round and round toward the center. This last line is covered with sticky beads, which hold captive the numerous insects which fly against it."

"Do all spiders spin their webs in a similar manner?" inquired Jack, his interest in the spider family growing.

"All spiders that belong to the group known as geometrical spiders do. Our common house and cellar spiders weave irregular webs. Many do not weave webs or nets at all. Some lie in ambuscade for their prey and sometimes run after it a short distance. They have been called vagrants. Others that are constantly running about seizing their prey by open violence are called hunters. Still others capture their food in the water and these are called swimmers."

The boys resumed their walk when Morris stooping down exclaimed: "Oh! Jack, look at this cunning little tower!" It was a tiny structure fashioned from bits of grass, straw and stalks of weeds, intermingled with particles of earth, and lined with a silken web. It was not more than two inches in height and encircled an opening in the ground an inch in diameter and which sunk down out of sight.

"How glad I am that I happened to have this bit of cotton and a knife in my pocket," remarked Morris. "I'm going to preserve this little tower for my cabi-

net." He filled the little turret with a tuft of cotton to keep it from breaking when handled and carefully loosened it from the ground.

"Who made this cunning little nest?" inquired Jack.

"A turret spider dug the hole which extends downward about ten inches and she then built this little turret around it. She is a large spider with a body about an inch in length and she has long legs."

"What is the object of this cave-nest?"

"It protects the spider from her enemies and the turret serves as a watch-tower. She often crouches on the summit and watches for grasshoppers and other insects which form her prey. If any approaching object alarms her, she quickly retreats to her cavern home. She carries her eggs about with her in a sac about as large as a grape. The sac is lashed to her body and contains a hundred or more eggs. When the eggs are hatched, the tiny baby spiders climb on the mother's back and head and live there until they are three or four weeks old. During this period the mother presents the appearance of a horrible, hairy nondescript monster. At the expiration of the four weeks these small creatures find homes for a time on the trees, shrubs and weeds. When old enough, they, too, dig caves and build turrets for themselves."

"You did not tell me anything about the young of the meadow spider," Jack remarked as they resumed their walk.

Morris paused with an exclamation of pleasure as he pointed to a small pear-shaped object that hung among the grasses at their feet. "That," he said, "is the egg-sac, or, as it is sometimes called, the cocoon of the meadow spider. The outside of the cocoon is tough and glazed. Not a particle of rain or snow can enter it. The inside is soft and silken and contains several hundred eggs. It will remain here all winter and next spring the young spiders will hatch and immediately begin life for themselves. Spiders do not pass through the transformations that the higher orders of insects do. You perhaps know there are some that begin life as grubs and after a while change into pupae and finally become beetles. Others begin as caterpillars and end their existence as beautiful butterflies. But a spider is a spider from the beginning to the end of its days. However, it does change its coat several times before it attains its growth. Really, my spider friends seem to be exerting themselves for your especial benefit today. Look at this fence and see these curious little spiders with long silken filaments attached to their bodies. They are known as the ballooning or flying spiders."

While the boys were intently gazing at them, the little creatures began to rise in the air and soon after disappeared from sight.

"Who ever heard of flying spiders before?" laughed Jack.

"These gossamer threads which they spin enable them to fly," replied his friend. "They are so buoyant that they overcome the weight of the spider and enable it to rise and float upon the breeze. By gradually drawing in the floating threads until they are gathered into a tiny pellet they are enabled to descend. Sometimes a spider builds a bridge across a stream. She takes her station on a leaf or twig and emits a long thread which the wind carries across and entangles on some object on the opposite bank. The spider then draws her thread tight and runs across it, spinning another thread as she travels, which unites with the first and strengthens it. She makes several trips back and forth, adding a new cord each time, until she is sure her cable is strong enough to serve her purpose. A second foundation cable is then stretched in a similar way and the skillful little architect weaves her web between the two. The water-spider spins a cell or nest about the size of an acorn, which attaches itself to the water plants underneath the surface of the water. When first woven the nest is simply a flat empty sac with the mouth downward. The spider goes to the surface and obtains a small quantity of air, which she carries to her nest. She continues doing this until the cell is filled with air. It then serves as her living-room, nursery and dining-room. She spins within it a tiny cocoon from which a hundred spiders emerge to spend their infancy in this cunning little home. The spider is a true philanthropist, being without reservation a friend to our race, destroying millions of noxious insects and requiring from us no compensations for her labor."

"Well, well, here we are at home and no doubt you are tired of my long dissertation on spiderology," laughed Morris.

"Far from it, I have had a most profitable morning and shall never again see a spider without remembering how wise, skillful and industrious the little creatures really are."

Birds and Nature. *Carrie May Ashton.*

WHEN OLD AGE COMES

If God grant me old age
  I would see some things finished; some outworn;
  Some stone prepared for builders yet unborn.
Nor would I be the sated, weary sage
  Who sees no strange new wonder in each morn.
And with me there on what men call the shelf
  Crowd memories from which I cull the best,—
  And live old strifes, old kisses, some old jest;
For if I be no burden to myself
  I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If God grant you old age,
  I'll love the record writ in whitened hair,
  I'll read each wrinkle wrought by patient care,
As oft as one would scan a treasured page,
  Knowing by heart each sentence graven there.
I'd have you know life's evil and life's good,
  And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it all—
  Serene with hope, whatever may befall;
As though a love-strong spirit ever stood
  With arm about you, waiting any call.

If God grant us old age,
  I'd have us very lenient toward our kind,
  Letting our waning senses first grow blind
Toward sins that youthful zealots can engage,
  While we hug closer all the good we find.
I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven wise,
  Each lending each frail succor to withstand,
  Ungrudging, ev'ry mortal day's demand;
While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old eyes,
  And go forth bold and glad and hand in hand.

Harper's Magazine. —*Burges Johnson.*

DEATH

O Death, to my Divinest Lord
  Thou art the door!
Thou art the opening of the eyes
  Long closed before.
Thou art the lifting of the lids
  On Light forevermore.

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

I

"Mine Host" of one of the most attractive hotels of the beautiful Wisconsin lake region sat on his spacious porch crowded with comfortable, but unoccupied wicker chairs, overlooking one of the most charming lakes in the country.

The big house was so quiet that it suggested winter bareness and cold instead of the superb July day that reigned outside, and as a big automobile whizzed past on the dusty road it furnished the old gentleman a text for the complaint which seems to be general at all the "summer resort" regions of the Middle West, at least.

"No, it isn't the war, nor the hard times that are leaving our rooms empty, and it isn't because their city homes are more comfortable than anything folks find out in the country. It's the automobile,—that's what's the matter! Just a few years ago our guests were tumbling over each other to make sure of securing rooms for the next season, and they would bring their families as soon as school was out and stay and have a sensible, quiet, healthy summer until school called the youngsters back looking like tough, well-fed little Indians. Now those same families come whirling up in a big auto all covered with dust, and they stay just long enough to eat dinner or perhaps over night, and they talk all the time about how many miles they have run this morning and how much better a record they're bound to make this afternoon, and then they are off with a rush, and so I sit on my porch and watch my old boarders wave their hands at me as they go by."

But Tower Hill is different. Yes, Tower Hill differs from any other summer outing place, though, of course, the automobile enthusiasm touches us as the others. Many friends who have spent happy months on the Hill and hope to do so again, are "burning up the boulevards" and highways somewhere between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But Tower Hill does not appeal to transitory birds of passage. Its attraction is the lure of the long leisurely hours of quiet fitting into the life of the woods, of the birds and of the steadfast stars; plenty of time to sleep, to read, to walk and to find one's self, after the bewildering life of the big cities. There is a sense of permanency, of settling down to stay awhile, which greatly helps in the process of fitting into the beneficent forces, natural and social, which surround the newcomer here.

As to the place itself, why, every summer we say that Tower Hill is more beautiful than ever and every summer this is perfectly true. Nature, with a very little assistance, has full sway the year round and does her best.

This year, thanks to the calendar, the Sunday sanctity and saneness went into our Fourth of July celebration. The heavy rain of the morning put the last touch of greenness upon the hills and woods.

For several hours about noontime, floating over the hills from the beautiful Hillside valley where the Joneses from time immemorial have held notable family picnics, came happy echoes of the most notable family gathering in many years. They were there in full force; over thirty of them—counting the later attachments—celebrated the joyful homecoming of the dear, old "Brother Jenk" and the dear, new "Sister Edith," who has been so long and so well beloved in the Valley as Mrs. Lackersteen. A mutual friend who had been fortunate enough to have been present at the wedding ceremony of these two, and even to have caught the words of the presiding minister, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, gave a word picture of that interesting event to these relatives who had been unable to be present and read a few out of the many hundred letters and telegrams received from all over the country and signed by names, many of them long familiar to the readers of UNITY.

Then in the evening everybody on the Hill was invited to spend the sunset hour at Westhope, the Jones' cottage. It was cool enough to make the big open fire attractive. Mr. Jones read a poem that set the youngsters mimicking, "Charcoal; charcoal! who'll buy my charcoal?" Then he gave us Percy Mackaye's splendid poem "Goethals." The man who went down to Panama

To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide.

Also Shauffler's "The Scum of the Earth," finishing with something especially appropriate to the day, with Emerson's "Concord Hymn" and some bits from Whitman, including his "Captain, My Captain." We all sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with the "White Bordered" refrain, and admired the twinkling sparklers sent from Minneapolis to our youngest celebrators. Then we went home, the soft glow of the late sunset about us, and in our ears and hearts the words of the tender benediction and the cheery good-nights of our gracious hostess and host.

The season is on at Tower Hill. The ice house is full, the garden is coming on finely, the cows and the pigs and the chickens are flourishing under the ministrations of our good farmer, Caspar, who is growing corn and clover and alfalfa where sand burrs formerly occupied the land; the summer school will open July 18, the Tower Hill Congress will meet here August 13-15, the whip-poor-will can be counted on at the stroke of the clock every evening, the mosquitoes are so few and far between that we have almost forgotten how they look and sound, and the Tower Hill postoffice is working on schedule, two mails a day. A. L. K.

Tower Hill, July 7, 1915.

MILKWEED

Small spinner of the fields,
Where are thy fairy reels?
Thy busy spindles fine,
To mesh this silken twine?

I know thy distaff green,
Fretting the satin sheen
Of thread more delicate
Than wrought Ulysses' mate.

The laces from thy loom,
This poor and common bloom,
Would deck Titania's trail,
Or Queen Mab's bridal veil.

Thou art all fantasy,
Like some fond poet—he
Who from his heart untwines
The stuff of mazy rhymes.

Winged his songs shall go
The wide world to and fro,
As thou dost wing thy seeds
Out of thy being's needs.

At nature's still behest,
Is spun thy downy breast,
To thin and silky sails
That catch the autumn gales.

And through the air I see
Thy little colony
Voyaging in azure space
To magnify thy race.

But canst thou ever guess
The need of toil and stress,
Why thou the live-long day
Shouldst spin thy heart away?

Nay, instinct blind and slow,
That way the sap doth go,
By some mysterious path
In thee hath turned to faith.

—*Augusta Larned.*
"Woods and Fields."

"IS THIS THE LONG LOST PASSAGE?"

Mr. Glen Buck sends us the following interesting find. It is almost sure to be the original of that "mouse trap" so long hunted for. If anybody can furnish the connection between this located child of the brain and the still unlocated wanderer, we will be glad to report the same.

DEAR UNITY:

On page 528 of the eighth volume of "Emerson's Journals" you will find this:

"I trust a good deal to common fame, as we all must. If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pig, to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

On the first reading the footnote had escaped me. Its inference seems plausible. If you will refer back to the *Literary Digest* of May 15 you will find that "The Lexicographer's Easy Chair" has some interesting things to say about this quotation—but I hardly think its conclusions are sound. The thought is certainly Emerson's, if the exact words are not.

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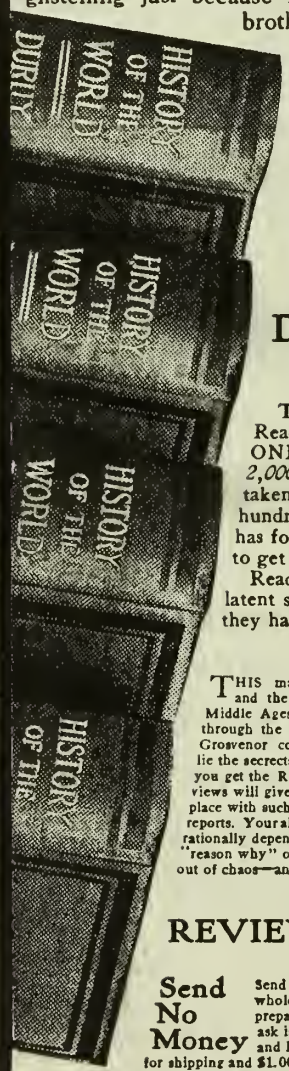

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COSMIC HAZE

What a glorified face!—so bright, so sweet:
A child's dear face! and his glances fleet
Shift from his play to his mother's face,
Reflecting a million years of grace.
Yes, earth took a million years to make him:
What wonder high thoughts to love awake him,
Or that I stand in awe and gaze
At the outcome high of the cosmic haze.

What a demonized face!—so wild, so fierce:
A man's hard face! and his glances pierce
Through the smoke of war to aim a ball
To cause a brother of earth to fall.
Yes, earth took a million years to make him—
And another with murderous shaft to break him.
In wonder and awe I stand and gaze
At the outcome mad of the cosmic haze.

What a face transformed!—in vision I see it
And know the whole race in the future shall be it!—
Not a face of love only, but love with sight;
Yes, Man shall himself now endeavor the task
Of remaking the earth as the multitudes ask;
And in wonder and awe he shall stand and gaze
At the outcome at last of the cosmic haze.

JAMES H. WEST.

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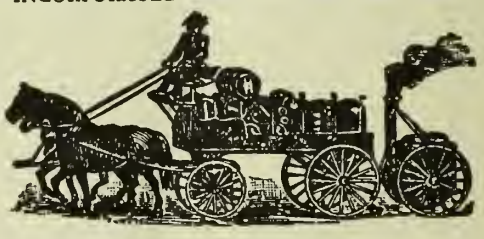

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1915. Number 21

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COMMUNION

Faintly, I heard aloft the cloudy choirs,
That chant throughout all space and endless hours,
The anthems and the peans of the powers
Whereby the soul of man, aflame with fires
Of unappeased ambition, never tires
In self creation. Then the sylvan bowers
Ceased whispering leaf to leaf; the very flowers
Grew silenter, hearing those mystic lyres.

Upon my knees I sank; the leaning grass
Received me gently, and laid hold my hands:
It seemed as if God's messengers with wands
Drew forth the rhythm of a solemn mass:
Clearer and clearer fell upon my ears
The vast processional of the infinite years!

—*Richard Warner Borst.*

According to the *Christian Life* (London) there are 425 chaplains with the British troops in France, 213 of them of the Church of England, 96 Roman Catholic, 55 Presbyterian, 34 Wesleyan and 27 "others." And the editor wonders "What are the 'others'—Heretics, Infidels, or Atheists?"

Isaac Fisher, the editor of the *Negro Farmer,* draws a too much overlooked lesson from the resignation of Mr. Bryan from the Cabinet of Mr. Wilson, the gist of which is suggested in the title, "If you can't support your 'chief'—get out!" The closing sentences are pertinent, "In the armies of the world, traitors and spies are usually put to death. It still remains now as of old that, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'"

In these days England is celebrating the Centennial of Waterloo. The most significant item in the celebration ought to be that now the foes over which they triumphed are welcoming their victors on their own soil while they present a common front against another enemy. Long before another century rolls German and Briton will be found shoulder to shoulder in some common cause. God grant that it may not be with weapons of steel. In the balances of history how slight are the differences that make bloody war!

The Peace forces of the country are invited to join with the American Peace Society and Church Peace Union in an International Peace Congress, to be held in San Francisco October 10-12. It is hoped that by that time the crush of conventions will be over and the cause of peace may have an adequate hearing. The highest interests represented by all the conferences and congresses meet in this cry of humanity for the abolition of war, the retirement of the brute out of the life of nations as of individuals.

The Chicago Hebrew Institute has just been dedicating a noble gymnasium building, which is one more testimonial to the liberality of Julius Rosenwald, Jacob Loeb and their generous co-religionists. The building is a contribution to architecture, it is a model to be emulated by other social centers. But, more important, it is a contribution to character building, a spiritual asset not only to Jewish youths for whom it was first intended, but to the city of Chicago and the nation at large. The building cost $125,000 and is entirely devoted to physical education. Most of its privileges are duplicated, thus paralleling the needs and opportunities of men and women. The full privileges of this building are offered to adult men over twenty-one for $10 per annum, boys under nine $3, women's rates from $8 to $3. Let others go and do likewise.

The Manchester College of Oxford, England, is the English Unitarian School for the training of ministers. Dr. W. B. Carpenter's retirement from the position of principal is an event noteworthy in the history of liberal thought and progressive religion. The succession is a notable line—Dr. Martineau, Dr. Drummond, Dr. Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter belongs to a noble family. He is the son of the celebrated biologist, a nephew of the famous Mary Carpenter, the great friend of unfortunate children. Dr. Carpenter is to visit America this summer and his presence alone will make the coming bi-annual meeting of the Unitarian Churches of America at San Francisco a noteworthy one. Dr. Jacks, son-in-law of Stopford Brooke, editor of the *Hibbard Journal* and the author of many thoughtful books, succeeds Dr. Carpenter as head of the Manchester School—a worthy successor. The King is dead, long live the King!

We sympathize with a contributor, R. L. Bridgman, to the *Christian Register* of July 1st, in his misgivings concerning the potency of the "League for the

Enforcement of Peace," recently organized in Philadelphia. High as were the ambitions and ideals there expressed, earnest and noble as were the men there assembled, they still failed to grasp, or, at least to express, the potent position of the true pacifist, who is content with nothing less than the retirement in international affairs of brute force as it is already retired in the administration of society in the relations of individuals. We want not a "League of Peace" but an "International Union," a "Federation of Powers," an "Organization of the World." And the inspirations of such an organization will not simply be a search for some method by which quarrels can be settled, something to prevent the nations from flying at one another's throats, but it will be a search after common interests, a development of common tasks, a free exchange of commodities, physical and spiritual, in the interest of the whole. We clip the Resolutions passed by the Massachusetts Legislature of this year from this article as perhaps representing the most progressive, co-operative word yet issued:

Whereas, the incalculable cost and calamity of the European war have caused a strong public sentiment for the end of all war, therefore be it

Resolved, That the General Court of Massachusetts hereby respectfully requests the Congress of the United States to make a declaration in substance as follows:

The United States affirms the political unity of all mankind.

It affirms the supremacy of world sovereignty over national sovereignty.

It promises loyal obedience to that sovereignty.

It believes that the time has come for the organization of the world government with legislative, judicial, and executive departments.

It invites all nations to join with it in the formal establishment of that government.

The Negro Farmer, of which Isaac Fisher is editor and business manager, is a twelve-page paper published fortnightly in Tuskegee, Alabama. It is among the most modest of our exchanges but it represents more prophetic potency than many of the more pretentious weeklies that come to our table. Mr. Fisher is a scholar, an adept at statistics, duly imbued with the economic value of science in its application to the soil and the life of the rural community. Added to all this he is a man alive to human rights and one committed to the problems of justice. He is well able to strike these high notes above the dividing lines of political party, religious sect, or race distinctions. The issue for June 19th has an interesting frontispiece, showing the attractive, modern, sunlit rural school building, well named a "Rosenwald School," for it is one of the several school houses built and being built in that section of Alabama through the co-operation of Mr. Rosenwald of Chicago. Mr. Rosenwald gives to any community dollar for dollar up to perhaps $350 or $400, which, with the low price of lumber and the generous amount of volunteer labor on the part of the patrons is securing for the colored children, in the neighborhoods taking advantage of this offer, school house privileges far in advance of the few country school houses provided for the white children in the same territory. The picture of the school building is surmounted with a portrait of Mr. Eli Madison, the colored patriarch of that community, after whom a railway station has been named and through whose pioneer energy the community is being socialized and of course humanized and civilized. This paper will interest a wide range of readers beyond the farmer class. Send for a copy, or better yet, send your dollar and let it come to you for a year and see if it is not an opinion forming visitor.

The Holy Jumpers

An incident in the recent "Wanderings" of the Editor was a visit to the Holy Jumpers at Waukesha, Wisconsin. It was the regular Sunday evening meeting. This community, called together, fostered and directed by one who is said to be a prosperous business man in Chicago, is one that offers much food for thought, and we deplore the mental and spiritual development of the visitor who attends these meetings as a source of amusement, who goes to laugh if not to scoff. One's own religious nature is indeed dull that is not moved to reflection if not to admiration. To the one who believes in spiritual realities he who goes to scoff may remain to pray. This movement challenges attention if not admiration on the ground of its business success. What began with a very small band of simple people with primitive surroundings and unlettered antecedents has grown to be a prosperous community which has recently come into possession of the ample quarters of what was once the famous Fountain House, the fashionable summer resort of pleasure seekers. The once proud ball room where the fashionable danced the midnight hours away is now the central hall for prayer and holy song. The rooms are filled with the devoted members who have proved their devotion by following the example of the primitive Christians, bringing all their earthly possessions and consecrating the same to the cause. Judging by the large number of children present the "school" which they maintain must be a numerous one, and they tell of a recent colonization that sent some three hundred members to Texas to establish a branch colony. There was little distinctive in the theology or the appeal connected therewith at this meeting. It is practically the "Scheme" that is the burden of the Salvation Army, the Free Methodists of the backwoods and the Billy Sundays of the city revivals. The one sole supreme question is how to thwart the devil, escape hell and win heaven. The only unique thing in this perform-

ance is the somewhat systematic use of voice and muscle in giving expression to the emotions of the soul, which, inasmuch as they came from the redeemed, are so jubilant that the jumping, the occasional chasseing down the hall and the plentiful cries, which did not stop even to enunciate the simple words of glory hallelujah or amen, make the exercises at times very noisy and very active. But why not? The psychology of rhythm, the poetry of motion, the primitive language of gesture, the power of laughter, not to say the liberations of vitality through noise, are not only all justifiable but effective means toward an end. Judging from the faces gathered the intelligence was obviously of a low order, but the sincerity was unquestioned. Many would seem to be somewhat sub-normal in intellectual power, but they were gripped by a power not to be mistaken or doubted. The rhythm of the old Greek choruses, the religious dances of the Orient, the gyrations of the Mohammedan dervishes, all seem to find a crude repetition and echo in the somewhat frenzied ecstacies of these Holy Jumpers of Waukesha, whose contributions to the religious life of our time is at least a rebuke to the cold formalities, the intellectual insincerity, the creedal hypocricies that so beset the proud churches of our boulevards and the superficial cynicisms of so many would-be rational religionists.

A Knightly Soul

There abides nothing in the culture of modern times more distorting to history and a perversion of facts than the conventional conception of "chivalry." "Knighthood" in the false light of romance is a thing of the past and "knightly souls" were supposed to be nurtured in the days of armor, sword bearing, and equestrian achievements.

It is the business of true culture, the gift of the philosophy that is rooted in insight to discover the glories of things near, the beauty of lives in and of our own day. Stories of valor more and more assume a civic rather than a martial setting. There lies before us the story of a Twentieth Century Knight, a chivalrous citizen, one who served his apprenticeship in the camp but whose discharge as a soldier was a graduation into the ranks of city-builders, nation developers, a knight errant of high causes, a champion of unpopular reforms. It is the story of Horace McKay of Indianapolis, whose translation we noticed in UNITY at the time of his going hence, last spring. Now the story is told as it should be by the tender hand of one very near to him. And this story is enshrined in noble print and sumptuous pages. The splendid face of the "College Boy," the noble features of "Three Score and Ten," the loving pair "Looking at our Bairnie's Bairns," and the striking picture of "The Three Boys" listening to "Bapapa's" "Story of a Jack-knife" are the illustrations that illumine the story of the quiet though tireless life. This story illustrates the spirit of our times more effectively than any compilation of the economic life embedded in our "industries" and "prosperities." Just a plain Ohio farmer boy, a lad in the army who preferred the obscurity of a private to an unearned commission but did not shrink from the epaulettes when they meant taking a place with the recently emancipated slaves, sharing the ignominy and the special danger that waited an officer of colored troops.

The story promptly passes from the camp to the city struggle and turmoil. Indianapolis has a commendable record. It is a city that has been doing things on high lines and standing for ideals. In the development of half a century Horace McKay was a knightly leader, more anxious to serve than for the emoluments of service. His story is the story of Indianapolis' reach after free thought in religion, after the suffrage right for women, the sanitary struggle of a city with malign malarid environment. All this is hinted at in this beautiful memorial volume which contains the story of his life, with the appreciations that crowned the life at the end. The sketch of his life, the funeral exercises, tributes from press and individuals all make of this Memorial, privately printed, a thing of beauty as well as a thing of strength.

Horace McKay was an exceptional man but there is more in it that is typical than exceptional. He was a civilian, a citizen, an American, a representative of the masses, of the unrecorded chivalry, the unlisted knighthood that make the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, with all their shortcomings, the noblest children of time and the latest born of God.

"SOCIAL BARRIERS."

"I am a pup of high degree,
A silver collar I wear;
I've a maid to give me perfumed baths,
And comb out my curly hair.
But you, little child with a ragged dress,
And wretched, worn-out shoe,
Don't try to pet De Millyun's dog—
A child who must work like you!

"I ride in a carriage on cushions soft,
You run in the common street;
With nose upturned I sniff at folks
You run with a shout to greet.
I wear a blanket of stylish cut,
With monogram gold in view;
Don't come too near De Millyun's dog—
A disreputable kid like you!

"I have my dish of dainty meat,
A moldy crust you gnaw;
I loll at ease in a silken lap,
You stretch on a bed of straw.
No, little child, you can't play with me,
Such honor is for a few,
For I'm the imported De Millyun's dog,
And nobody's brat like you!"

—*Exchange.*

CORRESPONDENCE

John Haynes Holmes in St. Louis

Editor UNITY:

Dr. John Haynes Holmes of New York was the Commencement orator at Washington University, St. Louis, June 10th—orator in fact as well as in name. He delivered a most powerful address on the folly of "armed peace" among the nations. Besides pointing out the failure of that means of preserving peace among nations, so palpably demonstrated by the European nations now at war, he went back into the early geological and zoological records and called attention to the fact that the mammoth creatures that were most powerfully equipped by nature with weapons offensive and defensive had all become extinct. This fact, he said, was, next to their very peculiar and unpronounceable names, the most remarkable feature pertaining to those ancient specimens of the animal kingdom. He said that man now had become the most heavily armored specimen of this animal kingdom, in proportion to his weight and stature, and was destined to become extinct if he continues in this direction.

The audience was a cultured one—consisting of students, professors and patrons of the university, and the address was very timely and most enthusiastically received. One of the graduates wrote me afterwards that she was very much interested in the address, partly because it was a departure from the beaten path usually followed by Commencement orators. Though the address was well received by the audience, for some reason it did not get the mention in the daily press that its importance merited, which is one reason why I attempt the next best thing for it, though a bit belated, and send this brief report of it to one representative of the religious press. "REPORTER."

Editor UNITY:

Under the subheading, "Opinions Wholly Adverse," I saw your opinion of "Billy" Sunday in the *Literary Digest* of June 12th. I have sought in all the cities in which he has preached to find some sincere Christian converts as the fruits of his labors. *I have found just three.*

These three converts are exceptions that prove the rule—the rule being that Sunday makes no sincere Christian converts. I am sorry to say it. As a Christian I had hoped, in all the cry everywhere for a revived Christianity, that "Billy" Sunday, however crude, might be the beginner in reviving it.

The aftermath indicates that "Billy" Sunday has done nothing more than pander to the popular fancy in matters of "social uplift" and religion. He has, therefore, illustrated the Scripture which says: "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God."

The best that is said of Sunday is that he does a good work along the usual church lines; but, as an evangelist, he should do much more. The churches have for years been acknowledged to be on the decline. Thousands of leading thinkers say they are responsible, by their sins of omission, for the European war. Even many ministers acknowledge the same.

The Boston Post of June 21st gave M. E. Bishop John William Hamilton, 581 Boylston Street, Boston, along this line. Its leading caption was, "Blames Church for the War in Europe."

Verily, with the churches responsible for the greatest human slaughter that the world has ever seen, there is nothing to glory in when a man's religious work reaches no higher than theirs.

FRANCIS BUCK LIVESEY.

West Friendship, Md.

THE CHANT OF THE VULTURES

We are circling, glad of the battle: we joy in the smell of the smoke.
Fight on in the hell of the trenches: we publish your names with a croak!
Ye will lie in dim heaps when the sunset blows cold on the reddening sand;
Yet fight, for the dead will have wages—a death-clutch of dust in the hand.
Ye have given us banquet, O kings, and still do we clamor for more:
Vast, vast is our hunger, as vast as the sea-hunger gnawing the shore.

'Tis well ye are swift with your signals—the blaze of the banners, the blare
Of the bugles, the boom of battalions, the cannon-breath hot on the air.
It is for our hunger ye hurry, it is for our feast ye are met:
Be sure we will never forget you, O servants that never forget!
For we are the Spirits of Battle, the peerage of greed we defend:
Our lineage rose from the Night, and we go without fellow or friend.

We were ere servant Sesostris spread over the Asian lands
The smoke of the blood of the peoples, and scattered their bones to the sands.
We circled in revel for ages above the Assyrian stream,
While Babylon builded her beauty, and faded to dust and to dream.
We scattered our laughter on nations—and Troy was a word and a waste,
The glory of Carthage was ruined, the grandeur of Rome was effaced!

And we blazoned the name of Timour, as he harried his herd of kings,
And the host of his hordes wound on, a dragon with undulant rings.
And we slid down the wind upon France, when the steps of the earthquake passed,
When the Bastile bloomed into flame, and the heavens went by on the blast.
We hung over Austerlitz, cheering the armies with jubilant cries:
We scented three kings at the carnage, and croaked our applause from the skies.

O kings, ye have catered to vultures—have chosen to feed us, forsooth,
The joy of the world and her glory, the hope of the world and her youth.
O kings, ye are diligent lackeys: we laurel your names with our praise,
For ye are the staff of our comfort, for ye are the strength of our days.
Then spur on the host in the trenches to give up the sky at a stroke:
We tell all the winds of their glory: we publish their fame with a croak!

—*Edwin Markham.*

Shoes of Happiness, and other Poems.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

VI.

John the Beloved

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered January 3, 1915 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Stenographically reported by May Johnson

Prayer

In the joy of a new day, in the conscious benedictions of new opportunities, in the humiliations of things undone that we might have done, in humble penitence for the things neglected, we come, Father, hoping to catch new courage, to find new vision, and to lay hold of life anew as if it were fresh from Thy hand, breaking upon us in strangeness, in glory, in infinite power. Amen.

Sermon

John is the most elusive, pervasive, and persuasive man in the New Testament. Without that thought and literature that has gathered around the name of John the New Testament would be devitalized. He has given rise to a little Testament inside of our New Testament—the Fourth Gospel, the three Epistles that bear the name of John and the Book of Revelation, make clearly a group by themselves. What is known as the "Johannine Literature" has given rise literally to libraries of comment. It has been the basis of pathetic quarrels and tireless discussions. The battle is not over yet. But it is safe to say that the consensus of the most competent students declares that John, the brother of James and the son of Zebedee, who lived nearest to the Master, is innocent of the authorship of any of these so-called Johannine books. They came along in the second century of our era. But they are pervaded through and through with the traditions, the message and the life of that fisherman. As he appears in the first three Gospels he is one of the three or four that are most frequently mentioned. He was with Jesus at the Transfiguration. He and his brother appear in a quite uncomplimentary role when they seek to secure preferred seats in the Kingdom to come. When the Master came down from the Mountain and found that others were casting out devils, John rebuked them only to be in turn rebuked by the Master.

But when we come to the Fourth Gospel it does not mention the name of John. He is always "the other disciple" or "the beloved disciple" or "the disciple whom Jesus loved." At the last solemn supper he reclined his head on the Master's bosom and he of all the twelve followed him clear up to the foot of the Cross. It was he who received the tenderest compliment that a man can give to a friend. In the Calvary bequest He consigned the heartbroken mother to the care of John, saying, "Behold thy mother!" and to the mother "Behold thy son!" And so John passes out of life, out of the records in this ambiguous way, as the one disciple that above all others loved and was beloved.

In the book of Galatians Paul refers to him in their early missionary work after the crucifixion, as being recognized as simple minded and unlettered. On Paul's return to Jerusalem after eleven years' absence he made the acquaintance of John and Peter and James, and says they were then considered as pillars of the church and they gave him the right hand of welcome.

John then may well stand as the representative of that interpretation of religion that is love. If Paul stands for the tremendous intellectuality that has laid the basis for all the creeds, Paul is the source of interminable discussions. His texts, alas, have been torn cruelly from their context, and made the basis of theories and philosophies of which Paul must have been ignorant; if Peter stands for the organized, organizing sectarian, the man of statistics who organized schemes and missionary exploitations, John stands for the interpretation of that religion that is loving and loyal and tender. The Gospel of John, it is safe to believe, is colored by this tradition. Perchance it was written by some one who was able to take from the aged lips of the unlettered Apostle, the recollections and traditions which otherwise would have been lost to the world. Only about eight of the material of the Gospel of John is found in the other three Gospels. Ninety-two per cent of it is brand new. It goes without saying, very much of that is philosophy, teaching and discussions of problems which were not extant in the time of Jesus and of which he was innocent. But all through it you find the golden thread of a personality and of a testimony that illumines the whole with a spirit that makes the Gospel of John at once the despair and the unspeakable treasure of the thoughtful. It is the fountain head of that theology that bloomed eventually into the triune God. It is the result of that attempt at compromise, or to combine the philosophy of the times, the bequest of Plato, with the teachings of the Nazarene.

It is the Gospel of John that gives us the story of the Samaritan woman at the well who out of her anxiety would fain solve the problem of religion that so menaced them. She said to Jesus, "Our Fathers said that on Mount Gharazim was the proper place to worship, and you say that in Jerusalem is the chosen altar of the Lord." Then came that escape from dogmatism that answers for all time. "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem is the acceptable place for worship, for 'God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'"

Now, it is easy to pump up the conventionalities of a sermon on love. I have done it so often in this pulpit that I almost repent of this undertaking. It is so easy to compliment the Gospel of Love; it is so hard to realize it. May I try by two or three illustrations to brush away the hypocrisies that gather around the word "love," the sentimentalities that debilitate, the unconscious insincerities that make our lives inefficient. Oh how we mouth the gospel of love and practice the gospel of force and of hate!

Robert Browning in his "Death in the Desert" has made high poetic use of the tradition that the Apostle John lived to a very, very old age, which enabled him to give to the Fourth Gospel its characteristics. Browning follows the tradition that carried John in his old age out of Ephesus, when persecutions came. Loving hands carried him tenderly and hid him in a cave, and there as the brethren were leaving him for the last time he was carried where the sunlight would fall on him. Here he gave his last testimony. One character in that group was a simple minded native

who stayed apart some distance from the cave, apparently tending a goat but really keeping watch so that he might sound the alarm if enemies approached. After the death the little group scattered and Browning speaks of this:

> "Bactrian was but a wild childish man,
> And could not write nor speak, but only loved."

Here then is our first lesson. This faithful primitive man of the desert, unable to write, unskilled in speech, had still a great capacity for love. This Bactrian, according to the "Bill" now pending in Congress would not be admitted into the United States, for he could neither read nor write his name. Perhaps the most—I was going to call this stupid, but I want a stronger word—lack of vision, absence of insight, demoralization of spirit, greed and conceit, lead even the Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, to place the decisive and delusive mark of fitness for citizenship in the United States on this superficial and insignificant power of reading or writing, as if all experience has not proved that these easy accomplishments of the schools are often found combined with hardness of heart, deadness of conscience and weakness of purpose! As if our prisons were not crowded with men who are skilled in the three R's, as if the power to write did not lend itself to the forger as well as to the honest man. And if on the other hand the strength of this and of other nations does not rest with the simple sincerity of loving hearts, with the preoccupations of men and women and little children who tax their health, their ease and their lives under sorest conditions that the love of the fireside may not be desecrated, that hungry ones may be fed and naked ones be clothed. The Bactrian could only stand guard at the entrance of the cave where the great Apostle was dying, the last man who could say, "I saw." He could neither read nor write, he could only love, but he nobly practiced the Gospel of John. The principles of the United States, the flag of our country, if you please, the constitution of our nation, is nobly practiced when faithfully guarded by those who can love them.

But there is another lesson that belongs in here from Browning: "The learned eye is still the loving one." It takes a lot of brains to love wisely. Plato, the greatest intellect of antiquity, gave the scheme of love which Emerson has worked out in his trilogy of love. These are the Initial, the Demonic and the Celestial Loves. Here he traces the evolution and growth of love, beginning indeed with the animal life, the love of sex, the love of the family circle, the love of man for woman which he holds in connection with the love of birds. This is justified in the squirrel's nest and exemplified in the beaver's home. You have not gone very far in the religion of love if you have only known the ecstasy that comes from the girl that you have asked to marry you. You have only entered the outer threshhold of the temple of love if you are only conscious of the ties that binds you with marriage vows.

Following Plato, Emerson rises into that "Demonic" love where the higher Daemons, the angels of patriotism, of denominationalism, of causes, inspire. A great step forward when you forget the selfish limitations of your family, or the outward bindings of the wealth, that dole out charity to the bare-footed and blight their own young with the accursed luxuries that stultify the mind, clog the body and blind the vision. Many never escape from the Initial love of home. My family must be protected! while as to the other man's family, I must be assured that they are absolutely in want of the simplest primitive elements of life before they are objects of concern to me. I know of people who have been disgusted because their interest has been directed to people who are uncleanly. They are disappointd if under much adversity a woman has been able to keep her little ones clean. They want a lot of dirt in the house in order to justify or inspire their charity. Such have not reached the religion of love.

Now we rise into that third plane of Plato which Emerson calls the Celestial Love, in which he says:

> Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves
> Do these celebrate their love;
> Not by jewels, feasts and savors,
> Not by ribbons or by favors.
>
> Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
> Of self in other still preferred,
> But they have heartily designed
> The benefit of broad mankind.
>
> For this is Love's nobility—
> Not to scatter bread and gold,
> Goods and raiment bought and sold;
> But to hold fast his simple sense,
>
> And speak the speech of innocence,
> And with hand and body and blood,
> To make his bosom-counsel good.
> He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dare be true.

Thus it is that the religion of love leads us into the higher realms of thought, claims the devout service of philosophy. Love makes canny the simplest, and efficient the most unlettered.

The first charter of absolute religious liberty ever known in the world, was that issued to Roger Williams and his twelve associates for the founding of his colony at Providence, Rhode Island, and five out of those thirteen signed their names with a cross. They could not write their names but they had climbed the John heights of the Gospel of Love of truth and the love of liberty, the love of ideals. That constitution of Rhode Island served as the model, more or less directly, for most of the early constitutions of the states, and has remained sufficient until within a few years.

Love makes wise the simple, love makes profound the statesman, love makes skillful the physician. No surgeon can work upon the dead body, or, upon a model with the acute touch which he can give to the living flesh, the bleeding tissue under his hands. The reason is clear. Added to all his knowledge, added to all his experience which he can bring to bear upon the dead body in the dissecting-room, comes that last inspiration of the true physician—the holy mission of saving life, of ameliorating suffering. He dares under that inspiration to plunge the cold steel into the sacred fabric of the brain, work with his forceps at the central citadel of life, and a great love, enlightened by experience, holds steady the hand and makes accurate the incision. O love is revealing and calls for the highest exercise of brain.

Our good cow "Dinah" at Tower Hill last summer succeeded in secreting her calf for five whole days in spite of the searchings of the whole family who could not find it, although they thought they knew every foot of that hundred acre lot. The litle calf, by some kind of divine intuition, obeyed the mother's behest. He always laid quiet in spite of his fear and stupidity until

the mother came. The mother would go home with the cows and take her place in the stall rather than reveal the hiding place of the treasure of her heart. This partakes of the love that inspires, that makes wise. It changes tuition into intuition, blooms into statecraft and makes radiant the state. Indeed, our militant philosophies notwithstanding, only by love is the state made safe.

All of us have sunny-spots in our lives. Just a moment, an unexpected breaking of the clouds, an unlooked for ray of light touching everything into beauty, makes the common-place radiant, making that moment the glow point from which we measure our time and way to the next point. If we were frank about it, these glow points, these sun-spots in the life of the individual that seem to be insignificant and unimportant, really fix our pay and service in life.

We are nothing these days if we are not militant in our studies and in our appreciation. I was hospital bound in the great battle of Corinth. Cannon, marches and counter marches, charges, and musketry etched those three terrible days upon my weary mind and fever-weakened body. But all that has grown vague, they are fading, there only remains today in my mind the battlefield of Corinth with sun clearness, the vision of a live, gracious, lovely young woman with a noble red apple in her hand. She found me at the roots of an old tree and she said, "Would you like this apple, my boy?" Of course I thought I did. I accepted it but was disappointed when I found that my teeth would not break into the apple. I was too sick to eat. I have no idea how it tasted. I am sure I never ate it. I have forgotten what became of it, but that radiant face, that tender voice and that rosy fragrance stay.

I remember one dark and doleful encampment which has but little in it by which to be remembered, suddenly breaking into radiance when a butler's wagon drove into camp and a woman standing amidst barrels filled with onions, doled them out. The onions were grateful to us who were threatened with scurvy, but the hand that filled the little peck measure of onions for me was the hand of Mother Bickerdyke, she who some months before had rescued me from what was a downward slide to an upward climb.

Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say that out of the recollections of the forty-seven days siege at Vicksburg a certain keg of pickled onions sent by "Aunt Mary" stands out most conspicuously. That keg of pickles stands out above and beyond all the marches and counter marches, victories and defeats of Vicksburg.

What is true in individual life is true in the history of the race. There are certain sun-spots that break through clouds, that dissipate storms that rearrange the perspective of life and reconstruct the tendencies of nations. Such a radiant-sun-spot broke upon the world when Prince Sadartha, born to luxury, guarded for the glories of the Court, laid aside the trappings of royalty, clothed himself with the yellow robe of a mendicant and went out in search of that which would alleviate the woes of the world. Such another sun-spot broke into the history of the world when in the tragic days of Athens, when politicians were purse proud, when the administration was poisoned with military ambitions, and the humble son of a stone mason went up and down the streets of Athens, talking with the young men, summoning them to temperate lives and higher things. The thought and history of the world have been rearranged from such sun-spots.

Of course we know that when the Nazarene on the Cross crowned heights, with nails in feet and hands, a spear at the heart, said "Forgive them, they know not what they do," and to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother!" there again was a sun-spot in history. These spots are not rare or exceptional.

St. Benedict, without sword, undrilled, without uniform, just a monk with a few brothers, consecrated to Poverty, Chastity and Labor, went out to conquer the Gothic citadel of Europe. The legend is true to history that tells how the proud Goth leader, despising the helplessness, the unprotectedness of these monks, bound one of them with strong ropes and brought him back to camp. When Benedict met the proud military man and looked on that innocent prisoner of war, the ropes snapped and let him go free. History is told in parables and philosophy oftentimes lurks in alleged miracles; the fetters so trying were snapped by the man who left Monte Cassino to storm Europe, without an army, with no guns and no weapons, and what is better gloriously accomplished the task. He drained the marshes, he felled the forests, he plowed the fields and softened the barbaric hearts of Europe. Mind you the story of St. Benedict is to be repeated. Fetters will break not by superior force of arms but the gyves of the prisoner of war will be snapped by the looks of the lovers.

I am trying to save myself respect in interpreting the gospel of loving deeds without dropping into the inanities and insincerities in which the pulpit too often indulges when dealing with this subject. We want to stop insulting the Nazarene and His beloved Disciple by talking love while we are nursing hate.

Would you know what the intimate heart of the Gospel of Jesus is as it abides in the hearts of the wise and is interpreted in the light of history? This is the supreme test: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Are we ready for that? Peace is on our lips night and day. Peace will come sure and lasting only when these terms are accepted. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." And those who fain would represent this Gospel of the Christ, who have sneers and jeers for those who would apply his gospel to diplomatic problems and national issues wander far from the Christian's God. If these principles are not good for the nation they are not good for the individual. If they are true for heaven they must be true for the earth.

Something has happened within the last week, reported in the papers which has distressed me much and the greatest distress has come from the absolute stolidity of the public, the absolute silence of the press and so far as I know, no man, woman or child has been moved by it—at least I have not heard of such a movement. This to me recites the stolidity of Chicago and arraigns our prosperity in terms of humiliation and sorrow. The State of Illinois has honored itself beyond all other states in the Union by placing in Statuary Hall in Washington the effigy of a woman, the only woman in that group. The mild, gentle and saintly Frances Willard. Oh! how she cheapens that line of be-ribboned and be-buttoned warriors in that Statuary Hall. How small and intrusive appear

those generals and commodores with their buttons and swords. Measured in the light of history I put the name and fame of Frances Willard over and above that resplendant line of the American soldiery. She wrought more mightily for the well being of the community and the freedom of the individual than many a "General." Her career began like John's, mid prejudice and superstition, with distrust, but she grew like John until her sympathies widened and her fellowship broadened. She lived on until she was a valiant champion of every progressive thing that presented itself to her generation. If you want to find the beginning of this so-called "Dry" movement, read the story of Frances Willard and the W. C. T. U. movement, a movement which to my mind outshines and outlasts any other of the woman's movements that have followed in her train. The mighty host of her lovers conceived nobly, if not wisely, a Temple for Chicago that would be dedicated to temperance, that would be the home of the humanities, that would stand down there in the loop region—one building dedicated to other than money making, one building sacred to love and its mission. The most skilful architect Chicago then had, shaped its lines in beauty; the building was completed and an untold amount of devotion was put into it. The spiritual equation in that building is measured by the self-sacrifice of millions of women, hard-working women, home women, women of the farm, women who sought to protect the helpless, women who fought the saloon and stayed in the work until it sought the suffrage of women, and now they are working for the child against the encroachments of selfish labor.

The other day the mortgage was foreclosed, for a petty $100,000, and it was foreclosed by the Trustees of the Marshall Field Museum. Marshall Field! Let us think plain about this thing—that bargain maker, that servant of greed, that man who in dying tried to take all he had with him, failing that held it away from the life of the world for thirty-five years that the immense fortune might burden, perhaps ruin the joy and life of little helpless grandchildren. This capitalist in the extremity loaned the money which he ought to have given, if he had recognized his co-workers in Chicago. Now the trustees want that $100,000 to put in a few more ornamental gargoyles, etc., on the show building that is to hold the bones of dead animals and other "curiosities" to be exhibited out on the lake front, where one-half the constituency is fish, to whom the building will not be interesting. But it must go there because this bargain hunter had written a fresh bargain in death and conditioned his small gift to the furnishing of a free site. Montgomery Ward was right. Many of us knew he was right. Only a few of us said he was right, but we must save the Marshall Field bequest and so invade the already cramped playground with a show building out there where it is largely inaccessible to those to whom a museum would be the greatest blessing.

Here it is, then, the Temple of Temperance—the headquarters of the humanities, the visible monument to the benignant Frances Willard is to pass over to the Marshall Field Museum, the bargain maker. It was a job lot at the start. With a few millions he secured possession of that which cost unnumbered millions and in recognition of the unnumbered millions of the Columbian Exposition the building was first to be known as the "Field Columbian Museum," but that seemed to place in the minority the founder, so the word "Columbian" was eliminated and now it is the "Field Museum." I wish all success to this curiosity shop, it has a function to fulfill but woe to Chicago if it forgets its prophets, and alas for the city that has no allotted space for the lovers of men unless it be guarded by a golden key as is now the case with Chicago.

We are on the eve of an election and the Mayor is out for the votes of the women. He promises that he will cause to be erected a connecting railroad between the North and South Sides and also a subway, by which Chicago is to be lifted above its present disgraces, of its sincerities and selfish system of spoils. Are these broadened streets and these bridges and subways to lift Chicago into the integrities? A gospel that is not rightly interpreted by the mighty intellect of Paul who tried to formulate a philosophy for the world. A Gospel that is interpreted only in the willing life and the love that rises above the love of man for woman, above the love of country into the great love of truth of life, a love in which all men find their last refuge, to which all nations must at last render account. The nations who have missed this ideal, have passed down and out of the vision of men.

I believe in John the Beloved and I find in Frances Willard, the gentle lady, his best modern interpreter in the life of Chicago since I have lived here. The analogy is more fitting than we can well understand. John began by rebuking those who cast out devils in other names than in the name of the Master. He began by looking out for a good seat for himself in the Kingdom to come, but he grew and providence took care of him and began where he left off and finally broke into the mystic Gospel of John and into the beatific vision of the Book of Revelation.

Miss Willard was a neighbor of mine in Janesville, Wis., before she came to Chicago. I knew her in the old "Sunnyside Home," where the father and mother raised the dear little girl. Years afterwards Frances Willard confessed to me that it was an awfully brave thing she did when she accepted my invitation to preach for me. She said, "I confess I did it with fear and trembling. I did not know whether I did the right or wrong thing that time."

But she grew with her work. Love educated her, until at last she introduced me out of the fullness of her heart as "a member in good and regular standing in the W. C. T. U." She said: "The 'W' excludes him; we are uncertain of his 'C'; we have often differed with him as to the 'T' but he makes such an everlasting fuss about the 'U' that we had to take him in."

Everywhere and always we are ushered into the larger life by loving and in no other way. Love is the more binding and more elevating as it reaches into those supremé realms where the great words of Love and Liberty, of Truth and Righteousness, and Justice obtain. Charity is a damaged word; it is ruined by the pulpit and disgraced by the wealthy. Not "charity" but these great movements of love that hold up the hands of those who stand for forces spiritual that will usher in the Kingdom of Love.

Robert Browning conceived of the old man who fain hoped that he might live until the coming of the Master, fading away with anxiety, lest there be no one left who could say "I saw," and the message of the

Nazarene would grow dim. The dying St. John was unnecessarily anxious for there is a providence that takes care of those things; all lovers are in league with the Eternal.

The Woman's Temple down there on La Salle street may and will be razed. The beautiful dream, architectually speaking and sociological necessity of such a building, may go by default, and skyscraper dedicated to dollars from foundation to top will take its place. But one or two things will happen. If the dream of the Woman's Temple is not realized Chicago in one way or another will follow the fate of Babylon, Ninevah, Memphis and Troy—it will become a forgotten location.

Help us, O Father, into the largeness of love. Reveal to us Thy divinity written ever in the larger and higher causes of life! Amen.

Our Great Idol—Machine

The sinking of the Lusitania is another example of the tyranny of the machine. Germany made a machine that could do something that was unprecedented, and the fact that international law forbade the doing of it did not stand in the way. The mechanists of contemporary life aspire to compel humanity to accept the ruling that the highest efficiency of the machine is the first law of nature. That rule Germany has upheld in the case of the Lusitania, just as our New York police court and grand jury upheld it the other day in the case of Karl Bitter. A machine killed Bitter without fault or negligence of his. Verdict: No one to blame!

If our old friend Moloch, to whose interior fires babies used to be fed, should return to earth and investigate the details of modern machine worship, he would go back to hell a very much humbled ex-deity. He had his turn, but he would surely realize and admit that compared with our great twentieth century idol, Machine, he was a mere speck on the track.

So with Juggernaut. Juggernaut knows now that he was always a back number; a poor, lumbering tyro, with a large appetite, to be sure, but with very primitive means of gratifying it. Juggernaut had weight, but no speed. We have changed all that. Our idol has weight, velocity, a will of his own and no bowels. It claims the right of way on earth, and it would be a bold contestant who would deny that it is making good.

If Samuel Butler could re-read those amusing chapters toward the end of "Erehwon," wherein he told how the Erehwoners, after tremendous argument, concluded that their machines were going too strong, and destroyed them all, he would hardly know whether he was joking or not.

From Life. E. S. M.

I begin to suspect that the common transactions of life are the most sacred channels for the spread of the heavenly leaven. *George MacDonald.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXII
The Theocratic Parables

Miss Martha C. Dameier, Leader

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did unto me."

Matt. xxv:40.

It is said that the word parable appears fifty times in the New Testament, mostly in the Synoptic Gospels. While it means a comparison of any kind, Archbishop Trench defines a parable as constructed to set forth a spiritual and heavenly truth. This emphasizes the difference between the parable and the fable which is essentially of the earth. The parable is not so readily distinguished from the allegory where the difference is one of form rather than content, the same difference of construction exists between the parable and the myth.

The use of the parable is one that all earlier teachers held in common with Jesus. The Christian Church did not welcome this discovery, but Max Mueller in commenting on it argues that a truth or an institution that has lived through the ages has of necessity a more vital significance for us. "A Power in Making Comparisons" is one of the characteristic names of Buddha, who often concentrated his teaching in the parable, the names of several of which are identical with those of the Gospels—"The Sower" and "The Prodigal Son." But for the most part the Gospel parables are of so unique an originality that their genuineness is not questioned. They are distinguished by their admirable clearness and vivid naturalness, and they probably tell us better than anything else what lay nearest to Jesus' heart.

The Parables of the New Testament have been classified into two general groups, the theocratic and the ethical. This lesson will concern itself with the first group, which are again divided into two classes,—the first of them being given during the Galilean ministry and the last shortly before the Crucifixion. The theocratic parables, probably better known as the Parables of the Kingdom, are found chiefly in Matthew. The reason for this is obvious, for the author was a Jew writing under the conviction that the coming of the Kingdom was near at hand that Jesus' mission was to prepare the people for this event. This Christian-Jewish thought distinguishes the parables in Matthew from the similar ones of the other gospels.

Capernaum, with its neighboring villages on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee, where Jesus spoke his first parables, has been called "The Cradle of Christianity," for here for the first time were people taught by Jesus his doctrine of God's love and universal brotherhood. Jesus lived here with his four friends, Simon and Andrew, and later two other brothers, James and John, who left their nets and followed Jesus on his journeys to and from Nazareth. They lived perhaps somewhat in the manner of the

Essenes and Jesus went among the people as other Rabbis did. Stapfer writes:

"It was not in the house that he spoke, but in the open air, on the shore of the lake, the splashing of whose harmless wavelets was far too gentle to stifle his voice. More or less everywhere on the lake-shore Jesus taught. The crowds listened standing on the shores; the fishermen brought their boats to the very margin of the grass to listen, while he, seated in the boat of Simon Cephas, pronounced a few beatitudes or related a parable. Waterfowl swam around the boat; the sky quivered with light, and the waves came softly up to die upon pebble and sand, amid the grass and the flowers."

Jesus found much suffering, poverty and ignorance and we read he was filled with compassion for them. His parables are evidences of how seriously he studied them and their needs. These first parables reflect so clearly the occupations and interests of the people that with the natural scenery for a background they are really dramas and stand out as pictures in our memory.

The first great parable is "The Sower," found in all the Synoptics and one that Jesus explained later to his disciples, the key to which is found in the fourth chapter of Mark. Jesus, of course, is the sower, the seed his message, and the ground receiving the seed the hearts of different classes of hearers. This is one of the group known as the Seed Parables, which includes "The Wheat and Tares," "The Mustard Seed" and "The Seed Growing Gradually." The last one is peculiar to Mark, who gives us only four or five parables. Professor Bruce in his "The Kingdom of God" calls our attention to the many parables in which the Kingdom is represented as subject to the laws of growth. The Parable of the Mustard Seed, found in both Matthew and Mark, typifies the growth of the Kingdom from the smallest of seeds, and Matthew emphasizes the thought by having the seed grow into a tree of such size as to allow large birds to roost in its branches. This is closely followed by the Parable of the Leaven, which teaches much the same thing. The leaven is the word and the flour the world. W. E. Leonard in the "Poet of Galilee" comments on this:

"Even in the brief mention of the women making bread, he (Jesus) tells us she hid the leaven not simply in the meal, but in three measures of meal—and that makes the difference between a lay-figure and an actual housewife. It is just these apparently trivial touches that betray the born story-teller."

That many will be found in the kingdom who have no right there is told in the parables of the "Wheat and the Tares" and "The Net." They also hint of the Messianic judgment.

The supreme value of the heavenly riches for the possession of which all sacrifice should be made is typified by the stories of "The Pearl of Great Price" and the "Hidden Treasure."

It is claimed that by placing the parables as much as possible at their true date we get a veritable history of Jesus' religious ideas. There are numerous instances during his Galilean ministry wherein he showed consideration for the people outside of the Jewish race. And later in his travels as he came more in contact with the pagan world his sectarianism fell away and in the parables spoken during his last days he shows a broader view of humanity. This with the prophetic note that they bear are the characteristics found in this group.

The parable of "The Two Sons" in Matthew and Mark, spoken when Jesus was in the Temple Courts, teaches that it is more difficult for the self-righteous to enter the Kingdom than it is for those whose sins they scorn.

In the story of the Wicked Tenants or the Faithless Vine Dressers, addressed to the chief priests, it is shown that it is the Jewish nation, and not its rulers only, who is guilty, and the nation Matthew speaks of means the faithful ones of God everywhere. The Vineyard is God's kingdom and the son whom he sent last is Jesus whom they put to death hoping to gain strength and influence; but Jesus uses the parable to suggest that the doctrine they reject will triumph over their opposition.

The "many invited" in the Parable of the Great Feast are the Jewish people and their rejection of the invitation is typified by their unreadiness. Their excuses are the various worldly interests that exclude from the mind all care for nobler things. Those called to take their place are the tax gatherers, sinners and Gentiles. Matthew's host is a king, Luke's a man. Luke says nothing of the unsuitable dress but Matthew adds the paragraph in which the king excludes the man who appeared without a suitable garment. All are invited but only those admitted who comply with the conditions of the invitation.

The parable of the Virgins or the Ten Bridesmaids shows the necessity of watchfulness and readiness.

The variations in the story of the Talents as told by Matthew and Luke make it difficult to determine whether the parables are distinct, or the same variously reported. The rewards are proportionated to faithfulness of service and teach that gifts unused are lost, while every effort put forth brings strength for future effort.

Jesus links the present with the future in the parable of the Great Judgment or the Sheep and the Goats. Professor Bruce speaks of the "blending of the future glory with present humiliation." He writes:

"He who shall come in his glory accompanied by all the holy angels, and take possession of His judicial throne before an assembled world, is one who can say: I have been an hungered, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, a prisoner. The fact of His having such a history throws a deep pathos into the judgment program, and divests it of every semblance of vain-glory or arrogant pretensions. . . . . The essence of Christianity is placed in love, and love is made the touchstone of character and the arbiter of destiny. A loftier ideal of judge and judgment it is not possible to conceive."

We do not want to forget the Eastern setting of these parables and a word quoted from a leaflet published by the "Friends of Our Native Landscape" will perhaps help our appreciation.

"Tagore has pointed out that the fundamental difference between Western and Eastern civilization lies in the fact that we of the West have been bred within walls, thus gaining a sense of separation, of 'artificial dissociation' between ourselves and 'Universal Nature.' Eastern civilization, on the other hand, had its birth in the forests, surrounded by nature. The results are to be found in the characteristics of West and East today; we seek the power of possession; the East seeks the power of union, that is, to realize the harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of nature."

I. What does the word parable mean?
II. How are the New Testament parables classified?
III. Where are the theocratic parables mostly found?
IV. What is the first great parable and where found?
V. Name all the parables you can find.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.——War is not the last chapter in human history.

MON.—The end of the world is harmony. The last word is peace.

TUES.—The universe is fighting against the men who believe in and produce war.

WED.—The city of God is the city of love and light.

THURS.—The human race is in a process of evolution.

FRI.—Whole nations may degenerate, and whole races may drop from the tree of life, but humanity will move onward.

SAT.—Militarism is the arch devil of the modern world.

—*Charles Edward Jefferson.*

THE HORSES

"Thus far eighty thousand horses have been shipped from the United States to the European belligerents."

What was our share in the sinning,
That we must share the doom?
Sweet was our life's beginning
In the spicy meadow-bloom,
With children's hands to pet us
And kindly tones to call.
Today the red spurs fret us
Against the bayonet wall.

What had we done, our masters,
That you sold us into hell?
Our terrors and disasters
Have filled your pockets well.
You feast on our starvation;
Your laughter is our groan.
Have horses, then, no nation,
No country of their own?

What are we, we your horses,
So loyal where we serve,
Fashioned of noble forces,
All sensitive with nerve?
Torn, agonized, we wallow
On the blood-bemired sod;
And still the shiploads follow.
Have horses, then, no God?

Life. —*Katharine Lee Bates.*

The Beaver in Fact and Fiction

With the exception of human beings, the beaver is the only creature of the animal kingdom that can fell a tree. It does it in a manner similar to that followed by experienced woodsmen, and drops the trunks in just the way wanted. This, in itself, is a knack that only expert woodsmen know, and one that is learned only from experience and practice.

The Chippewyan Indians, a tribe living in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca, Northern Alberta, believe that they are directly descended from the beavers. Before an Indian kills one of the animals he humbly begs its pardon, by way of placating its spirit when it passes into the next world. Another interesting legend of the animal is the following, as told to the writer by an aged chief in the far north country:

"Long ago, in the beginning of time, the beavers were a mighty people and were kings of earth. And men were their slaves. But, as the years passed on, the men grew wiser and one day they revolted against their masters. A long war followed in which the beavers and the men fought many battles. And finally the men, in one last great battle, killed so many of the beavers that the animals were no longer masters of the earth. The king of beavers made a last stand in his dome-shaped house on Lake Athabasca. Badly wounded, and hopelessly outnumbered by the men warriors, the king dove beneath his house and swam out into the lake. For a long time, till he was out of reach of their spears, he swam under water. He reached the shore at the other side, but was so weak from loss of blood that he soon died."

The dome-shaped rock, known as Beaver Lodge, stands today on the shores of Athabasca Lake, not far from Fond du Lac. And directly across from this point, over some considerable area, is a reddish mineral sandy clay out of which the Indians make paint. This, they claim, is the dried blood of the king of beavers, lost when he lay down to die.

Our Dumb Animals.

—*Francis J. Dickie.*

Goats and Their Milk

On an area of 15,000 square miles Switzerland produces yearly $8,000,000 worth of goats and goat products. Spain, Italy and Greece are heavy producers of goats and goat products.

France, Belgium, and Germany are heavy producers, and are noted for the high milking qualities of their stock.

In Great Britain the British Goat Society (under supervision of the government) yearly publishes a stud register giving the names and owners of pedigree stud goats selected by the committee, and recommended for stock purposes.

In Bavaria the country is noted for its larger number of centenarians. This fact is attributed by doctors to the daily use of Yoghurt, a product of goat's milk.

Goat's milk being very digestible and rich, is recommended by doctors for the use of babies and invalids.

The goat is immune from the dreaded disease tuberculosis, or the white plague, so common among cattle and people.

With million of acres of the finest brush land in the world lying idle in the mountains, with the babies in the cities clamoring for proper food, the Pacific Northwest, and, in fact, the whole United States, offers opportunities for the milk-goat industry, the possibilities of which can hardly be estimated.

"Goat Keeper." —*V. D. Hondt.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE HERO OF KANSAS CITY

Kansas City has no monopoly on this hero. Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and many and many a small and large community between them, all can boast a similar honor. They rarely do, however. His heroism is not the sort to illuminate head-lines or inspire deathless song, for he is only the Hero of Good Humor, who meets good fortune and bad with a smile or a shrug, and who goes trudging on to the front, a little wistful, perhaps, but undismayed. Various nationalities have to own up to this type of hero; he is not indigenous to any particular clime. The editor of the Kansas City *Star* has no difficulty in discovering him in that city, and describes him for us, in case we are not familiar with him in his American aspect:

The hero here sung did not go down on the *Lusitania*. He never went in for ocean travel, or much travel of any kind. He makes the trip down-town every morning on the rear platform of a street-car, usually supporting another fellow citizen on one of his feet. When he is lucky enough to catch a jitney he sits comfortably in his luxurious seat, takes his hat off, lets the breeze toss his hair, and says happily to his neighbor that it is a beautiful morning, that the green trees and flowering shrubs make him want to sing, and that Kansas City is the finest town in the world, by George!

He gets up with the sun these spring mornings and while his fellow hero is making the bacon brown with one hand and washing Susie's face with the other he goes out and paints some more on the back fence. He says to himself, as he surveys the work, that next year he'll surprise the other hero with a hedge.

. . .

At breakfast the hero behind the coffeepot says she's going to issue an order, and, what's more, she wants it obeyed. He pretends to be awfully scared, but says shoot away, who's afraid? She says the order is that he go straight down to the store after he gets out from work and buy himself one of those straw hats advertised. He says pooh, that one up in the attic is good enough for another summer. She says it isn't any such thing. It's been cleaned and cleaned, and the brim has been trimmed and trimmed, and she doesn't propose to have him going around looking like a fright.

He says he'd rather spend the money to get John a new—

She says stop right there. John has got a new hat and when he sees it he'll say it came right out of the factory. She made it over from last year, changed the shape of the brim, and put a bright new ribbon on it. He says if that is so then he will issue an order. She shall take the money she saved on John's hat and march right down-town and buy herself some white shoes to go to Swope Park in. As for him, he is not going to sit there and be bossed.

And so the endless warfare goes on, self-denial pitted good-humoredly against self-denial. True, the hero-lady has somewhat the advantage, left alone in the house all day, with plenty of time to think up schemes, and plenty of material for 42-cm. self-denial all about her, but, as the editor goes on to remark, the man does not fall far behind.

Down at the office he eats his lunch at his desk and says, holding up his cake, that if there's any woman in the world who can dash off a better piece of frosting than that he'd like to see her perform. Then he brushes up the crumbs and puts them out on the fire-escape for the pigeons, and says those birds are getting to be a blamed nuisance, but they have got in the habit of looking to him for a feed, and what in the world can he do?

He buys his paper going home and folds it against the back of the man in front of him while he tries to read the ball scores. Then he reads the war-news and says those soldiers over there are real heroes, giving up everything to duty the way they do. He wishes he was as good a man as any one of them, but knows blamed well if they put him in the trenches he would prove a coward and run away.

—*The Literary Digest.*

OUR YOUNG HEROES

In the ruins of Pompeii, after they have shown you the great amphitheatre, the streets, the forum, the shops, the houses, the villas, they take you through the gate and show you the stone sentry-box where were found, buried in ashes, the rusted remains of the helmet and cuirass of a Roman sentinel. When the black cloud rose from the mountain, and the hot ashes fell around him, and the people rushed by him from the city in their frantic flight, he could do nothing but duty, he could *stand;* and so he stood; and died in his place, suffocated by the sulphury air. He was buried deep beneath ashes; and now, after eighteen hundred years, his disinterred remains testify to the nobleness which stands to its post even when all hope is gone.

It is perhaps the highest kind of courage, this of standing to our post, no matter whether we seem to succeed or to fail. For this, we dwell so often, with tearful eyes, on the story of heady fights, when young men stood firm at their post, even if conscious it was in vain. The three hundred at Thermopylæ, the six hundred at Balaclava, the men on Hill 60 and on the Gallipoli beach—these are heroic instances. Having done all, they stood, and stood to die. They stood, hour after hour, while the long waves of battle rolled up against them; stood, hearing the wild yells of the overwhelming masses brought up to crush them.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs but to do, or die."

Such moments of heroic courage indicate to us all what is the real nobleness of life. It is to do all, and then stand; to stand firm to our duty, loyal to right, faithful to justice and truth, whether men help or forbear. Such courage makes it worth while to have lived.

—*The Christian Life.*

MAKE PEACE ATTRACTIVE!

The writer of an article in the May *Atlantic Monthly* on how to win over the public, especially young men of the soldier age, to wish for peace, to advocate peace, and to believe in peace with all their hearts is Albert J. Nock.

It is the best attempt I have come across to bring home to pacifists one element in the awful psychology of war, which we are apt to overlook. And with the problems the world has to face today, we cannot afford to overlook any motive that helps the militarists and the diplomatic schemers to gather in men to kill one another, with the ultimate object of annexing territory or acquiring markets.

While I am convinced that monopoly in land and other natural resources and our system of wholesale manufacture for private profit is at the foundation of modern wars, there are unquestionably other causes entering in. On the one hand there are in Europe the distracting quarrels and national irrita-

tions that have been inherited from past centuries; quarrels badly patched up and irritations incessantly felt. There are undemocratic constitutions and methods of representation that do not represent the workers, and ignore women altogether. There is the archaic adherence to secret diplomacy, which over and over again has involved nations in war without any reference to the wishes of their respective peoples. Especially today looms big the fact that certain trades make huge profits out of war, notably the manufacturers of guns and explosives and other deadly machines.

With none of these is Mr. Nock concerned at the present moment, though he probably would admit the validity of all of these as producing causes of war.

What he would like to do is to cut off the supply of soldiers, by making peace so attractive, and the arguments for peace so convincing that young men would no longer be so ready as the majority of them are today to go to the front.

Mr. Nock believes that when war threatens, or when war is declared, the common man, on account of the auspices and sanctions under which it is presented to him by his rulers, concerns himself very little with its justification in either reason or morality. But war does make a bid for his interest. It appeals to him as offering a chance in a life without opportunity; it appeals to the sense of a clear purpose, where the ordinary grind of life provides him none; and caters, too, to his pride of responsibility, by making him feel that much is expected of him.

A. H., in Life and Labor.

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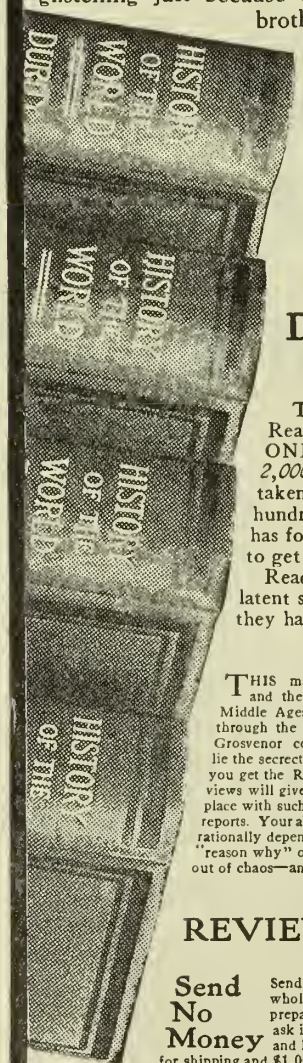

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Volume LXXV CHICAGO, JULY 29, 1915 Number 22

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God's Gift, The Air

Now, is there anything that freer seems
Than air, the fresh, the vital, that a man
Draws in with breathings bountiful, nor dreams
Of any better bliss, because he can
Make over all his blood thereby, and feel
Once more, his youth return, his muscles steel,
And Life grow buoyant, part of God's good plan!

Oh, how on plain and mountain, and by streams
That shine along their path; o'er many a field
Proud with pied flowers, or where sunrise gleams
In spangled splendors, does the rich air yield
Its balsam; yea, how hunter, pioneer,
Lover and bard have felt that heaven was near
Because the air their spirit touched and healed!

And yet—God of the open!—look and see
The millions of thy creatures pent within
Close places that are foul for one clean breath
Thrilling with health and hope and purity;
Nature's vast antidote for stain and sin,
Life's sweetest medicine, this side of death!
How comes it that this largess of the sky
Thy children lack of, till they droop and die?

—*Richard Burton*

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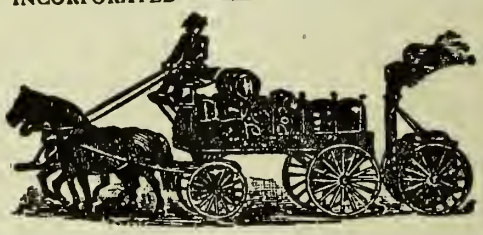

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915. Number 22

THE GLORY ON THE HILLS

A sunset glory lingers on the hills.
The valleys lie in shadow, deep as when
Dull, weary clouds drift slowly o'er the sun.
The air is clear and still, save now and then
A murmur in the pines, that skirt the way.

I think with pain that those great earnest souls
All burning with the love of truth and right,
Who shed new light upon their fellowmen
To guide them through the mazes of this world,
Who climb the blue of Heaven and cross its span—
Must, too, at last, sink sadly from our sight,
As does the sun at eve.

And yet if through Life's day, they've shed the light
Of love and truth and kindness to all men,
And if the atmosphere through which they shone
Grew thereby sweet, and so is calm and fair,
However sad the hearts that know their loss,
However deep the shadows in the vales,
A sunset glory lingers on the hills.

—*Franklin Henry Giddings.*

According to the *Survey* Los Angeles had eleven miles of street trees planted a year ago by the unemployed men, at a total cost of $1.25 a tree, including purchase, excavation, planting and staking. This is one more possible way for a city to come to the rescue of the unemployed. There should be many more good things to do where the healthy man or woman, willing to work, could be given something to do at a wage so low as to keep off starvation and freezing and would not encourage parasitism or cause men or women to "lay down" upon the municipality.

"The Bible and the Spade" is the suggestive title of Dr. Edgar J. Banks' last book. Dr. Banks is the field director of the recent expedition of the University of Chicago. This title, and of course the book it represents, humanizes the Bible by discovering its roots in the obscure antiquity of humanity. Its roots are interwoven with "obelisks" and "inscriptions" of dead civilizations and lost heroes and prophets. The Bible revealed by the spade becomes a very human book and partakes of the pathos, the heroism, the saintliness and the wickedness of human nature.

According to *The American Issue,* a temperance publication that bristles with facts stripped of rhetoric, but lened with appeals to the reason and conscience rather than to the emotions, forty-thousand men were detained in the Police Stations of Chicago last year over night for intoxication. They were not arraigned as criminals, they were detained as sick men. This provokes a question. Is a drunken man a diseased person or a criminal? The answer is, both. Each individual case suggests a special proportion of sickness and of crime.

Benjamin Fay Mills in the *Advance* is publishing a series of articles on what he calls his theological development, or, "Why I Returned to the Church." This migrant soul finds room enough in life and in religion to make many incursions. He is a globe trotter in theology. We believe that he has power of interpreting religion helpfully from many standpoints. The end is not yet in the theological life of such a man. The doors of Liberal religion swing easily both ways. The Liberal has fellowship all the way from the theologically torrid zone, lurid with hell fire lights, to the polar regions where snow and ice are enhaloed in the Aurora-borealis.

The *Advocate of Peace* for July has an editorial entitled "The Orgy of Hatreds" which contains a gruesome array of the horrible spiritual devastations of war, the demoralization of human sympathies, the perversion of the vision of poets and philosophers, the stifling of the sweet appreciations and the heavenly insights that discover worth in the grimmest of surroundings. This is the worst accompaniment of war. Compared with this mangled bodies, burnt cities, wrecked cathedrals are of trifling import. When such men as Frederick Harrison, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells join the perverted German who wrote the Chant of Hate, only with a different object, we can but join with the writer in question in "wondering what can be the outcome of this orgy of hatreds." In this connection we are glad to print in another column the article from the pen of our friend Dr. Charles W. Wendte who, through his correspondence, has been enabled to glean words of hopefulness and fraternity from the black depths of the war cloud. It is only when religion is interpreted in terms of universality, when it dares affirm brotherhood across trenches and under battle-flags, that it will come with healing on its wings and prove a balm to the ills of the spirit. For war is the result of spiritual degeneracy and works its most dire calamnity in the realm of the spirit.

The Legislature of the State of Illinois, which recently closed a scandalous session, one which showed that the corrupting influences of selfish industries, of political ambitions along partisan lines, and liquor, exercised a pernicious influence, and in the main defeated all the higher interests of the state as represented in the progressive bills, most of which were defeated not by straight vote in either house but by the vicious manipulation of committees and the accursed gavel rule which enabled the Speaker of the Lower House and the Lieutenant Governor to keep all attempts to bring to a square issue bills that menaced the partisan, the liquor man and the "big interests" that sought to defeat legislation by other than the direct force of argument. But it is proper to give the "Devil his due" and the *Survey* for July 10th is enabled to make an interesting list of "measures of social significance and value" that were secured by the Forty-ninth General Assembly of Illinois. Something was done in the way of promoting more accurate vital statistics. The duties of doctors, mid-wives, parents and boards of health were more clearly defined with a suitable enforcement clause. School boards were empowered to furnish physical training in all public schools. School buildings were made more available for social purposes. Properties used for immoral purposes were abated by more efficient laws. Provision for the commitment rather than the fining of immoral women was made. Proprietors of disorderly houses were considered as inmates and are made liable to imprisonment. The State Reformatory is authorized to harbor first offenders up to twenty-five years instead of twenty-one. More adequate provision for probation officers was made. The Pure Food Law was extended. Over against these benignant legislations comes the reproach, the "Eight Hour Law for women workers was defeated. They refused to ameliorate the situation of the child laborer and the wise bill in the interest of the unemployed developed by the Committee of which the late lamented Charles R. Henderson was chairman, was so nullified as to make it of little avail. On the whole the story of the Forty-ninth Legislature of Illinois is a painful revelation of how under the present pernicious primary laws and party legislation, the tricksters reached the top. They used their offices to promote their vicious backers. *The American Issue* speaks of a "Wet Triple Alliance" organized with the Lieutenant Governor at its head and the two senators, Dailey and Ettelson, as having successfully throttled committee action. On the whole this Legislature was a hopeful one because it was so bad that it may rouse the better element of the state to the supreme task of freeing the state legislative and executive powers from the vicious tyranny of national party politics.

A Minister on the Job*

The hero in this story is an Episcopalian and presumably a Virginian. He has passed through the successive stages of a minister's career, missionary in country places, a town pastor and a city minister. Dr. Dunn, the author, has kindly relieved his hero of much theological lumber from the start and before he gets through with him he has relieved him also of much ecclesiastical millinery and the social impedimenta which a properly organized city rector is supposed to carry along with him. The theology and the denominationalism in the book being a negligible quantity, it becomes a serviceable hand-book to any minister and it shows the path over which every minister must travel if he is to come into power and grow into efficiency in the "Service of the King." We take pleasure in recommending this book to our ministerial readers. The author starts with the perfectly sane assumption that, "The story of a minister is a record of a struggle to change conditions, to overcome the pressure of environment. To conform is to die, to conquer is to live." A most wholesome confession of faith for every minister. This young "Deacon" begins his career in a parish fifty miles long and thirty-five miles wide, within whose bounds were five churches and he received the living wage of a laborer, six hundred per annum. He soon found that "the problems before him were the problems of life, not of philosophy." Later he learned that it was bad economy to "waste five dollar time on five cent jobs." He also learned that he must "teach principles and not precepts," and later that "his should be a ministry of laughter," that "there was a place, particularly in the rustic regions, for a missionary cook that people might "eat and digest in righteousness."

In the town he found his church members more intent on "trying to save the church man to save the town." He found that "the sense of justice was the best thing in the Saxon and imperishable youth the best thing in the Celt." He also found that "justice did not take sides with people but with the right." It was a revelation for him to realize that if he said his prayers in Latin, French and Spanish he was praying to the same God. A more difficult truth of universality was discovered when he found that "action was the only universal language."

Here is some wholesome advice concerning sermons and sermon making, quaintly set forth. A Mississippi River Pilot story is to the point. When this important functionary was asked if he knew where all the snags in the river were, he replied, "No, but I know where all the snags aint. It isn't my business to hunt snags." This book is not a profound book, it

*"In the Service of the King, A Parson's Story" by Joseph B. Dunn G. B. Putnam's Sons 1915.

does not pretend to be, but it is a thoroughly wholesome book, a book that had its rise in some newspaper contributions. What began as "Some Memories" in the *Churchman,* outgrew the limitations and reached after this book form and the book is justified, particularly if several thousands of ministers in any and all of the denominations can be induced to read it. It is a study in ministerial simplicity, a guide into the fundamentals of religion and a wholesome call for social work and an inspiration to the social worker. Our advice to every minister is, go buy or borrow the book, read it and then pass it on to the first ministerial brother you meet.

The Thread of Responsibility

Thackeray said one cannot go outside his character. I say he cannot go outside his temperament.

Mrs. Bennet or Mr. Colyer as Jane Austen painted them, or Chadband or Pecksniff as Dickens painted them, must be themselves.

But may not one determine how he shall use his character or temperament? Is not the thread of responsibility still there at least in the greater natures? There is no doubt that the part of the universe in our character and conduct is the large part, but may not the human part at times be something?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

If you and I today
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will,—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours, or mine,
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different lengths and thickness,—some mere shreds,
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task to ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread;
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead,
But what it spins and winds a little skein.

God made each hand for work, not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer,—
Find but shreds
That break when touched, how cold.
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hand will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for woe!

—*George Klingle.*

Prophetic Voices from Germany

The attitude of the Government and people of the United States towards the nations now embroiled in war is one of neutrality; never more so than at this moment, when not only Americans, but those of foreign birth and parentage are so generally and wholeheartedly rallying to the support of President Wilson in his wise and pacific policies. This does not, however, preclude our taking a just and large-hearted view of all the national and international factors involved in the present terrible struggle for supremacy between the peoples of Europe. As contributions to this end the present writer has translated several letters recently received by him as General Secretary of the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals, which is an alliance of the free and progressive religious forces in over 30 nations of the earth. This association, it is hoped, may become a means of bringing together, after the war, certain now widely separated and antagonistic elements in Europe in the interest of religious reconstruction and harmony of counsels. Its next congress was to be held in London in 1916. Whether this will be the best time and place for such a reunion may be left to the future to determine. The main thing to be done at present is to reveal to one another the inner spiritual forces at work in the nations represented in this congress, in behalf of a restoration of peace and good-will between enlightened and free Christians in the countries now devastated by war.

From Great Britain, Italy, Hungary, even invaded France, have come noble and reassuring testimonies of loyalty to the religious and human ideals which have called the International Congress into being, and are the inspiration of its endeavors for the common welfare.

A deep interest attaches to the utterance of German thinkers and scholars in this crisis of their nation. It is to be hoped that the reading of the subjoined recent letters from prominent liberals of that country will aid the good work of religious reconciliation and peace. While the views of the political and military situation contained in these communicatons may or may not meet with acceptance by American readers, the recognition of the larger international interests involved, the desire for a return of peace, and the spirit of universal brotherhood which these letters disclose are among the more cheering prophecies of the brighter and better day coming to our distracted world.

Prof. Karl Bornhausen, D.D., a scholarly member of the theological faculty of the University of Marburg, who was in the United States studying our religious conditions a few years since, and on his return founded at Marburg an American-German library and meeting-place where the students from the two nations might come together for friendly discussion of American and German religion and culture, writes:

"In France, between Arras and Bayonne.

"Your letter has followed me to the seat of war, and has given me great pleasure, although since the beginning of August, at the time of the mobilization, I forsook my scientific work at the University, and ever since have been uninterruptedly in the field. This will also explain to you why I have not found time to acknowledge your letter. Far from the University, engaged in new and difficult work, I have given up all attempts to influence my academic future. But

too often I was very near to losing my life; who under such circumstances thinks of the future!

"But now with the return of spring new life forces and hopes germinate. Too easily arises the confidence that the worst must have been overcome, especially when one's fancy cannot conceive of anything worse than that which has already been experienced. The hope animates me to resume once more with American friends and fellow-Christians the thoughts and plans which the present has so cruelly destroyed. You are, I am sure, aware that in Germany much dissatisfaction with America has been created since we know what great quantities of war material, arms and munitions, your American industries furnish to our enemies. We cannot in this case maintain: all trade is neutral. For *this* trade is altogether partisan. It promotes neither neutrality nor the idealistic and Christian spirit, which we had thought more widely spread in America. You surely cannot doubt our purpose to conduct the war to as speedy a peace as possible. To be sure, this peace must assure us that freedom in the world which we need for our abilities and our common weal. I am still convinced that for the attainment of peace and its development Germany and the United States are dependent on one another. Its East Asian problems America will not be able to solve without us; as, indeed, isolated nations will not be able to maintain their existence during the historical period now approaching.

"Let me hope especially that the American missions will bear in mind our German missions. Above all I would call to your attention our German Mission in Japan. Pastor Schiller in Kyoto has much to struggle against. Our work in that country must not be allowed to perish; for the sake of that peace which is higher than man's reason, and which was the intent of Jesus, we must not refrain to bring a true Christianity to *all* men even in time of war.

"If my life is spared in this terrible struggle, the aim of that life will be to continue to bring this common goal near to American hearts and lives. Be assured of most faithful remembrances.

Your devoted,

"Karl Bornhausen."

From Prof. Rudolf Eucken, the eminent philosopher at the University of Jena, comes a cheering forecast of future united efforts to restore and rebuild the world of ideas and ideals.

"It was a great pleasure to receive your amiable and warm-hearted letter, and to learn from it what kind sentiments you cherish for us, and with what sympathy you follow our fortunes. We appreciate this the more since we experience so much unfairness from America. It makes us indignant and embitters us to know that America supplies such great quantities of weapons and munitions to our enemies, and thus intensifies and protracts the war.

"Meanwhile, despite all open and concealed enmity, we are of good courage and unshaken confidence. Our civic life goes its quiet way. Next week our University work begins again, to be sure, with a much reduced number of hearers.

"Our family affairs are in good condition. My wife labors with great energy and effectiveness as the head of our largest hospital. Our two sons have until now been unharmed, and write cheerfully and confidently from the field of war. Both are artillery officers.

"In days to come we shall have much to do, in oneness of spirit and purpose. The present cleavage of humanity must surely in the end be overcome; but this will be a difficult piece of work, and can only gradually succeed. We shall probably at first have to arrive at a common agreement as to the problems involved, in order that we may then bring into harmonious union the discordant human elements. For the present we stand under the sign of the contradictory and mutually repellant, which ever seems to grow sharper. I do not need to tell you how welcome to us is your activity for a better understanding and reconciliation. It would be excellent if, after the peace, you were to come as soon as possible to Germany.

Faithfully and heartily yours,

"R. Eucken."

From a prominent attorney of Berlin and a foremost German liberal comes the following:

"I ask you to excuse me that I have not before responded to your friendly New Year's greeting, received some months ago. Since the end of October I am again in army service, although not on the field of war, but in the reserve. I beg you to accept my belated thanks, and to believe that they are none the less heartfelt.

"How sadly the world's destiny has changed since our reunion at the Paris Congress two summers ago. One, who like you, has devoted a good part of his life-work to a goal which, without peaceful political and cultural relations between the people of the earth, could not be arrived at, must feel this with especial pain. But be assured, that here, not only I but a large part of the German people, despite all its enthusiasm for our Fatherland and for the results it has already achieved in the war which has been thrust upon us, yet cannot think without sad regret of all the fruits of peace which the war has destroyed, perhaps forever; in any case, for a long time to come. So I also had entered into numerous and valued relations with the representatives of nations which now are arrayed in enmity against us.

"May the war lead to a peace which shall enable us to enter anew into these relations! In such a case I, at least, will contribute all that in me lies to develop them once more, despite the experience which we have so recently made that the closest scientific and cultural bonds between different peoples are not capable of preventing such a misfortune as the war has brought upon all who are concerned in it.

"With sincere regards,

Your devoted,

"J. Kraemer,
"President of the German Protestantenverein."

A prominent leader of the Free Religious movement in Eastern Prussia writes us:

"Your New Year's greeting, with its motto, 'Above all nations is humanity,' and its prayer for universal peace and good will, gave us much pleasure and has awakened responsive echoes in our hearts. For us Germans, it seems to me, nothing could be more timely than to call attention to humanity as a whole, towering high above the frightful barriers which now are reared between the nations. May your wishes find ever more recognition and increasing influence."

Miss Carola Barth of Frankfort, Licentiate of Theology, enjoys the rare distinction of being the only woman in Germany licensed to preach. She is a woman of scholarly training and gracious personality, and has found a congenial field for the exercise of her talent and devotion as president of the Religious Education Society of Germany, which is concerned with the Christian nurture of children.

Miss Barth writes under recent date:

"How often in this sad time I have been thankful to you and the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals. Without it we should never have founded our Free Christian Woman's Alliance, which in these days is a strength and comfort to us. It does one so much good to know that there are religious unities and common endeavors which cannot be destroyed by the present world conflagration. They contain prophecies of a new era of peace, and to promote this, even with our weak powers, is now our first duty, our most beautiful task. How strongly our Religious Education Society feels this sentiment of "togetherness," which during the past months has expressed itself in the woman's movement referred to, I have sought to indicate in the last report of our society. This report, which I send you, also contains an article by myself on "Religious Instruction and International Hatreds." Our religious instruction of children in these days presents problems of especial difficulty, and one of the most important is to prevent hatred against other peoples from obtaining a foothold in the child-soul and poisoning it.

Devotedly,

"Carola Barth."

We close this symposium of opinions with an extract from the *Christliche Welt* of recent date, which informs us that the *Svenska Dagbladet,* a Swedish newspaper, recently asked of the German Professor Harnack, the Frenchman, Romain Rolland, and the Englishman, Sir William Ramsay, an answer to the question: "What consequences will the war have upon international co-operation in the domain of human culture?

Harnack's reply was: "An answer is impossible. We are concerned with other matters at present."

Rolland's: "Nothing will be able to prevent the resumption of the intellectual co-operation of the nations with each other."

Ramsay replied: "It will be impossible for us to work together with the Austrians and Germans."

The editor of the *Christliche Welt,* Professor Rade, thinks the third reply indiscreet. No one can foretell what consequences the war will hereafter have on the intercourse of the contesting nations. At least not until peace has actually been re-established. But the nature of our intellectual life in its international relations will be manifested in the degree to which that life is universal in its character. This is the case first of all with Science; secondarily, it is true also of Art. Among the most regrettable exhibitions brought about by the war is the friction and bickering between the scholars and learned societies of the different nations. We shall some day be glad to forget all this. One may forgive artists to some extent because of their temperaments. But men of Science!

CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

Oakland, Cal., July 10, 1915.

THE TREES.

Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood:
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels, they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

Take a poet with you when you seek their shade,—
One whose verse like music in a tree is made;
Yet your mind will wander from his rarest lay,
Lost in rhythmic measures that above you sway.

Leafy night and shadow flit across the book;
Flickering, swift suggestions; word, and thought, and look
Of a subtle Presence writing nobler things
On his open pages, than the poet sings.

They are poets, also; winds that turn their leaves
Waken a responsive tone that laughs or grieves;
As your thoughts within you changefully are stirred,
Prophecy or promise, lilt or hymn, is heard.

Never yet has poet sung a perfect song,
But his life was rooted like a tree's, among
Earth's great feeding forces,—even as crag and mould,
Rhythms that stir the forest by firm fibres hold.

Harmonies ethereal haunt his topmost bough,
Upward from the mortal drawn, he knows not how:
The old. sacred story of celestial birth
Rising from terrestrial; heaven revealed through earth.

Dear, inspiring, friendly dwellers of the wood,
Always reaching downward something grand or good
From the lofty spaces where you breathe and live;
Royally unconscious, careless what you give!

O ye glorious creatures, heirs with us of earth!
Might we win the secret of our loftier birth,—
From our depths of being grow like you, and climb
To our heights of blessing,—life would be sublime!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Midsummer Parables

A mother spider wove a soft, silken web all about a soft silken sack. The web was a perfect tanglefoot for flies; the sack was a perfect cradle for young spiders. Watching her quiet, quick movements one could see expectation and hope in every motion, prophecy in the taut strands and secure joints of the web. Hope is not long deferred. Prophecy does not fail. One sunny afternoon they come. Her cradle is full of little spiders. They begin to grow and such hungry mouths to feed! It is fortunate for them that the web is already full of flies—a storehouse of food. This food supply fails at length and they are so big now and so hungry that mother spider has to hurry hither and thither, spreading her nets everywhere, to supply her ravenous children. There comes a day when they are almost as big as she is and she is so tired she cannot go fast any longer and they are so hungry they cannot stand it any longer. They seize upon her, one on each side of her neck and one on each side of her back and the others wherever they can get hold, and they soon suck out her life's blood. They have forgotten the soft silken cradle where they nestled when they were little and the storehouse of food provided and the eager run here and there for food for them after it was gone. When she is quite dead they scamper off into the world, each for himself, and leave her lifeless carcass a monument to their cruel ingratitude. If you open your eyes when you are afield these October days you may see in the corner of a rail fence or attached to a piece of dry bark in the wood the tattered ends of the web, the torn silk of the cradle and, alas! the dry skeleton of a mother spider. Human mothers are often tired and worn. Their nestlings are ravenous, too. Is there ever aught of the spider nature in human children?

But nature is not "all tooth and nail," "one blood red fang," as Huxley, the pessimistic naturalist, would have us believe. A warring struggle for life does not tell the whole story. There are deeper roots even in spider nature than ravenous appetite and matricidal instincts. Witness the patient care, the self-denying devotion of the mother spider leading her at length to lay down her life for her offspring.

After mating time in spring two sparrows choose as a nesting place a hollow in a maple tree entered by a small hole on the upper side of a large limb. All goes well with the family as is usual with thrifty, industrious sparrows until after a wind storm early in July which breaks off a dead branch above. In falling the end of the broken branch entered the hole, was held fast and mother bird was made a prisoner in her own nest. Now note the conduct of the male bird, "only a sparrow, a bird of low degree." It is plainly the bird's purpose to free his mate and so with an energy born perhaps of despair, he makes such a sputtering and fluttering at the kitchen door of a farm house nearby as to attract attention. The good woman of the house comes out to see what is the matter and throws out some crumbs of bread and looks to see the bird eat, but wonders to see him fly away with the food in his beak. Again the bird comes and again for five days, keeping up his signals of distress with great energy and carrying away the food to his imprisoned mate. The woman's husband returned on Saturday night and on Sunday morning she called

him to see the frantic actions of the bird. He became interested and followed the bird to the tree, where the sparrow, finding help so near, set up such an outcry of distress that the man got the ladder and climbed into the tree to see what all the commotion was about. Discovering the nest and the imprisoned bird he lifted the branch from the hole and liberated the sparrow's mate. Then the two birds made a greater commotion in the effort to thank him than was made even in the effort to secure his help.

People all about us are imprisoned in all sorts of holes, and signals of distress are not wanting. Is somebody's distress over against your ability to help? It is your opportunity. Now is your accepted time. "Let us all join hands and help, for today we are alive."

Walking through a grove of young pine trees I noticed that many of them had dead tops. There seemed no lack of life below. The lower branches showed a great luxuriance of dark green foliage and were pushing in horizontal directions new shoots everywhere, but some were dying at the top and others quite dead. The needles had changed from the green of life to the brown of death. Bits of broken and rotting bark were still held by a tough fiber to the dead branches. Now the best life of a tree is at the top. We expect the lower branches to die gradually, decay and fall, contributing by their very dying a mulch for the upward growth of the tree. A vine bears its juiciest berries on the outermost spur. You will gather the smoothest and best pears from the topmost branches and the seed bearing cones of the pine tree, the largest and best of them, are to be found at the top, up in the sunshine and air of heaven, above the damp and dark and gloom below. Some insect enemy had stung these trees or some bird had girdled the stock or an evil fungus had struck them and there was death and decay at the top, where there should be abundant life. It is a sorry sight even in a tree. But to see it in a man! Moral degeneration set in, luxuriantly branching in horizontal directions—politically, financially, socially, but rotting down at the top, spiritually. In our city men and women with no sense of shame and many of them apparently with no sense of loss, flaunt their decaying tops defiantly in our faces, as do these trees when the wind rises. For the farmer or the landscape gardener to see his beautiful trees dying at the top is a trying experience and the loss is not insignificant. But the bitterness of a father and mother when they see it in their grown-up children cannot be told. This plague is known only to the heart that suffers it.

But there is hope even for a tree dead at the top. Looking at these trees more closely in a kind of despair, I found many in which a lateral branch with a strong purpose to recover the loss had turned upward and with commendable vigor was pushing its vital shoot up through all the unsightly death-stricken parts to form a new top. Indeed, there were trees that had wholly recovered with nothing to indicate their former condition save a bend in the stock where the lateral branch towered upward and a scar where the body of death had broken off and fallen. So there is hope for the man dead at the top. A new impulse of spiritual life from Him who came that men might have life and have it more abundantly, received by faith with an heroic purpose to recover, the life will turn upward and be formed anew and become beautiful in spirit and fruitful in good works. Whether the significant bend that shows where the struggle to recover took place, will ever be entirely straightened, I do not know. The old scar of the former death may have to be worn through all the eternal years. But I do know that the recovered life will be all-satisfying in the beauty of holiness and the fruits of the spirit.

It has been a dry summer, at least in our county. Neighbors have had showers that came near enough to us to look tantalizingly right in our faces. But they only mocked at our distress. I have seen corn and potatoes and buckwheat and pasture grasses perish for lack of water. I have seen the leaves on great maples along the highway shrivel and die and drop, leaving the branches as bare in August as they usually are in December. I have seen belts of timber that looked as if forest fires had brought death and destruction to every living thing in them. If one asks what is the terrible need of such a summer, such a drought, the answer is not far afield. Plant children in the order of nature have to be disciplined as well as human children in the moral order.

Apart from a few great, wise trees, like the oak and the hickory, which send tap roots deep into the earth and make it their first business in early life to do this, the great majority of trees are shallow rooted and surface feeders. The elm, the maple, the basswood, the pine, the cedar and all their kindred will not go any farther than they are compelled to for food and drink. Have you never noticed upon a great elm blown over how very little earth lay above the network of its roots?

Only from four to ten inches of earth before you come to the roots of these trees, and there would not be that depth of earth above them if the trees were left to themselves to carry out their own lazy will in life. We plow our orchards and vineyards, and the wise fruit grower will plow every year, to compel the trees to send their roots into the subsoil. A tree needs something besides nitrogen and humus, which it gets near the surface, but it has a voracious appetite for these and it can live upon them almost entirely and make a great growth of soft, spongy, fruitless, good for nothing timber that the winter frosts will kill and the ice storms break down. To reach its perfection of treehood the roots must be compelled to go down for the lime and the phosphates. We cannot use stagnant air any more than stagnant water. Our wind storms are beneficent messengers. If the trees stand up against the winds they must make their roots take hold upon the deep things of the earth. Now, thirst in a tree becomes as acute as in a man. The tree must drink or die. So the drought compels the tree to send its roots down for moisture and so find in the deeps of soil and earth, the essential elements of its best life, and when the winds blow there are the roots all interlocked about the great stones or grasping the crevices in the ledges and the trees can fearlessly sport with the storm.

If we could see the secrets of many lives, strong, beautiful, fruitful, which we so admire, like which we long to become, lives that are reaching the measure of the stature of integral living, we should find their secret in yielding humbly, perhaps penitently, to the discipline that is of love, not of hate, of grace, not

of vengeance, that ever compels us to take hold of the deep things of God. Their roots are interlaced about the rocks of divine truth. They can sport with the winds of adverse fortune. They have been through seasons of drought. Their roots have found hidden springs in the deep places. Their leaf no longer withers. They no longer feed near the surface, but have reached the hidden manna. Like Jesus, they have meat to eat that the world knows not of. They are sure of life's consummation in full fruition.

One bright morning in late August as I walked by the brook Cherith, two blossoms of the sweet wild rose greeted me. Their stems were not four inches from the mould out of which they had grown, and their bright bloom was partially covered by the long wild grasses. They made that dry and withering day a happy one for me. It was not unmixed joy, however, for just in the budding season in June by my order my man with a ruthless scythe had cut the bush down to within two inches of the earth, and now, two whole months behind their season, these two roses came into bloom and were heaping coals of fire on my head. Will you note their persistence of purpose? Thwarted by adverse fate just before opening their wealth of fragrant pink bloom here they were two months late but in time to enclose their seeds in a safe red berry.

The burdock—which we call a weed, but which Professor Bailey has enthroned as a flower, giving it room and a chance on his lawn under his study window—it is well nigh impossible to thwart. This plant will attain a height of from four to six feet and bear its seed cases high up from the ground. Not wishing one giant plant of this species to go to seed on the farm, I waged a personal war against it with a sharp pointed shovel and again and again cut its growths off just below the surface. Last Monday I went to see the result of my conflict and there on a little stem pushed up not more than one inch above the surface of the earth were two burrs containing seeds. I never knew such a case of persistence in the execution of a single purpose in my life before.

A hill of corn was planted in mid-June. Handicapped in the beginning, being one month late in getting a start, hindered by the dry weather, the corn had only grown to the height of ten or twelve inches in six weeks, when the cow got in, bit it off half way down and then stepped upon it, crushing it into the earth. One stalk survived, straightened itself up, and still almost perishing for water pushed out a tassel and obtained a height of sixteen inches. More than this, a small ear, a nubbin, was borne not quite above the ground, which succeeded in maturing fifteen or twenty kernels. Now, when you think that corn is borne aloft on strong stalks, some varieties six and seven feet above the ground, are you not ready with me to build a monument to the heroism of this little persevering plant? Wild rose and dock and corn each in its own way circumscribed its energies by a dominant purpose and directed them without scattering and without waste to one supreme end. You might mockingly say, "Contemptible little plants, you are not one-thousandth part your normal size!" But there they are this autumn day rejoicing in a few seeds that their kind may not perish from the earth through fault of theirs! Just here will you recall Paul's ringing words, 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And we have learned from the plants and from Paul the same lesson—the value of a definite aim, a lofty purpose that will rally all the forces of the being and bend them to its execution. Such a spirit is not easily baffled, cannot be thwarted, does not know defeat, may be mocked and jeered at, but cannot be humiliated. A spirit that says: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed." Always—having before us the exalted aim, the noble purpose—"to bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

What if the heavens are brass above you for months and years and there are no dewy nights so that your best endeavors scroll and wither, or the ruthless scythe of Diabolus, the demon of hate, cuts you down just when your good intentions are in the bud, or the little flies of Beelzebub—the demon of small vices—pester and sting you into desperation, or just as the impulse to pure living is thrilling your young life, suddenly the hoof of Apollyon, the demon of lust, crushes you back into the ground, broken and bruised—nevertheless with patient, dogged persistence of purpose you shall yet yield to the world the fragrance of bloom like the unfortunate rose, you shall bear a few kernels of precious seed even if they be almost out of sight, like the withered and down-trodden corn.

I have heard of the aim of an artist to express in marble or bronze man's courage to suffer and be strong. This is the way Ralph Stoddard puts his ideal into words in a letter to a friend: "A Prometheus heroism—to vanquish fate by endurance of all that spirit and flesh may suffer; no dragons to fight but monotony; world wearied to persevere in constancy to principle, in a blind path without enthusiasm; hope even gone, in a way of probable failure, in a way strewn with wrecks of stronger men who have failed." If the sculptor succeeds in the incarnation of such ideal more courage, as his words describe, in bronze or marble, his work will be not only his, but the world's masterpiece.

This same ideal is for you and me to actualize and exhibit, not in bronze or marble, but in this body of our humiliation.

Take these parables with you, the parable of the spider, of the sparrow, of the pine tree, of the drought and of the persistence of growing things, or, if you cannot take them all, take the one that sticks to your spine and learn from these visible things of creation the invisible things of life and duty and God.

S. E. Eastman.

Park Church, Elmira, N. Y.

I have undertaken the work of teaching a great many years and have found that the human mind has great resources for resisting the introduction of knowledge.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

An Afterword to My Library

For one who has read as many books as I have, there must always be a looking forward to the coming of still other volumes, which will continue to satisfy reasonable zest and stir up encouraging expectancy. So I find myself wondering what the literature of the future will be, and whether it will prove as satisfactory on the whole as that of the past.

Looking backward, I see that year after year for centuries there has come one or more additions to the world's literature that have duly proven their permanent acceptancy and usefulness, either as records of achievement, revelations of the deeper experience, or prompters of the higher enthusiasm and hope, and that these have unfailingly provided the pabulum and the unction that our common humanity has never failed to need. How well humanity as a whole has really profited by them in the promotion of its higher and fuller well-being, is best seen, perhaps, in a comparison of the conditions of any particular portion of the civilized world of today with the condition of the same portion at any time in the past. That literature has kept ahead and will keep ahead of the capacity for universal response and profit, is only what is to be expected at any stage in human history. As in the past, so in the future, the writers of the day will continue to be not only its instructors, but its leaders and real governors as well. But how the leadership and the governing will be accomplished will not appear until the time itself shall come to pass. The problems involving the aspirations and evolutional processes of the future must await their own day for accurate solution. I feel very sure, however, that the solution will be as much indebted to the literary workers of the time as to anyone, and that their work will undoubtedly reflect the processes used as well as the conclusions arrived at. What these processes and these conclusions will prove to be, is as yet only hinted premonished or prayed for, at best. The wisdom of the past, useful and promising as it has been, cannot really project itself into the future, or influence the future to any such extent as may now be wished or expected. Sufficient unto the day, has been, is, and will be, the virtue thereof.

Looking forward, I find myself first and most prominently trying to form some notion as to the part that inductive science will play in the coming literary product. Heretofore it has been the inner subjective intellectual and emotional experience of mankind that has almost completely monopolized literary effort, and inspired its higher reaches. What men have fancied, and feared and hoped for, and loved and hated, and dreamed and speculated upon, and how they have acted in obedience to these, has been the theme of almost all that history or biography or philosophy or religion or poetry or drama has as yet afforded. And so it will ever and must ever be, undoubtedly. On earth there is nothing that can be more interesting than man and his daily life. But it is easy to see that with these hoary themes literature has already had its very acceptable day. The whole gamut presented by them has been run so frequently that every string now shows its thread-bareness by the thinness of its response. To go on repeating indefinitely the experiences of human emotion and intelligence alone, will only lead to an ultimate attentuation that must necessarily be devoid of all normal interest. The world cannot live on a literature that gives evidence of progressive degeneracy alone. The spirit and energy and work of full-blooded manliness and womanliness must rise up to the ever more comprehensive needs of the coming day, and so bring to pass a literature worthy its high calling. This I doubt not will be more and more of an objective order, both in source and content.

And this high calling, it seems to me, will be found for one thing very largely in the field of verifiable inductive science rather than as of old so exclusively in the field of unverifiable dream and intuition and myth and speculative prophecy. These have served a goodly day undoubtedly. But they cannot satisfactorily alone serve the larger and better day that is yet to come. The human spirit in its future growth is going to demand objective fact before inner fancy, proof before assertion, experience before authority, solidity and stability before frailty and fickleness, and abiding residence before alluring promise. Indeed it seems to me that the very least that can be expected of it, is a belief in and a worship of only that which can be true to all who seek, and whenever and wherever they shall look for it.

As yet, however, when we look to verifiable science we see it presented mostly in driest prose or a "poetry" that is almost too thinned for sensible estimation. Yet, too, when thus presented, even in the prosiest reports and articles, the dullest must get glimpses of literary possibilities scarcely to be dreamed of in these days. When John Muir writes of his beloved mountains, it is already a poem as well as substantial record. When John Burroughs writes of birds or any other natural topic, the music therein comes warbling forth unmistakably in a rhythm pleasant and suggestive, if not in conventional rhyme. When Ramsey writes of chemical reactions and the myriad of activities of their included elements, the epic of the strife on the plains of Troy seems but primitive in comparison. When Abbott tells us how he measures the constant radiation from our sun, or Cox writes about the comet-tails that so paradoxically go mostly before, the real poetry as well as fact of Astronomy emerges from the husk of mythology and other guesswork systems as never before, and takes on a creditable if unparalleled glamor and suggestiveness. And so it is with the facts and the romance of Geology, or Biology, or Ethnology, or of any of the others. The verifiable facts and working hypotheses of each science even now present a basis for a new literature that promises to be as beautiful as it will be good and true. Only let someone but be able to put all this into the literary forms that have held the world's ideas and emotions heretofore, or into those that are better, if such be possible, and a whole new world of permanent literary product, founded upon truth instead of fiction, upon fact instead of fancy, upon the whole instead of a part, upon the human-divine instead of either human or divine alone,—and yet made as poetical and satisfactory as ever intuition and imagination and skill can possibly make it—all this, and what a stable satisfying literary structure the future will be privileged to have and enjoy. What will be needed, then, is that someone shall rise up who shall see these new possibilities and give them substance and form according to their own impressive worth and promise. Of this vision, it is

evident that Tennyson had a more or less inspiring glimpse, and had his day been postponed long enough, he would have given the world a poetry in part at least characterized as the latest scientific revelations and intimations would naturally suggest. What Francis Palgrave calls his "imaginative grasp of nature" would have undoubtedly included in its activity many an attempt to understand.

What you are root and all and would have progressively expressed itself in the spirit at least of

> When the man,
> The child of evolution, flings aside
> His swaddling bands, the morals of his tribe,
> He, following his own instincts as his God,
> Will enter on the larger golden age,

and to the inevitable edification as well as instruction of his fellows. Whitman saw the possibilities of a poetical expression of the finer aspects of biology and democracy with a clearness that few will ever excel, probably. Such a man as Browning, with his comprehensive power of insight and grasp, with the opportunity that the future will present, cannot fail to give a literature that will be filled with the spirit and fact of the coming day. How it is really to be done has been suggested as by no one else, perhaps, by the little-known but fully worth while, poet laureate, Robert Bridges, some of whose poems, especially his later ones, reveal a grasp of the literary possibilities of modern science such as few have capacity for. His earlier retelling of the classical stories of Prometheus, Demeter, and Eros and Psyche, everywhere presents a combination of olden myth and the newer science that much more than intimates what may yet be done. Indeed it is not too much for us to believe that the lyric, the epic, the drama, as well as the essay and discourse and record of the future, will be so filled with reflections from the field of verifiable science as well as with those from the inner speculative life, that they will outshine all other reflections in the literary field, both in vividness and hue.

Yet I find my larger hope, after all, to be in the possibilities most natural to the ever progressive expansion of the human spirit. With much to the contrary to discourage, I find myself expecting the world *en masse* sometime to outgrow its hoary Hebraisms, and Hellenisms and Romanisms and Medievalisms, and all the mis-fitting renaissances thereof, and to present a life and a literature that shall comprehensively reject all that is foolish and cruel, and express only that which is better and better with each successive day. As I think of the present hour my mind is filled with an imagery that is all too largely made up of blood-thirsty people only and their predatory and exploiting activities. Moreover, when I try to account for this, I see that it is mostly owing to almost universal acceptance of doctrines and instructions and tyrannies that are as false as their underlying motives and hopes are fanciful and cruel. Almost everything seems in fact to have been built on foundations that have become mostly corroded and worm-eaten, even unto their readiness to totter and fall at any time. I feel certain that the religious, the philosophical, the political, the oconomic worlds, will have to be built very largely over again, and from their very foundations, before the greater stability and the greater satisfaction will be possible. A civilization built so largely and yet so narrowly upon the strife that only destroys and the emulation that only disregards others, as the present has been built upon, will have to give way to one that shall have for its foundations a breadth of view and a softening of activity that shall be fully justified, because it in turn is based upon the universal facts and functions of human life, instead of upon any partial or partisan conception of them. Any expectation less noble than this, I am very sure, is but a slur upon the expansible and realizable qualities of the human spirit as such.

Hence I am fully alive to the belief that the literature of the coming day will reflect the enlightenment and illumination that shall then surely characterize it; also that in this the provincial, the national, the selfish, the concentrative, influence of certain "annointed ones" will have given way to the larger and truer conception of the Universal One and all the beneficent influence thereof. It is time, or must eventually be time, for the morbid and the cruel and the predatory and the horrid and the devisive, to make room most amply for the normal in thought and feeling, and the decent activity and holy fellowship that naturally result therefrom. Here chicanery as well as mawkishness, tyranny as well as cowardly subservience, robbery as well as beneficence, living as well as dying, will all have to be co-ordinated to the demands of this new efflorescence of the human spirit. But in this there will be seen a truer philosophy, I am sure, as well as a more helpful religion and a surer romance. There will likewise and surely be a better ethic, a higher aspiration and a nobler life; while a truer process of reasoning, as well as a purer flow of emotion, will naturally result. Indeed, the beauties of the literature of that day, the day of Peace on Earth, let us all hope, no one can now imagine, nor its worth estimate. Hence I pray most earnestly:

> O let thy dancing feet
> Roam in our land and abide, dear Peace, thou child of Right!

So, unreservedly, I find it vastly worth while to look to the future, even if wistfully and as through a veil, for an output of song and story and discussion and record that shall exceed anything yet possessed by, or possible to, My Library, wonderful and satisfying as that is. I also doubt not that some day, far ahead, mayhap, there shall come one who shall bethink him to write as I have done, about a certain other *My Library,* and in the fullness of his joy and pride shall find himself dealing with that of which I have little if any power as yet to conceive. Yet I fully know, notwithstanding, that he will find himself writing of that Treasure of an Undying Kingdom of the very Best that shall then be upon earth, and shall in no sense be less happy than I in doing it. So with all good will I would project unto him this most friendly message:

> Know thy desire; and know that if thou seek it,
> And seek, and seek, and fear not, thou shalt find.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE NIGHT MOTHER

> The world's asleep, and comes
> The gentle night;
> And on each silent field
> And weary town
> Lays her cool folds
> Of dewy darkness down,
> Tucks close the edge,
> And bears away the light.

—*Richard Warner Borst.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIII.
The Ethical Parables

Mrs. W. Ransom, Leader

"For everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
Luke xiv:11.

Emerson says: "A man finds in a foreign country that which he takes with him," which thought may be applied to our study of the parables. Not only do various writers find in them different meanings but they even disagree as to the number and grouping of them. We will consider three authors; one who wrote in 1804, one in 1876, and one in 1907, and the difference in their viewpoint is as wide as the dates. If we recall the songs the Fuller Sisters sang when here in Chicago and the gowns they wore we can transplant ourselves back to the period of our great-grandmothers and imagine them discussing these parables and find ourselves in the period of our first writer, 1804. At that time it was generally accepted that the parables were full of support for the belief in endless punishment. This led Hosea Ballou, the Universalist divine, to study them with special reference to the question whether they might not with more propriety be applied in a different manner. He writes that in 1812 the practice of applying many of the parables to enforce this same doctrine had scarcely at all abated. He says: "Nothing is more evident than that Jesus spake not of things of eternity, but of things of time, not of things of another world, but of things appertaining to the present."

Our second commentator is Archbishop Trench and the third, the Rev. George Henry Hubbard, a Congregationalist, who is perhaps more to our purpose, and who is in accord with the spirit of today and gives us something to think about. He gives us as the reason why Jesus spoke in parables, that the true teacher is not he who stuffs the mind but he who stirs the thought.

Our lesson today concerns itself with the ethical parables, those which pertain to conduct. The others, Hubbard says, pertain to character and its development. These today apply to what we do, rather than to what we are. Of course there is a reflex action here, for what we do makes what we are and *vice versa*. Nevertheless there is a distinction, with which we will concern ourselves.

These parables almost seem to make it more blessed to be the sinner than to be good eternally, showing the love and compassion of Jesus, rather giving the impression that one may fall from grace with impunity for the priest will grant absolution.

The occasion of the parable of the Two Debtors (Luke vii-40) was the feast at which the woman annointed the feet of Jesus and those present wondered how he could associate with an outcast. The verse, "He frankly forgave them for they were unable to pay," seems to indicate that he loved much because he had forgiven much, while later we read, "She is forgiven much because of loving much," which seems to indicate that she is forgiven because of loving. Trench has quite a dissertation on this point, for to point the moral of the story we must know whether "because she loved much her sins were forgiven," or whether, her sins being forgiven, therefore she loved much. Hubbard says, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, as is indicated by her love." In other words, the excessive manifestation of her love is not the ground of her forgiveness, but it is the ground of His declaration. The kernel of this parable may be stated thus: "A man's love for God will be commensurate with his sense of divine forgiveness.

Mr. Jones has said that if a man lived up to four parables, The Good Samaritan, The Prodigal Son, The Sower, and Dives and Lazarus, he would indeed be a Christian.

The central text in the Good Samaritan is "Who is my neighbor?" Going back a little we hear the lawyer ask, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" and, not being satisfied with the answer, asks again, "Who is my neighbor?" Hence the parable. All the books agree on the broadness of the lesson on account of the fact that the Jews and Samaritans were such enemies. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" may be taken as the broad moral. Trench says that men have gone very deeply into synonyms in explaining this parable, even attaching a meaning to oil and wine, the former being compared to the annointing of the Holy Spirit; the latter to the blood of passion. Ballou says that it might be taken to mean the difference between the wisdom of this world and the wisdom of God. The Levite might represent a minister of the Gospel, and the Samaritan, Jesus. He says that, were the instructions of this parable carried out, they might destroy the enmity existing between the different denominations of the Christian Church, as they did that existing between Jew and Samaritan. Hubbard says:

> Under the impact of our thought the parable falls into three sections. It is a drama in three acts. Let us designate them for convenience, Need, Nearness and Neighborhood.

He draws our attention to the vivid picture of the need. Need a common element of neighborhood, the basis, the challenge, the inspiration of neighborhood. Where there is no need the neighbor spirit probably will be latent. Nearness is predicated of three men in this scene, but only one realizes the meaning of neighborliness.

> Neighborhood is not a matter of geography, but of humanity. It is not a question of affinity, but of opportunity. You cannot draw lines on the surface of the globe and say, "Thus far and no farther does my neighborly duty extend." Such lines, though they encircle the earth, utterly strangle the neighborly spirit. You cannot separate the race by cleavage planes, however, comprehensive, without sundering the neighborly spirit at some vital point.

The parable of the Friend at Midnight justifies prayer, showing it is not a form but a force and by allowing ourselves to get away from the form we weaken our faith. Hand in hand with this parable might go that of the Importunate Widow, for it, too, shows the value of persistent prayer.

Hubbard calls The Rich Husbandman "God's

Fool" his essential features,—"He layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

The tree in the Fruitless Fig-tree is understood by many to represent the people of Israel, who for many years had been fruitless. We would rather believe that Jesus knew that the supreme sinner is the useless man, the fruitless soul whose uselessness is necessarily cut off by the law of inaction. However, we know there is no inexorable law, but always a recuperative force, a mitigating grace.

In Luke xiv is the parable of the great dinner, or the parable of excuses. Not only the Jews failed to attend when invited, but all humanity, which is always saying, "I pray thee, have me excused."

The three parables of lost things,—the lost sheep, the lost coin and the prodigal son are all so familiar they scarcely need interpreting. In the story of the Prodigal Son we realize the wonderful love of the father; but what lesson may we learn from the brother who stayed at home and did his duty? Not duty alone but a loving spirit in the things we do is acceptable.

The central text in the story of the Dishonest Steward, "Men of the world are shrewder in dealing with their fellow men than men of light," may be illustrated by the experience of certain Christian business men in the West, who felt they were not getting adequate return for the money they were spending in advertising the church. The two requisites for successful advertising are, right advertising and being able to "deliver the goods." Representatives of the different denominations made a survey of the churches Sunday after Sunday, finally coming to the conclusion that they were not meeting the second requirement. The churches were not "delivering the goods."

The parable of Dives and Lazarus is the only one in which Jesus gives the names of persons. The rich man has been sometimes understood to be the high priest, the beggar, Jesus. Verse 26 will give us a text, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" in which a whole sermon is disclosed.

The next parable, the Pharisee and the Publican, furnishes our text and might be summed up in the verse:

> Two went to pray: Oh! rather say,
> One went to brag; th' other to pray.
> One stands up close and treads on high,
> Where the other dares not send his eye.
> One nearer to God's altar trod,
> Th' other to the altar's God.

We all recognize the universal application of these parables and will not be misled into believing that Jesus had the Jews only in mind.

(1) What teaching concerning the parables led Hosea Ballou to study them specially?
(2) Name four great parables.
(3) What thought is generally missed in the Prodigal Son?

The Buddha Anniversary

The *Baisakhi Purnima* day, sacred to the memory of Buddha, was celebrated by Buddhists all the world over on the 28th May last. But what does this day mean to India—India in whose lap played the child Gautama, India who watched with wonder the inexplicable sorrows of her prince, the mother who enjoyed—how scantily alas!—the smiles of her sage son! What does this day mean to India! This day of birth and Nirvana! Shall India ever know what it means to her? Not before she turns her eyes towards the same majestic figure, the same loving heart, as walked in flesh and blood on her soil more than 2,500 years ago. Is India going to be one? Not before the Banished Prince comes and finds a place in his heart. True it is what the Jagajjyoti says:

"If you would be glorified with the past greatness of India, if you would be established in a genuine national life, if you would do good to all, do close your eyes and meditate to-day on the godly life of the Blessed Buddha. Study him in the precious truths that lie scattered in the Buddhist lore and enter into a deeper fellowship—then and then only will you find yourself in harmony with all worlds—with life animate and inanimate and with the gods of heaven."

It is a source of supreme gratification to find the *Subodh Patrika* of Bombay becoming more virile and at the same time more appealing in its tone. We cannot but feel ourselves one with our contemporary in the following appealing sentiments which occur in the course of an article on *Sadhana*:

"The Brahmo Samaj can live only by the life of God, of Brahma, and the more of such divine life is in it, the more the Brahmo Samaj will be efficient in doing her duty to the country. The Brahmo Samaj was the first all-India institution established in the country under the name of the *Bharat-Varshiya Brahmo Samaj*, it has spread all over the country and inspired some of the best men thereof and *should still be the chief religious all-India institution of the land.* We do believe that it has the potentiality to do all this and we hope that under Providence it will do all this in course of time. But this requires *Sadhana* on the part of each and every member of the Samaj who must make the cultivation of his spirit the first and the main object of his life. It requires *Sadhana*, individual and collective, personal and Samajic. This is the destiny of every Brahmo mission of every believer in God and when this mission is fulfilled in the life of even a few members of the Samaj, the Samaj will be a veritable power in the land. For this reason, we urge upon all the members of the Prathana Samaj the supreme necessity of having *Sadhana* for themselves, families and friends."—From *The New Dispensation*, Calcutta (June 3, 1915).

There is no such company so tonic and wholesome, so courageous and cheerful, as the inner self, when once you have learned to discover its society. Who has never learned to go apart with himself and be one with his best self, at least for a little while? Then you rise to the highest range of your being; you are free, fearless, gentle, social, magnanimous. Have you never learned in any respect how happy Jesus was, though alone, while all the raging city was against him? He was alone and yet not alone, for he was with God, and the voice of God spoke, comforting him, assuring him that he was right. Every one, every child, has this best self. God forbid that we should not hold converse with it. When we are with our best self we are with God. The man who finds his own best self has found religion and God.—*Charles F. Dole.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A MODERN PRISON.

The Philanthropic Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has issued an interesting circular entitled, "A Modern Prison," with illustrations, showing the progress of humane thought in this direction.

Speaking first of the old-time prison, the circular says:

"When we speak of a prison, the only thought in our mind is of a safe place for the incarceration of a member of society, whom society declares to have violated one or more of its laws. For this offense he must be punished. For the protection of society he must, for a period, be deprived of his liberty. Early types of prisons were dungeons or caves, and, to within a comparatively recent period, the first and only consideration in the construction of prisons was the prevention of escape. The general type of prisons in the United States has been what is known as the Outside Corridor prison, being a block of steel cells, back to back, with a surrounding corridor, windows (often small, letting in but little light or air), in the walls of the building, with a high wall enclosing the grounds, which are generally of restricted areas.

"AWAKENING INTELLIGENCE

"Following the success of reformatory methods in the treatment of juveniles and youth under thirty years of age, it has dawned upon the public mind that it is possible, by similar methods, to offer a ray of hope to the adult prisoner. Throughout the country, during the last five years, there has spread a wave of prison reform, a conviction that the most reasonable method for the treatment of prisoners is by an appeal to that sense of manhood and honor which may be found in the most hardened. State after state is building, or is about to build, a farm industrial prison. At Guelph, Ontario, under the direction of Warden J. T. Gilmore, a farm has been established, and a prison built, entirely by prison labor, that is an improvement on any in the United States. Instead of having steel cages with an outside corridor, the cells are on the outside and the light and air come directly into them.

"GREAT MEADOWS

"In this country the most marked improvement has been at the Great Meadows Prison, in the state of New York. In 1906, the state decided to build two new prisons, one at Wingate, to supersede Sing Sing, the other at Comstock, Washington County, where a farm of 1,000 acres, known as Great Meadows, was purchased, and the erection of a prison of the traditional type, containing 1,200 cells, started; but the windows in the outer walls of the building were a great improvement, being wide and reaching from the ground to the roof, so that the cells were comparatively light. One wing with 600 cells has been finished and the other is nearing completion. The only other building is a small one, used for administration purposes and separated from the prison by a yard which is enclosed in a stockade. There are no walls around the grounds, and, if the present warden has his way, there will be none.

"A NEW TYPE OF WARDEN

"Warden William J. Homer is a man who embodies in a remarkable degree the principle of brotherly love. He has developed an honor system and a degree of trustworthiness in the 600 convict prisoners that amazes the old-time prison officials. Over these thousand acres will be found men at work, generally without any guards, in all kinds of agricultural employment. Over the mountains we will find the sheep range, the shepherd being a convict; back of the mountain, out of sight of the prison or any guards, we will find a gang with axes cutting wood; again we see a state nursery, where the prisoners have planted hundreds of thousands of little pines for the State Reforesting Commission; we see men busy in the fields, in the ditches, in the garden, in the quarries, at the stone crusher, attending to the stock, the horses, cows and poultry.

This prison is in a sparsely settled mountainous section, with no walls, substantially no guards, the only restraint being the trust of the warden in the prisoners and their confidence in him; and in the five years there have been only three escapes. If Great Meadows Prison is not an ideal prison in its construction, it certainly marks an epoch in prison management, and gives promise that the day is dawning when only men of the standing and character of Wardens Homer and Osborne will have the administration of prisons, and humane, sane and normal methods will be adopted." — *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

THE FARM HAND THAT NEVER OVERSLEPT

In the June issue of *Farm and Fireside*, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, a contributor writes a highly interesting article entitled, "Farming by Electricity," showing how many farmers are using electricity with economy. In the following extract taken from the article appear many interesting facts about the subject:

"The American farmer is hiring a new farm hand—one who never oversleeps in the morning, who never borrows the best buggy to take his girl riding in, who never grumbles at the food nor eats the boss out of house and home.

"This new farm hand is the electric motor.

"That the farmer is hiring this new hand in large numbers is shown by the fact that one power company in California has 7,000 farmers on its lines, another 4,000; while in Colorado, Kansas, Washington, Oregon and Utah thousands of farmers are patrons of the electric companies. In the Central States—especially in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota—the farmer has become a large user of electricity for both light and power.

"What has brought this about in this way?

"First, the steady increase in farm wages, estimated at thirty-five per cent in the last twenty years.

"Second, the discovery that one-third of our immense grain and hay crops is used as feed for horses, who must eat 365 days a year, and who work only three hours a day on the average.

"Third, the fact that while within the last twenty years farm wages have increased 35 per cent and the cost of living has increased 30 per cent, the cost of electricity has decreased 88 per cent.

"Fourth, the discovery that there are no less than 125 different farm operations in which electricity can be used."

RUSSIA'S GREATEST COMIC MASTERPIECE

Not Tolstoy's "War and Peace," not Turgenev's "Virgin Soil," not Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," may be named as the most characteristically national among all the great classic Russian novels. This place of honor must be given to Gogol's great comic masterpiece, "Dead Souls," according to Stephen Graham, in his introduction to a translation of the novel which has just been republished in London by Fisher Unwin. Although this translation orig-

inally appeared in 1893, Nikolai Gogol has remained little more than a name in the English-speaking countries. "Dead Souls" is probably the most popular of all novels in Russia, despite the fact that Gogol is not a modern in the sense of the great trio, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. But of "Dead Souls" Maurice Baring wrote that it "makes boys laugh, young men weep, and old men think." It is even more national in a Russian sense than "The Pickwick Papers" are in an English sense. The London *Times* publishes a warm appreciation of this masterpiece. We quote it in part:

"'Dead Souls' achieves its undying popularity through the intense absorption of Russians in their own psychology. To them it is divine satire—that is to say, a satire that probes without stinging. A rare achievement, Russian of the Russians, and smelling deep of the native soil. And how acute it is! Gogol knew his countrymen.

"'Dead Souls' is the finest of Gogol's few productions. It is as simple as a folk-tale. Anyone can read it and enjoy it. It does not deal in psychological subtleties, or, rather, not directly. It unfolds the Russian heart through action, not through explanation. Its characters are fantastic, ridiculous, whimsical, but somehow their feet always rest upon earth."—*Current Opinion.*

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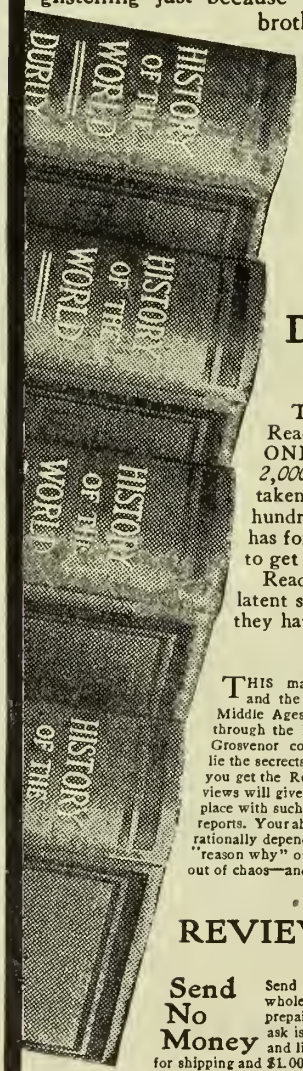

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Gratitude

"Do you give thanks for this?—or that?" No, God be thanked
I am not grateful
In that cold calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, and four,—that would be hateful.

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that in the road of Life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever gifts and mercies to my lot may fall,
I would not measure
As with a certain price in praise, or great or small;
But take and use them all with simple pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread we bless
The hand that feeds us;
And when we tread the road of Life in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us.

—*Henry Van Dyke*

"Poems" Chas. Scribners' Sons

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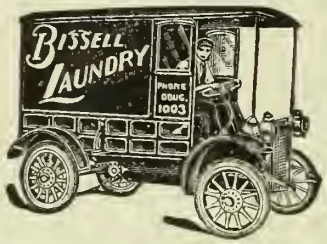

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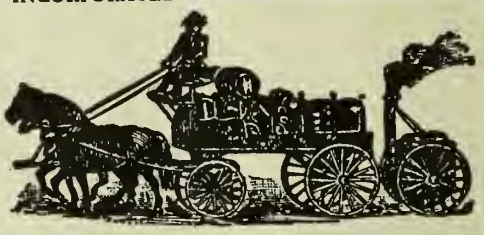

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1915. Number 23

INSPIRATION

It was just a little dream
Fluttering by on golden wings,
But my spirit caught the gleam
And it sings!

H. C. B.

The Peace Maker, that has been the official organ of the Universal Peace Union, which was organized in 1866, has issued its last number, which is a memorial number for Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia, who was president of the Peace Union from 1866 to 1913, and who died on the 29th day of June, 1913. He gave his life to the cause of peace and died in his eighty-third year. This last number contains loving tributes from his associates in the battle line for peace.

According to the *Public* the farmers of Washington can be trusted for progressive views. In the face of much opposition by referendum vote they have endorsed proportional representation, commission government, conservation of national resources, and have placed themselves on record as favoring the adoption of a system of taxation whereby personal property and all improvements would be exempt from taxation and the burden be borne entirely by land values.

Mr. Bryan, through the *Commoner,* has carried out the suggestion of a southern congressman, that the question of the war attitude toward Germany or Mexico be submitted to a referendum vote of the people with the understanding "that those who voted for war would enlist first and those who voted against war would not be expected to enlist until after the others had been enrolled." Of the two hundred and three voters registered, they all voted against war; no one in favor it. If the war agitators were the first to enlist, and if those responsible for wars were marshalled on the firing lines, much of the belligerency in national and international politics would be abated.

The Nathaniel Colver Lectureship recently established by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger of the old University of Chicago, is named after a noted and beloved Baptist divine, who aided in the formation of the divinity school which is now known as the Divinity School of the university. The proceeds of this lectureship are to support lectures to be given from time to time "by persons of eminent scholarship or other special qualifications, on religious, Biblical, moral, sociological or vital subjects, and to be delivered preferably in or in connection with the divinity school.

We have before us some fascinating pictures of a Picnic Pageant held way out on Puget Sound by the public schools of Rosedale, Washington, under the direction of one of the faithful Unity readers, Mrs. Anna Stanton Lay. Fifty young children in costume performed in the open air, carried the White Bordered Banner and sang the stanza thereto published in Unity. A procession of smaller children marched by each bearing the flag of a different country, singing as they went:

"Mine eyes have seen the dawning
Of a bright and glorious day,
When the war god's reign of anguish
Shall fore'er have passed away;
When the Prince of Peace in beauty
O'er the nations shall hold sway,
For Truth the day must gain."

The peace we wait for and pray for is a long, long way off, but the distance can be shortened by beginning right now with the school children. For the voters who are to make the legislators who are to disarm our own and other nations are now in knickerbockers and short skirts. Let us all get busy on right lines and do the work that will tell farther on.

This child of humanity, this interpreter of literature from the standpoint of universal sympathy may have been long since offered as food for cannon and his bones may be enriching the soil which his mind would have so ennobled.

This little handbook offers a convenient guide to students in American literature. The present writer has found it to his hand in conducting his summer classes in poetry. But beyond this service of convenience it lies upon our table as an eloquent though silent messenger from beyond the battle lines, confessing the Brotherhood of Man as revealed through the universal language of literature.

"Say what you will, gentlemen," said the late lamented William T. Stead at the first Hague Conference, "the real peace congress is now in session at Antwerp, where the Esperantists are in session." You were right, dear Mr. Stead. Universal language as

expressed in literature is the world bond of union. Spelling may differ, pronunciation may seem strange, but the message of literature is universal and is understandable in all lands when forcefully spoken in any tongue.

Professor A. C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago delivered an address on Memorial Day at which the university celebrated the Fifty Years After the War Anniversary. His subject was "The Meaning of the Civil War," in which he spoke of the quiet absorption of an army of a millon conquering men back into the great body of the nation. He said:

I often think of Sherman's army tramping along Pennsylvania Avenue after the war, fifty years ago last Monday—65,000 rugged men and sturdy boys, who had marched, a conquering host, through league after league of an enemy's country, who had swept everything before them and won victory after victory, who were toughened like rawhide whipcords by the daily march and nightly bivouac on the field; and who at a word, disbanded, some of them to go back to school and college, some of them to the shops and farms and countinghouses, all of them to be greeted in the tens of thousands of simple homes scattered here and there all over this northern country. Almost in a moment there was no army. No wonder that Goldwin Smith exclaimed, "Your magnanimous and wise disarmament (the most truly magnanimous and the wisest thing in history)!" Can we not say then that the greatest victory of the War was peace?

Professor Charles R. Mann of the University of Chicago has been given a leave of absence for one year that he may complete a job undertaken for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.—The Classics Building was dedicated at the recent convocation, Dr. Paul Shorey, head of the department of Greek, delivering the address on "Our Ivy Tower."—The cornerstone ceremonies of the Ida Noyes Hall were also held in connection with the recent Commencement of the University of Chicago, Marion Talbot, dean of women, delivering the address, in which address, alluding to "The Annex" provision of Harvard College, she said:

The back-door stage of the education of woman has passed, and this great University which from the first has offered its advantages freely to women and recognize them jointly with men in every relation except on the Board of Trustees now publicly proclaims that its women enter by the front door.

The building is the gift of Mr. La Verne Noyes as a memorial to his wife, a woman much beloved in Chicago. Her magnetic presence is missed and her memory is revered. To those who knew her Dean Talbot's closing words seem peculiarly fitting:

And of Ida Noyes what shall I say? I counted her among my friends. I knew from personal experience of her kindly presence and thoughtful act. This building is a memorial to her. I speak not only for myself but for all the women of the University when I assure you, Mr. Noyes, and you, Mr. President, that this cornerstone means a mighty impulse toward the truly great things of life. Here self-discovery and self-control will lead to social co-operation and mutual understanding. The weak will learn from the strong and the strong will learn from the weak. Tolerance, sympathy, kindness, the generous word and the helpful act, all typical of the woman we commemorate, will be the contribution of the women who go forth from Ida Noyes Hall to take part in the upbuilding of the new civilization which is to come.

The American Unitarian Association at its last meeting appointed a commission of ten members to revise their tract list, eliminating those no longer serviceable, and to suggest to the Publication Committee suitable subjects for further treatment. We think it a significant sign of the times that four out of the ten members of this committee are women; one of them from the West, one from Cambridge, one from Boston and one from Worcester. Among the men appointed, one was from Georgia, another from Pennsylvania, one from North Carolina, one from Montana and one from West Virginia. This commission is to report in September. The result will be looked forward to with interest by those who are conversant with Unitarian literature and its growth.

We rejoice in the bugle call of John Haines Holmes sounded at the Free Religious Association meeting of May last and published in the *Christian Register* July 15th. The subject is "Resistance and Non-Resistance." We share his feeling when he says: "Nothing makes me so sick, as I look at the present situation, as to see the condition into which our organized peace movement has degenerated at the present moment."

Now, to my mind, just as long as we are opposed to war in general and in favor of war in particular the old wars are going to continue and the new kinds of war are going to be pushed farther and farther back. Civilization will go, and barbarism will permanently come. Therefore I plead with you that you join in this new war against the old war, the uncompromising allegiance to peace itself without condition, without qualification, without compromise, without exception—that peace which can alone bless mankind and bring in the kingdom of God upon the earth.

We commend the whole address to those who have their sneer at the "peace-at-any-price men." Are the great peace-makers of the world, with Buddha and Jesus at their head, to be disposed of by sneers? Is it not virtue at any price? Love at any price? Justice at any price? If to murder is to sin, if to hate is a crime, and if to commit the greatest injustice possible, the taking of innocent life for the sins of others, is atrocious, then to stand for peace at any price, even to the giving of non-resistant life is the crowning triumph of the spirit, is Gethsemane ethics, is Christly morals. They have but learned the "a-b, abs" of the peace gospel who simply want peace until life of the individual, or of notion if need be, is asked for in the interest of the higher life.

A Guide-Book Through American Literature

Something so complex, so full of by-paths and wide issues, with such extensive areas of new material unmapped, territories unsurveyed even, makes some kind of a guide book absolutely necessary to the novitiate and very helpful even to the expert. It does not matter much what the method of travel may be, but there should be method. It does not matter much which route is taken, but there should be a route. There are as many ways of studying literature as Kipling conceived ways of "constructing tribal lays," and "every one of them is right!" A little handbook on American literature from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co., by Leon Kellner, translated from the German by Julia Franklin, with a preface by Gustav Pollak, is a startling surprise. That this man, Jew-born, raised and nurtured in a far-off corner of Austria, for several years now a professor of the to us remote University of Czernowitz—wherever that may be—could come into such sympathetic touch and appreciative intimacy with the "Yankee" output is a very great surprise. With the easy touch of a native he marshals the American authors into line with scarcely a violation of the perspective that would give either pain or amusement to a native. Perhaps his Jewish birth and training, schooled to adversity and oppression, prepared him for an appreciation of the Puritan and enabled him to interpret the Puritanic view of life. But one of the most satisfactory of his chapters is entitled "The Humorists," and his appreciation of Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes is as keen as that of Whittier and Poe. Still more of a surprise is it to find how this German trained mind could enter into the "Tales of the Soul" and with unerring instinct quote from Uncle Remus and his tar-baby.

The translator did wisely perhaps in omitting the concluding portion of the book, which was an attempt to deal with the varying characteristics of the States, and some mention of the more obscure poets, particularly in as much as the author was beyond the reach of the translator's proof.

Oh, what pathos in this simple statement of the Editor, "The University of Czernowitz, in the Austrian crown land of Bukowina, where Doctor Kellner has filled the chair of English philology and literature since 1904, is closed, the town itself during the last few months having been alternately occupied by the Russians and Austrians. I have attempted to learn the whereabouts of Professor Kellner, but have so far been unsuccessful."

Who Was to Blame?

Another terrible calamity in the sunshine. A shipwreck at the wharf, a Titanic disaster in the Chicago River while the boat was still moored to the landing. Apparently more lives were lost than went down in the icy waters of mid-ocean when the Titanic sank from the blows of an iceberg. Maybe twelve hundred or more lives, largely women and children, clothed in holiday attire, bent on a day of rest and recreation, were borne into the dirty water of the Chicago River by a boat that capsized like an uncertain canoe. Of course the officers are under arrest. There is much talk of "radical investigation" and "prompt and drastic punishment."

But let us not be too harsh. Not the captain nor the inspectors, not the architects nor the pilots, but *we* the people, *we* the careless, impulsive, boisterous, hilarious public, *we* the crowd of pleasure seekers, so bent on pleasure that we have become willing victims to that other more malicious "*we*" that is bent on profit. WE who want sure returns are to blame. "The boat must earn a lot of money," not simply to pay the hands, to cover the coal bills and to secure a fair interest on money invested, but to gain big profit for the stockholders, to make money enough to pay big salaries for the manipulators not of the ship but of the corporation, to make big money for the investors whose only concern is profit! profit!! profit!!! Men who keep far away from danger, who would not trust themselves in that crowd but who want "profits"—greed! more greed!

The passion for wealth, the hunger for money, not to clothe the naked or to feed the hungry, but to embellish palaces, to upholster luxurious homes, to maintain costly habits and expensive establishments. These are responsible for the bereft homes, largely those of working men and women. These are responsible for the lives of those who threw away all prudence in the prospect of one golden day of cheap fun. It was the passion for a cheap outing on the part of working men and women of meager earnings that brought on that horrible catastrophe.

Courts should be lenient with the parties arrested. The public should hesitate to place the blame that rests upon all of us. Our sadness should be shot through with humility and our indignation be heaped not upon individuals but should take form in the heart of each one of us. For we are all guilty together. We all bargained for this calamity. We have all been sowing the wind, and the darkened homes in Chicago have harvested the whirlwind.

THE PULPIT

The Revolt Against War

Of Young Men Against an Old Man's Europe—of Women Who Know the Cost of Life—of Statesmen Who Are Beginning to Dread that Militarism Will Be Entrenched and Civil Rights Will Be Broken Down In Each Country If the Settlement of the War Comes Through Bloodshed Rather Than Negotiation.

An Address by

Jane Addams

Given at Carnegie Hall New York, Friday Night July 9, 1915.

It is difficult to formulate your experience when brought face to face with so much genuine emotion and high patriotism as Europe exhibits at the present moment. You become very much afraid of generalizing. The situation is so confused, so many wild and weird things are said about it, that you are afraid to add one word that is not founded upon absolutely first-hand impressions and careful experience; because, for the world, you would not add a bit to this already overwhelming confusion. And you do not come back,—at least I do not,—from these various warring countries with any desire to let loose any more emotion upon the world. You feel that what is needed above all else is some careful understanding,—some human touch, if you please, in this over-involved and over-talked-of situation in which so much of the world finds itself in dire confusion and bloodshed. You get afraid of tall talk; you do not know where words may lead the people to whom you are speaking. They seem to have acquired such a fearful significance and seem to have power over the very issues of life and death itself.

And so I should like, if I might, for a few moments, to tell as simply as I can, the experiences which we had at The Hague. Some have been much too kind to call me the leader of that movement, for I was not, in any sense of the word. It was convened and called together by a group of European women, and only after all the arrangements were made did we know about it in America, and consent to go. They were anxious to have a woman from a neutral country to serve as president, and it was safer to have the neutral country as far away as possible, and America was the furthest away. Therefore, I think, America was chosen.

The women who called the congress were sure that, although during this last year none of the great international congresses, in science and arts or the most abstract subjects, had dared to meet; they were quite sure that the women who had been meeting during many years, in such conventions as Dr. Shaw has described, that at least a few of them could come together and in all sobriety and in all friendliness discuss their common aims and the terrible stake which they all had together in this war. That faith, as you know, was well grounded, and for three days and a half with much less friction than is usual in the ordinary meetings of men or women, so far as I know them, the women met there at The Hague and formulated their series of resolutions. I will confess that the first day we were a little cautious. We skated, as it were, more or less on thin ice, because we did not know how far we dared venture in freedom of expression. One of the Dutch committee came to me and whispered almost in a stage whisper: I think you ought to know that the hall is full of police, not only those supplied by The Hague, but some of them supplied by the government itself because they fear trouble." We told them we should be happy to have the police there to listen to our deliberations, and to call upon them if needed! It seemed as if every one was nervous, and I will admit that there was an element of risk, if you please, in asking women to come; but they did come from twelve different countries, in the midst of the strain under which Europe is now laboring.

On the last day of that conference it was suggested that the resolutions be carried by committees to the various governments of Europe, and to the President of the United States. Some of us felt that the congress had ended very happily, that we had proceeded day by day in good will and understanding, and that it was perhaps unfortunate to venture further. But the resolution was passed, and two committees set forth. One committee to the north, consisting of a woman from the side of the Allies, and a woman from the side of the Germans, and also two women from the neutral nations, have visited the Scandinavian countries and Russia. We have had cables from them from time to time. They were received by the prime ministers and members of Parliament in all of the countries as well as by the ministers of foreign affairs. They have been reported in Italy and Holland, and will arrive in America, we hope, within a week or two. You cannot tell how long it may take to cross the ocean now because you may quite easily be held up in the English channel or some other crucial trade route for some ten or twelve days.

The other committee, consisting of the vice-president and president of the congress, women from the two neutral nations, from Holland and from America, set forth to visit the other countries.

We were received in each of the capitals, in London, in Berlin, in Budapest, in Rome, in Paris and in Havre, where the Belgian government is now established. We took in also Switzerland and Holland, although they are neutral, and Rome should be counted twice for we visited the Vatican; or nine visits in all. We were received in each case by the minister of foreign affairs, and by the chancellor or prime minister, and in all of the countries we saw members of Parliament and other men who are responsible for governmental policies.

It is too much to hope to reach the mind of everyone in a huge audience like this, but I should like to reproduce in the minds of some of you some of the impressions made by this pilgrimage of ours, if you choose to call it so, going to and fro from one government to another, as we did to nine governments in the space of five weeks.

The first thing which was striking was this, that the same causes and reasons for the war were heard everywhere. Each warring nation solemnly assured you it is fighting under the impulse of self-defense. Each of the warring nations I assure you feels it is fighting to preserve its own traditions and its own ideals from those who would come in and disturb and destroy those high traditions and those ideals. And in one tongue or another, or translated into Eng-

lish, we heard the identical phrases. Going as rapidly as we did, from one country to another, I almost knew what to expect and what phrases were coming next, after a foreign minister had begun.

Another thing which we found very striking was that in practically all of the foreign offices, including those two foreign offices, one of which I suppose to be leading one side and one the other side of this conflict, the men said—again in very similar phrases, —that a nation at war cannot make negotiations and that a nation at war cannot even express willingness to receive negotiations, for if it does either, the enemy will at once construe it as a symptom of weakness; and when the terms are made the side which first suggested negotiations will suffer as being construed the side that was weaker and was suing for peace.

But they said, in all of these foreign offices, that if some other power presented propositions,—if neutral people, however they might be gotten together, people who would command the respect of the foreign offices to whom their propositions would be presented—if a small conference were willing to get together to study the situation seriously and to make propositions, one, two, three—even if they were turned down over and over again until something were found upon which negotiations might commence, *there is none of the warring nations that would not be glad to receive such service.* Now that came to us unequivocally.

We presented to each of the chancelleries our resolutions, but we talked for the most part about the possibility of substituting negotiations for military processes. Now, it is very easy for a minister to say: "This country will never receive negotiations; we are going to drive the enemy out inch by inch," but it is pretty hard for him to say it to one or two or three or four women who are sitting there and asking: "If a proposition were presented to you, which seemed to you feasible,—if something were presented to you which might mean the beginning of further negotiations between yourselves and your enemies, would you decline such a proposition? Would you feel justified to go on sacrificing the young men of your country in order to obtain through bloodshed what might be obtained through negotiations,—the very thing for which your foreign office was established?" No minister, of course, is willing to say that he would. No minister would be willing, of course, to commit himself for a moment to such a policy. That we found everywhere.

There was another thing which was impressed upon us all of the time, and in all of the countries which we visited. Although each is tremendously united at the present moment, although there is no break that can be seen or heard anywhere on the part of the people fighting together—that they wish the war to cease or that they are going to divide into parties, one party to oppose the other—while they are thus united in this tremendous national consciousness, there was manifested in every country two general lines of approach. One finds expression in the military party which believes that the matter can be settled only upon a military basis; the other, a civil party, which very much deprecates the exaltation of militarism, which says that the longer the war runs on, the more the military parties are being established as censors of the press and in all sorts of other places which they ordinarily do not occupy; that the longer the war goes on the more the military power is breaking down all of the safeguards of civil life and of civil government, and that consequently the harder will it be for civil life and for the rights of civil life to re-establish themselves over the rights and power of the military. The more desperately they cling to their army, the more absolute is the power and the glory of that army. The people who represent the civil view of life, in the midst of this patriotic fervor, in the midst of this devotion to the army, see that and long for some other form of settlement,—for some other form of approach to this terrible, confused situation,—long for it one month more than they did the month before.

As you go from one country to another, you can only say for yourself and say it to the citizens as you have opportunity, that if this war is ever to be settled through negotiations,—and sometime it must be, heaven knows when,—but sometime men must stop fighting and return to their normal existence—you say to these men: "Why not begin now before the military becomes even further entrenched? Why not begin now when you still have enough power to hold them to their own statements, to hold them to their own purposes, and not allow them to rule and control the absolute destinies of the nation?"

Now, I am quite aware that in every country we met, broadly speaking, the civil people and not the military people. I am quite aware that it was natural for us to see the pacifists, if you please,—although they are hardly known under that name;—that it was more natural for us to meet and know the people who were on that side of life, instead of the military side of life. But because we did meet dozens of them, I am willing to believe that there must be many more of the same type of mind in every country; quite as loyal as the military people, quite as eager for the growth and development of their own ideals and their own standard of living; but believing with all their hearts that the military message is a wrong message, which cannot in the end establish those things which are so dear to their hearts.

Now, that is something to work upon. When peace comes it must come through the people within those countries having some sort of claim to the same type of mind and the same type of people who are dwelling in other countries.

At present they have no means of communication. They say that under the censorship of the press one man cannot tell how many other men are feeling as he does or believing as he does. Although he is a comrade in mind, and may be living in the next street, or in the next town, he does not know how many there are. He cannot get them together. In our modern cities with their huge agglomeration of human beings, we communicate largely through the daily press. We cannot find our public opinion in any other way. Poor method as it seems, it is, after all, all that we have worked out as yet. And in the warring countries nothing goes into the press except those things which the military censors deem fit and proper.

So as we went about people would say to us, in regard to the press, if you see So and So, say a word about lessening the censorship. And we said, No, we can talk about but this one thing. We cannot carry messages from the citizens to their governments. But over and over again this request was made. And as

we got back to one country from another, they would say: "Are people talking like that there? That is just the way we are talking here." But they do not know each other from one country to another. And the individuals cannot find each other within the country itself.

In each of the warring nations there is this other point of similarity. Generally speaking, we heard everywhere that this war was an old man's war; that the young men who were dying, the young men who were doing the fighting, were not the men who wanted the war, and were not the men who believed in the war; that somewhere in church and state, somewhere in the high places of society, the elderly people, the middle-aged people, had established themselves and had convinced themselves that this was a righteous war, that this war must be fought out, and the young men must do the fighting.

Now, this is a terrible indictment, and I admit that I cannot substantiate it. I can only give it to you as an impression, but I should like to bring one or two details before you to back it up, so to speak.

I thought when I got up I shouldn't mention the word German or the word allies; but perhaps if I give an example from Germany and then an example from the allies, I will not get into trouble.

We met a young man in Switzerland. He had been in the trenches for three months, had been wounded and had been sent to Switzerland to be cured. He had developed tuberculosis and the physician among us thought he would scarcely live three months. But he thought he was being cured, and he was speaking his mind before he went back to the trenches. He was, I suppose, what one would call a fine young man, but not an exceptional young man. He had had a gymnasium education. He had been in business with his father, had traveled in South Africa; had traveled in France, England and Holland, in the line of business. He had come to know men as *mensch*, that *gute menschen* were to be found in every land. And now here he was, at twenty-eight, facing death because he was quite sure when he went back to the trenches that death awaited him. This is what he said: Never during that three months and a half had he once shot his gun in a way that could possibly hit another man. He said that nothing in the world could make him kill another man. He could be ordered into the trenches; he could be ordered to go through the motions, but the finl act was in his own hands and with his own conscience. And he said: "My brother is an officer." (He gave the name of his brother, gave his title; he wasn't concealing anything; he was quite too near death's door to have any shifting and concealing.) "He never shoots anything; he never shoots in a way that will kill. And I know dozens and dozens of young men who do not."

We had a list given to us by the woman at the head of a hospital in one German city of five young Germans who had been cured and were ready to be sent back to the trenches, when they committed suicide, not because they were afraid of being killed, but because they were afraid they might be put into a position where they would have to kill someone else.

We heard stories of that sort from France. We talked with nurses in hospitals; we talked with convalescent soldiers; we talked to the mothers of soldiers who had come back on furlough and had gone into the trenches; and in all of these countries we learned that there are surprising numbers of young men and old men who will not do any fatal shooting because they think that no one has the right to command them to do that thing.

In order to be quite fair and square, I shall next give my testimony from England. I quote a letter published in the *Cambridge Magazine* at Cambridge University and written by a young man who had gone to the front. I didn't visit Cambridge, but I did visit Oxford. The universities are almost depleted of young men. The great majority of them have gone into the war. This is what this young man wrote:

"The greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences, and has let them loose upon the world. The city editors, the retired majors, the amazons [women are included, you see] and last, but I fear, not least, the venerable arch-deacons, have never been so free from contradiction. Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world, and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us,—permanently or temporarily as the case may be. Meanwhile the old men are having field days of their own. In our name, and for our sakes as they pathetically imagine, they are doing their very utmost, it would seem, to perpetuate, by their appeals to hate, intolerance and revenge, those very follies which have produced the present conflagration."

I am not going to tell of many things that were said because I think there have been, for the present, too many things said: but the mothers would say to us: "It was hard to see that boy go because he did not believe in war; he did not belong to a generation that believes in war."

One of the leading men of Europe, whose name you would instantly recognize if I felt at liberty to give it, said: "If this war could have been postponed for ten years—perhaps," he said, "I will be safe and say, twenty years,—war would have been impossible in Europe, because of the tremendous revolt against it in the schools and the universities."

I am quite sure when I say that, that it is a partial view. I am quite sure that there are thousands of young men in the trenches feeling that they are performing the highest possible duties. I am quite sure that the spirit of righteousness is in the hearts of most of them, at least of many of them; but that throughout there are to be found these other men who are doing violence to the highest teachings which they know.

It seemed to me at times as if the difference between the older generation and the new, is something we apprehended dimly in each country,—that the older men believed more in abstractions, shall I say; that when they talked of patriotism, when they used certain theological or nationalistic words, these meant more to them than they did to the young men; that the young men had come to take life much more from the point of view of experience; that they were much more—pragmatic (I suppose I could have said in Boston: I don't know how well it will go in New York)—that they had come to take life much more empirically; and when they went to the trenches and tested it out, they concluded that it did not pay, that it was not what they wanted to do with their lives.

I saw an old Quaker in England who said: "My sons are not fighting, they are sweeping mines." The Quakers are very clever in distinguishing between what they will or will not do. This Quaker explained to me that his sons allow themselves to sweep mines but they do not allow themselves to fire mines. They are doing this, that and the other thing. "It is strange to me," he said, "because they never went to Quaker meetings, but they are awfully keen now on being consistent." Now, there you are. I think it was the difference again between the older generation and the new. This again may be a superficial impression, but such as it is, we had it in every single country, one after the other.

Let me say just a word about the women in the various countries. The belief that a woman is against war simply and only because she is a woman and not a man, does not, of course, hold. In every country there are many, many women who believe that the war is inevitable and righteous, and that the highest possible service is being performed by their sons who go into the army; just as there are thousands of men believing that in every country; the majority of women and men doubtless believe that.

But the women do have a sort of pang about it. Let us take the case of an artist, an artist who is in an artillery corps, let us say, and is commanded to fire upon a wonderful thing, say St. Mark's at Venice, or the duomo at Florence, or any other great architectural and beautiful thing. I am sure he would have just a little more compunction than the man who had never given himself to creating beauty and did not know the cost of it. There is certainly that deterrent on the part of the women, who have nurtured these soldiers from the time they were little things, who brought them into the world and brought them up to the age of fighting, and now see them destroyed. That curious revolt comes out again and again, even in the women who are most patriotic and who say: "I have five sons and a son-in-law in the trenches. I wish I had more sons to give." Even those women, when they are taken off their guard, give a certain protest, a certain plaint against the whole situation which very few men I think are able to formulate.

Now, what is it that these women do in the hospitals? They nurse the men back to health and send them to the trenches, and the soldiers say to them: "You are so good to us when we are wounded, you do everything in the world to make life possible and to restore us; why do you not have a little pity for us when we are in the trenches? Why do you not put forth a little of this same effort and this same tenderness to see what might be done to pull us out of those miserable places?"

That testimony came to us, not from the nurse of one country, and not from the nurses who were taking care of the soldiers on one side, but from those who were taking care of them upon every side.

And it seems to make it quite clear that whether we are able to recognize it or not, there has grown up a generation in Europe, as there has doubtless grown up a generation in America, who have revolted against war. It is a god they know not of, that they are not willing to serve; because all of their sensibilities and their training upon which their highest ideals depend, revolt against the whole situation.

Now it seems to me this:—and bear in mind that the papers were much too kind when they said that I was going to advise the President. I never dreamed of advising him or of formulating plans. That last will have to be done when the others have returned—I should never venture alone to do anything of the sort. But this, it seems to me, broadly speaking, might be true, that a set of people could be gotten together who are international, out of their own experience. You know, of course, that the law is the least international thing we have! We have an international body of science; a man takes the knowledge of the science to which he is devoted, and deals with that knowledge, and he doesn't ask whether it was gathered together by Englishmen or Germans. We have an international postal system, a tremendous international commerce, and a tremendous international finance; internationalism in all sorts of fields. But the law lags behind, and perhaps will lag behind for a long time, quite as many of our most settled customs have never been embodied in law at all.

If men could be brought together who have had international experience, who have had it so long and so unconsciously that they have come to think not merely in internationalistic terms, but in the realities of the generation in which they have been doing the thing—whether business or labor or any other thing which has become so tremendously international—if they could be brought together, they could be asked to try to put the very best mind they have, not as representing one country or another country, but as representing human life and human experience as it has been lived during the last ten years in Europe.

They could be asked what it is that has brought about this situation. Does Servia need a seaport? Is that what is the matter with Servia? I won't mention any of the other warring countries because I might get into difficulties; but is this thing or that thing needed? What is it from the human standpoint, from the social standpoint? Is it necessary to feed the people of Europe—who are, as you know, so underfed in all of the southern portions of Europe—is it necessary, in order to feed them, to get the wheat out of Russia? Then in heaven's name, let us have warm water harbors in order to get that wheat out of Russia.

Let us not consider it from the point of view of the claims of Russia, or of the counterclaims of someone else; but consider it from the point of view of the needs of Europe. If men with that temper, and that experience, and that sort of understanding of life were to begin to make proposition to the various governments, men who would not placate the claims of one government and set them over against the claims of another government, but would look at the situation from a humane standpoint,—I am sure, at the least (from my knowledge of dozens of men in all of the countries who talked with me about the situation) that that sort of negotiation would be received. Now that does not seem an impossible thing.

Perhaps the most shocking impression left upon one's mind is this, that in the various countries the temper necessary for continuing the war is worked up and fed largely by the things which have occurred in the war itself. Germany has done this; the allies have done that; somebody tried to do this and somebody else tried to do that, and we foiled them by doing

that. Now, I submit that no, shall I say, plain mother who found two children fighting,—not for any cause which they stated, but because "he did that" and "I did this, and therefore he did that to me,"—that such a woman would say "this can't go on." It leads to nothing but continuous hatred and quarreling.

Let us say that there are two groups of boys in a boys' club, and I have much experience of that sort in boys' clubs to draw upon. If one says, "We did this because the other fellows did that," you will simply have to say, "I won't go into the rights and wrongs of this, but this thing must stop, because it leads nowhere and gets nowhere." And so with larger groups. We all know the strikes that have gone on for weeks, with the original cause quite lost sight of. I submit that something of the same sort is happening in Europe now.

They are going on because of the things which have been done in the war; but that certainly is a very curious cause for continuing the war. And what it needs, it seems to me, and to many of us, is a certain touch of human nature. The human nature in the trenches would heal them over; the kindly people in the various countries would not support the war longer, and the foreign offices themselves would resume their own business,—that of negotiation versus that of military affairs,—if human nature can be released instead of being kept at the boiling pitch as it is all the time by outrages here and there and somewhere else. I do not know how that is to be brought about, and I admit that this is a very simple analysis of a very serious and complex situation. But when you go about and see the same sort of sorrow everywhere, see the tremendous loss of life in these countries, when you find that you can't talk to a woman on any subject, however remote from the war, without finding at once that she is in the deepest perplexity,—that while she is carrying herself bravely and going on with her accustomed activities because she thinks thereby that she is serving her country, her heart is being torn all the time,—it is borne in upon you that at last human nature must revolt. The fanatical feeling which is so high in every country, and which is so fine in every country, cannot last. The wave will come down. The crest cannot be held indefinitely. Then men must see the horrible things which have happened; they will have to soberly count up the loss of life, and the debt they have settled upon themselves for years to come.

I could go on and tell many things that we saw. The Pope himself gave us an audience of half an hour. The men with religious responsibility feel keenly what has happened in Europe—that while the various countries see in the war a throwback of civilization, the church sees it as a throwback to religion—breeding animosities and tearing and rending the work of years. And yet we are all apparently powerless to do the one thing which might end it. I do not say end it. We did not talk peace as we went about. It would merely confuse the issue. (And, in truth, isn't it hideous that whole nations find the word peace intolerable?) We said: "Why not see what can be done to arrive at some form of coming together—to discover what might be done—in the place of the settlement which is now being fought out through military processes?" And that was as far as we were able to go with clearness and safety, and upon that platform we were met with the greatest—someone said courtesy—it was to my mind more than courtesy. It was received, as one Englishman expressed it, like a breath of fresh air, this coming in at last of someone to talk of something that was not of war. We went into the room of one of the prime ministers of Europe, a large, grizzled, formidable man. We told him our little story and he said nothing. I never have a great deal of self-confidence—I am never so dead sure I am doing the right thing, and I said to him:

"This perhaps seems to you very foolish, to have women going about in this way; but after all, the world itself is so strange in this new war situation that our mission may be no more strange or foolish than the rest."

He banged his first on the table. "Foolish?" he said, "Not at all. These are the first sensible words that have been uttered in this room for ten months."

He said: "That door opens from time to time, and people come in to say, 'Mr. Minister, we must have more men, we must have more ammunition, we must have more money. We cannot go on with this war without more of something else.' At last the door opens and two people walk in and say, 'Mr. Minister, why not settle by means of negotiations instead of fighting?' They are the sensible ones."

Other people, of course, said he was an old man, this prime minister, that he was without power. Yet he was an officer of the government in a high place, and that is what he said. I give it to you for what it is worth. And there are other testimonials of the same sort from all kinds of people in office and out of office; they are part of the peoples who are at war, and unable to speak for themselves.

There is one more thing I should like to say and I will close; and that is that one feels that the talk against militarism, and the belief that it can be crushed by a counter-militarism is, as has been uttered so many times, one of the greatest illusions which can possibly seize the human mind. England likes to talk and does talk sharply against what it calls militarism, but if they have conscription in England, then the militarism which they think they are fighting will, at least for the moment, have conquered Britain itself, which has always been so proud that it had a free army and not a conscripted army. And if all of the young men of France between certain ages come to their deaths in their effort to move people out of trenches from which they cannot be moved (because they are absolutely built in of concrete on both sides, and even military men say you cannot budge them without tremendous loss of life)—if these young men are convinced that France must arm as never before, that she must turn herself into a military camp, as they are fond of saying, then, of course, the militaristic idea has conquered France.

The old notion that you can drive a belief into a man at the point of a bayonet is in force once more. It is quite as foolish to think that if militarism is an idea and an ideal, it can be changed and crushed by counter-militarism or by a bayonet charge. And the young men in these various countries say of the bayonet charges: "That is what we cannot think of." We heard in all countries similar statements in regard to the necessity for the use of stimulants before men would engage in bayonet charges—that they have a

regular formula in Germany, that they give them rum in England and absinthe in France; that they all have to give them the "dope" before the bayonet charge is possible. Well, now, think of that.

No one knows who is responsible for the war; all the warring nations are responsible, and they indict themselves. But in the end human nature must reassert itself. The old elements of human understanding and human kindliness among them must come to the fore, and then it may well be that they will reproach the neutral nations and will say: "What was the matter with the rest of the world that you kept quiet while this horrible thing was happening, and our men for a moment had lost their senses in this fanaticism of national feeling all over Europe?" They may well say: "You were far enough away from it not to share in it, and yet you wavered until we lost the flower of the youth of all Europe."

That is what the women said in various tongues and according to their various temperaments at The Hague, and that is what enabled them to leave their countries when they were at war, believing as they did in the causes for which they were fighting. The women who came to the congress were women who were impelled by a genuine feeling for life itself.

Please do not think we are overestimating a very slight achievement or taking too seriously the kindness with which we were received abroad. We do wish to record ourselves as being quite sure that the peoples in these various countries were grateful for the effort, trifling as it was. The people say they do not want this war, they say that the governments are making this war. And the governments say they do not want this war. They say, "We will be grateful to anybody who would help us to stop the war." We did not reach the military, but we did talk to a few military men, some of whom said they were sick to death of the war, and I have no doubt there were many others who, if they spoke freely, would say the same thing.

"Without abandoning your causes, and without lowering, if you please, the real quality of your patriotism,"—the women's resolutions, which we carried, said to these various nations, and we said it to their representatives as long as they permitted us to talk—"Whatever it is you want, and whatever it is you feel you ought to have in honor, why in the world can't you submit your case to a tribunal of fair-minded men? If your case is as good as you are sure it is, certainly those men will find the righteousness which adheres within it."

And they all say that if the right medium can be found, the case will be submitted.

July 17, 1915. —*The Survey.*

THE LESSON OF THE TREES

Master, I learn this lesson from the trees:
Not to grow old. The maple by my door
Puts forth green leaves as cheerily as I,
When I was taller than this selfsame tree,
Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred,
Standing a bleak and barren leafless thing
Among my hopeful brothers. I am shamed.
I will not be less hopeful than the trees;
I will not cease to labor and aspire;
I will not pause in patient high endeavor:
I will be young in heart until I die.

Lippincott's Magazine. —*Richard Kirk.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIV.
The Women of the New Testament

Mrs. Irwin S. Rosenfels, Leader

In the Pauline letters we find the names of fourteen women standing side by side with those of the men; Paul's right-hand helpers; all of them keen, earnest and spiritual women. Canon Farrar says that the part the women played in the dissemination of the Gospel can hardly be over estimated.

Among the fourteen are Eunice and Lois, mother and grandmother of Timothy, "Jewesses who believed;" Euodia and Syntyche of the Church at Philippi; Prisca the wife of Aquila; many deaconesses—Phoebe at Cenchrea, Tryphaena and Tryphosa, Mary and Persis, all of them "laborers in the Lord" and active in the several churches. Lydia, a pagan woman of Thyatira, met Paul at Philippi, was quick to sense his message and became his first convert in Europe. She, her children and slaves were baptized by Paul. "If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord," she said, "come to my house and stay there." It was contrary to Paul's principles to accept hospitality, but Lydia would not be refused. A woman of wealth, she helped the church at Philippi while she ministered to Paul.

That the feminine element predominated in these little congregations is seen by the various and minute regulations as to the conduct of women. Women were not to preach or teach. Even here woman must be subordinate to man. The holder of power will not easily yield it. Fear of the development of the yellow man, the black man, fear of woman's rights, are all of the same spirit as the rulings of the early Christian church. Paul's reasoning in regard to woman covering her head in church is an interesting example of the illogical arguments for woman's inferiority to man. (I Cor., ii:3-15.)

The women of the gospels have meant much in the history of the great Christian Church. They have figured largely in the art of the middle ages and in the general literature of the world. If we let our imaginations play, we can think of Mary, a peasant girl of Galilee, typical in her Jewish beauty. We can imagine her going the rounds of her daily life in Nazareth, much as women did centuries before her time and as they have done centuries since. She drew her water at the town well, exchanged her bit of gossip with her companions, walked slowly home with her precious water in the cool of the evening, prepared her evening meal and went through her nightly devotion. She probably gave much time to her religion. Her piety was deep and genuine, conservative to a degree. Owing to her simple life it may be supposed that she was cut off from the evil aspects of Pharisaism. She knew the Law and the Prophets and she may have thought, as many Jewish women did, that it might be given her to bear the Messiah.

Between the lines of Luke Mary appears as a tender, thoughtful mother, with love deep enough to endure the greatest anguish, a meek, devout servant of the Lord, well acquainted with the poetic past and deeply moved with the highest hopes for her nation. But it is to the church we must turn for the glorification and legendary growth surrounding this simple peasant figure. The church made her the perfect type of womanhood and Christian art has had its inspirations at this religious fount. She is the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Blessed Sorrow. John says she was present at the crucifixion, and in that event she saw the agony of the Man of Sorrows,—her son. Tradition says that she lived with John in Jerusalem until her death. If we limit our thought to proved history according to the Encyclopedia Biblica we must set aside any traits of character however beautiful that are discovered in passages ascertained to be legendary.

In reading the incident told in Mark in which Jesus is charged with being possessed of an evil spirit and he was told his mother and brothers stood outside, we realize that at a time when many had come to recognize the greatness of her son's mission, Mary still failed to understand it. We see that this grieved Jesus. Yet in many ways Mary did understand and appreciate him. We must believe that from some source outside of himself Jesus derived alike that holy severity and that joyousness of a deep faith in God which in the end made him great.

The charm of the character of Elizabeth, whose name means motherhood and humility, lies in the fact that while she was called to be the mother of the foremost man of her day, she was willing and glad to have him take second place when compared with the son of Mary. It is difficult for a man to be humble on his own account, but it is more difficult for a woman to be humble where her child is concerned. This stately, dignified and beautiful woman, daughter of the noblest family in Israel,—in the line of Aaron, was married to a member of the Jewish nobility. But the home of Elizabeth and Zechariah lacked the joy of a child in merry laughter. Although resigned to the will of God, Elizabeth was desolate in her approaching old age. But at length the delayed blessing was to come. Mary visited her kinswoman and confided to her her great secret, and the beautiful character of Elizabeth is seen in the way she received the news. She welcomes her guest with a cry of joy and calls aloud "Blessed art thou among women." We know nothing of Elizabeth in her later years. She may have been in the crowd when the famous baptism took place in the Jordan. Again, she may have heard in her quiet home of the banquet of Herod and its terrible sequel. She, too, may have suffered much, another Mater Dolorosa added to the New Testament galaxy of women. It is not always a happy fate to be the mother of a great man.

It is almost impossible for us to realize the life spent by Hannah, the devout prophetess, who never left the Temple Courts, fasting, praying and worshipping God night and day, living sixty-three years in this way. At times all round her was bloodshed, terrible civil war bringing a flood of misery in the land. Roman legions camped on the hills around Jerusalem, and Pompey, their general, actually profaned the Holy of Holies in the Temple where she was. Herod came to the throne when she had spent half a lifetime in the Temple and when his wicked reign was at an end she was still there. She prayed for her lost tribe, for her people, for her Messiah. She was a prophetess and her prayers had opened her eyes to many things. When the holy babe was brought into the Temple she knew him and began to proclaim the good news to those who were looking for "the redemption of Jerusalem."

In the story of the Woman of Samaria we have spiritual truth typified by the physical. It was the sultry noon of a Syrian day. The descent from the hillside into the valley was like entering an oven. His friends had left Jesus seated on the stone slab next to the well bearing the famous name of the patriarch Jacob, while they crossed the valley to the town of Sychar to buy food. He was thristy and watched for a chance of some one coming to draw water that he might ask for some. It was not a likely chance at the noon hour and it was a little surprising to see the woman approaching with her pitcher. She also was surprised at being addressed by this man whose dress showed him to be a Jew. "How is it," replied the Samaritan woman, "that you who are a Jew ask for water from a Samaritan woman like me?" This poor outcast Samaritan, impressed with the marvel of his knowledge of her, was the means of bringing the people of her town to Jesus. She was a successful evangelist.

We meet with the interesting family of the household of Bethany on three occasions in the gospel history. The assumption is that Mary and Martha of Luke are the same sisters whom John brings before us in the raising of Lazarus. We are all familiar with the Martha and Mary problem, and perhaps our sympathy is with Martha, even though we know that Mary had "chosen the better part." At any rate we may settle the matter to suit ourselves individually.

The church has made much of Mary of Magdala though the references to her are most meager. She, like Mary the Madonna, has been the inspiration of much art. Traditionally she is treated as the typical penitent, weeping for her sin, but the Biblica says that while the penitent Magdala is well in art she has no place in history.

The freedom enjoyed by Jewish women is strikingly in contrast with the treatment accorded women by the other Orientals. This is shown both in the Old and New Testaments. Women frequently come before us in domestic scenes preparing the meals for the household, but there is no instance of their sitting at table with men. Women were able to travel in the company of disciples without attracting undue attention. There were no women disciples nor were any books of the New Testament written by women. But there is an advance registered in the position of woman, not so much in the actual position as in the new spirit which Christianity introduces into society. Jesus's direct treatment of the women who came across his path is a wonderful step forward. There were women and children among the multitudes that Jesus fed in the wilderness. Women were among those he cured, and their financial contributions, even the widow's mite, helped to carry on his work.

Paul's lines give the spirit of it. All distinctions between Jew and Greek, slave and freeman, male and female, have vanished; for in union with Christ Jesus

you are all one. The spirit of the New Testament would encourage woman to forge ahead, to take front rank in all walks of life, but best of all she would be taught to use what she has acquired in social service. This is the great lesson of these characters who ministered so faithfully to Paul in his travels and to Jesus in Galilee at the beginning of the Christian era.

"It is for service we are here,
Not for a throne."

(1) How many women helpers are mentioned in Paul's epistles?
(2) What may we imagine of the early life of Mary?
(3) What was the position of women in the world in Jesus' time?

The Beautiful and the Moral

That the moral is beautiful is generally recognized, but is it not equally true that the beautiful is moral?

It is the beautiful in the mental and material worlds which, more than any other influence, educates us in delicacy and alertness of body and of spirit. It is the beautiful as well as the intellectual and the affectional which transforms our crude lusts into loyal servitors of the soul, and gives to our stolid animal nature, mobilization, grace, and initiative.

It was Aristotle who first formulated the idea that Beauty is "the end set before herself by Nature." But he must have seen how the beautiful flowers out into the good, and it is just as true to say that Morality is a goal toward which humanity is moving. And is it not indisputable that more and more as our knowledge of the meaning of manhood expands, we demand that all men, and especially our teachers, our great and religious men, shall be in all things brave, honest and generous—that they shall be in their own lives, *moral?*

They may be men of intense emotion, like á Kempis, Wesley, Martineau, or Richard Jeffries; or men seemingly unconscious of the religious passion, like Franklin, Howard, Huxley or Francis Place, but there *must* shine in them—as the rich green of the grass shines through the vesture of gold woven by the dandelions—that indomitable quality, that reverence for truth and justice which we call the moral.

But what is Morality, to be more explicit? Morality, I would say in common terms, is the blending of intelligence, purpose, courage, honesty, sympathy, grace, in the personality and life of the individual man or woman.

So I maintain that the recognition and the love of the beautiful in nature, in art, in life, has been (and will be more and more) a mighty force lifting the struggling man to the elevation of this morality, as we see in the spring the "seed-leaves push aside the clod and come by degrees to the perfumed flower." We shall find that not only is beauty a great restorative of the sorrows and fears which lacerate the soul, and an illumination in the dark paths of existence, but also a religious activity and inspiration.

Michael Angelo recognizes this truth and makes beauty the teacher of religion, as shown in the following suggestive and noble lines:

"So all the lovely things we find on earth,
Resemble, for the soul that rightly sees,
That source of bliss divine which gave us birth."

A beautiful sermon (not always preached by a distinguished minister), a beautiful poem, story, picture, drama, melody, and indeed any useful work beautifully done, which shows what Bernard Shaw calls "the appetite for perfection," will always be a teacher of the moral. That is to say, this work of art, this miracle of color, grace or melody, this work in which the common workman takes artistic delight, which contains that something inexpressible, the immortal quality which we call beauty, will always commend the intellect, and touch the heart; will make its appeal to the aspirations and feed the inextinguishable hunger of our higher nature.

I believe that the achievement of beauty or perfection (that is, of course, a relative perfection) in any province, in science, in art, in government, in mechanics, in agriculture, as in religion does always represent some inward struggle, some spiritual or moral victory.

So may we not gladly believe that the elevation in moral purpose attained by the conscientious worker, preacher, writer, painter, builder or musician, will become the morality of mankind? These men and women who witness the "Supreme Vision," who come into the realm of the eternal Beauty, will open many doors for us into the Palace of the Invisible. They will lead the young forward toward the new truth, the new goodness, and they will teach those of maturer years how they may keep from growing aged and agnostic, ugly and useless.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE MAKING OF BIRDS.

God made Him birds in a pleasant humor;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creatures banished from Me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin, He made the swallow,
His deft hands molding the shape to His mood,
The thrush and the lark and the finch to follow,
And laughed to see that his work was good.

He who has given men gift of laughter,
Made in His image, He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork thereafter,
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and fancies,
The wing-feathers He fashioned them strong,
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," He said, "make songs for My praises!"
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;
He taught them to build a nest to their mind.

The dear Lord God, of His glories weary—
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy—
Made Him birds in a moment merry,
Bade them soar and sing for his joy.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.—II

The session of the Tower Hill Summer School opened on Sunday, July 18th. Services were held in the afternoon in Emerson Pavilion. Mr. Jones' sermon, "The Rediscovery of Jesus," served as an introduction to the classes on the New Testament, which compose the fifth year's work in a seven-year course on "The History and Practice of Religion." On Sunday evening we had our usual vesper service and sang for the first time at Tower Hill Miss Lathbury's evening hymn, "Day is Dying in the West." Mr. Jones then gave us a short sketch of the writer's life and read us some of her less well known poems.

On Monday the regular classes began with a general talk on the New Testament and a comparison of the boys, John, Jesus and Paul. The rest of the week's work has been Paul's earlier life, his subsequent wanderings and his letters to the Galatians, Thessalonians and Corinthians.

The nature study devotees, under Miss Howe's guidance, are taking up the study of flowers, birds, trees and ferns. They show their enthusiasm by venturing into the most marshy spots with the fear upon them of meeting snakes of unheard of size and venom. So far, however, only grass snakes, blue racers and bull snakes have been reported, and as we are informed that all three species are friendly to the farmer we are endeavoring to look upon them with more kindly glances.

At the poetry readings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Mr. Jones has promised to divide his time between the modern poets we should know and Browning, Whitman and Emerson, who have long been Tower Till favorites.

During the past week we have been rejoicing in a very splendid moon. A number of the party took advantage of this for an evening tramp to Sugar Loaf and a marshmallow roast on the top of the hill. On a less fine night we built a fire in the pavilion and toasted more marshmallows. Miss Stearns was with us and taught us a song (with more or less success), of her own composition. Toward the end we were quite pleased with our efforts, but Miss Stearns still bemoans the extraordinary lack of feeling in our voices.

E. A. C.

WHEN TEACHER FAILS

(*From papers submitted by applicants for teachers' licenses in Tennessee.*)

"New York is situated at the mouth of the Amazon River."

"The amount of rainfall required for general agriculture is sixteen feet."

"The most general direction of the Alps is straight up."

"That the earth is round was discovered by John on 'the Isle of Patmos.'"

"Asheville is well noted on account of being a submarine fort."

"Gibraltar is a ledge of rocks and are generally used by insurance companies, corporations, and others in denoting their strength safety."

"Corpse is a noun in the passive case because it denotes passion."

"The closing of a letter is the manner in which you excuse yourself."

"A copulative verb is one which couples; example: A frog's head is fastened to its body."

"The first part about a business letter is its subject and predicate."

"The parts of a business letter are: 1. date; 2, interduction; 3, body; 4, signature; 5, postscript and place for other sentences."

What influences led to Taft's election in 1908? "Taft was vice-president, and when Roosevelt died Taft was made president."

"Pilgrims means people that run about."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as pilgrim's progress."

"The Mexican War was caused by the turning over of the spirit."

"The reason Taft was not elected in 1912 was that the Republican party separated him."

"The chief events between 1765 and 1777 leading to the American Revolution was the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the seceding of the States from the Union."

"The sinking of the battle-ship Maine was the cause of the Mexican War."

"McBeth was a romance of noble people. Lady McBeth was of common or undertone. Thus great sadness arose and all interest died."

—*New York Tribune.*

CAN YOU PASS THE TEST?

Since school is over for the children, why not open one for grown-ups? All winter grown-ups have plagued the youngsters with searching queries concerning the realm of grown-up knowledge. Turn-about is fair play; let the children quiz their elders upon the facts of childhood's realm. Take history, for example. You grown-ups have insisted that the victims of your tyranny be able to tell you who discovered America, and when. Very good; suppose one of the hopefuls turns inquisitor in his turn, and desires you to tell him the history of the house that Monsieur Jacques constructed, in detail, with commentaries of the relative significance of the successive events. Could you pass the test? In the course of an efficiency drill among the assistants of the Chicago Public Library there was submitted a specimen paper of such questions on childhood lore, to test older memories. We submit it as it was reprinted by *The Evening Post.* If you cannot pass the examination, let it be a warning! See that you apply as soon as possible to some well-instructed child, for daily tutoring in that most fascinating study —Mother Goose. If you apply yourself diligently you may yet escape the disgrace of being put back in the awkward squad of the Hopelessly Grown-Up. Attention, then:

1. For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined?

2. Describe maneuvers of the French Army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in the French Army.

3. Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy, and mention seven important events in his life.

4. Who killed Cock Robin?

5. Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden.

6. Describe the coöperative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratt's household.

7. Describe briefly the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen utensils.

8. How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole?

9. Name and describe article on which Miss Muffet sat.

10. Who stole the Queen of Heart's pastry?

For special subject, write not fewer than two hundred words on one of the following topics:

1. Compare Schopenhauer on the

"Vanity of Existence" with the Old Woman who lived under the hill.

2. Give a mathematical survey of the Ten-o'clock-scholar's attendance.

For those who have lately "crammed" on these subjects and find the test not difficult in the least, the following more comprehensive examination may be recommended, contributed by "The Librarian" of the Boston *Transcript*:

1. What was the net result of the efforts of the royal forces (both infantry and cavalry) to restore Humpty-Dumpty to his former estate? Do you see in this any lessons as to the failure of a militaristic system?

2. Describe the coöperative expedition of Jack and Jill and the ensuing catastrophe. From the point of view of emancipated womanhood, ought Jill to have preceded Jack down the hill?

3. Explain by a diagram the encounter of the Lion and the Unicorn. Do you see in this any prophecy as to the outcome of the war in Europe? Does the Unicorn typify Germany?

4. In view of the reflections upon the condition of highways in Gloucester, contained in the account of the visit of Dr. Foster to that city, should the rime be forbidden in the public schools as detrimental to commercial interests and contrary to the loyal spirit of "Don't knock; boost!"?

—*Literary Digest.*

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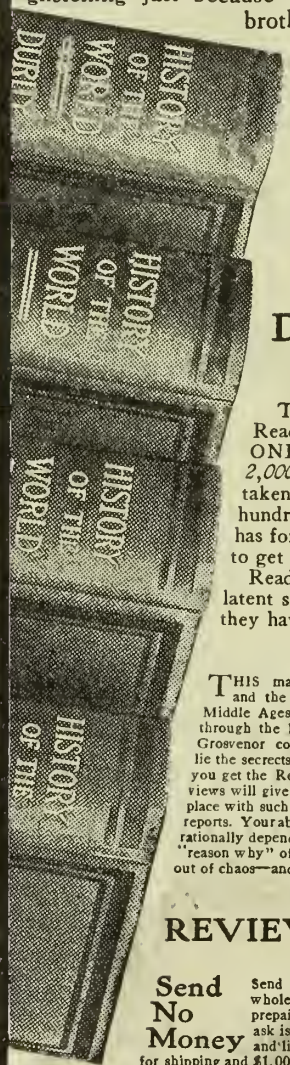

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Above the Battle's Front

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi, and St. John—
  Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
  And walked upon the water and the land.

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
  For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
  Their crime, their heart-rot, and their fiend's estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
  Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train,
  The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, he towered toward Heaven,
  Would they have hearts to see or understand?
. . . Nay, for he hovers there tonight we know,
  Thorn-crowned above the water and the land.

The Congo and Other Poems —*Vachel Lindsay.*
The Macmillan Co.

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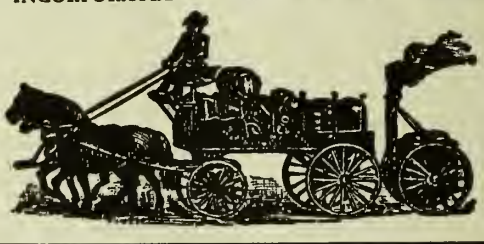

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915. Number 24

THE HIDDEN GLACIER.

There is no time for hate, O wasteful friend:
Put hate away until the ages end.
Have you an ancient wound? Forget the wrong.....
Out in my West a forest loud with song
Towers high and green over a field of snow,
Over a glacier buried far below.

—*Edwin Markham.*

"The Shoes of Happiness," Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Correction

Owing to the inconveniences of the long-armed editing incident to the summer residence of the Editorial force in Wisconsin there was an unfortunate dismemberment of our editorial in the issue of August 5th entitled "A Guide-Book Through American Literature." The reader will please ameliorate the mistake by noting the continuation of that editorial from the bottom of the first column on page 357 to the bottom of second column on page 355, beginning with "This child of humanity," etc., and ending on the top of first column, page 356, ending with the words, "the message of literature is universal and is understandable in all lands when forcefully spoken in any tongue."

Daniel French has recently completed a statue of Wendell Phillips which will be erected in bronze on one of the new Boulevards of Boston. Here is another case of the rejected stone becoming the cornerstone of the temple.

The *Crisis* speaks of an Oklahoma white man who on his death-bed recently confessed to the killing and robbing of a wealthy white merchant in Louisiana thirty-four years ago, for which act a suspected colored man was promptly lynched.

Sojourner Truth, the African Sibyl of such great potency, once said to a little girl who was proud to read to her, "I cannot read such little things as letters, I read men." Those who knew her knew well that this gift of reading men gave her a cultured soul.

A white man in Tennessee left the black mother of his children $80,000 with which to rear them. A Tennessee jury has found the mother insane Of course they want a white administrator of the funds. It is encouraging though to learn that the case is still in the Court. Of course the *Crisis* is right when it suggests that the lawyers will get most of it.

Many Americans will regret to learn that Pastor Charles Wagner of Paris has recently undergone a severe surgical operation and as a consequence his church will have to be closed for some months. The report, however, is favorable for ultimate recovery, but oh! how Paris needs the consolations of the simple life and the message of brotherliness which transcends army lines and ameliorates the hatreds engendered by war.

The Salvation Army reached its fiftieth anniversary on the 5th of July last. A great work has been accomplished. Much devotion has been manifested and the reward of the consecrated has been realized, but it has been a phenomenal illustration of the application of a galvanic battery to a dead or a dying theology. General Booth was a great man, but the heart in him betrayed his head. The salvation that abides and that will save the world must have in it an altar devoted to reason and a reason consecrated to thought as well as to duty.

The Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, largely populated by colored people, is related to the government of Denmark. A colored commission recently waited upon the King and obtained from him and the Parliament, freedom of speech for the islanders, full suffrage for the natives, university education in Denmark for graduates of Island schools and the replacement of its Danish guards by native police. Thus slowly but surely does the black man climb upward and become the recipient of fair play and administrative justice.

The *Christian Life* (London) commends the movement in Canada to avoid the wearing of black mourning in honor of those who have fallen on foreign battle fields. No, no, brother! Let no one undertake to ameliorate the horrible atrocities of war. Let State Houses and churches, as well as schools, colleges and army camps be draped in black while war continues. Only when the Temple of Janus is closed and there is peace throughout the world, will white raiment be becoming, meanwhile let the White Bordered Banner plead for a cessation of the wickedness of war.

Recently in an editorial note we called attention to the Julius Rosenwald encouragement of the building of rural school-houses among the colored people of Alabama. The *Crisis* for August reports twenty-one such houses having been built since October 1, 1914,

Mr. Rosenwald having donated $6,191, the State of Alabama $3,150, the white people $1,570, the colored people themselves having subscribed the largest sum of $9,279, making a total of $20,190. Mr. Rosenwald's offer is open for the next five years for two hundred such schoolhouses, but the gift is always conditioned upon the State and colored people joining in the undertaking. This is surely constructive charity.

On its recent "Degree Day" the University of Leeds, England, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on the Rev. Charles Hargrave and the Rev. Philip H. Wickstead, two revered and devoted leaders of the Liberal movement in England. At its recent Convocation the Meadville Theological School conferred the well-earned degree Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Charles E. St. John of Philadelphia and the Rev. William H. Chaffin of Northeastern, Mass. All of these men have earned the distinction long ago and it would be well for institutions to remember that if these marks of honor have any dynamic power they might well be bestowed while the honored are still in the field and a recognition means added power. A college degree should mean something more than a suggestion for the tombstone marker.

The result of the *Literary Digest's* pooling of the editorial vote for or against "Billy" Sunday shows that out of 127 votes cast only 56 religious editors favored "Billy" Sunday. Forty-three gave qualified endorsement and 28 were opposed. This would give the Baseball Evangelist a minority of 15, which, in view of the overwhelming number of editors who are strictly orthodox, is a most significant fact. The Baptists seem to be in the majority, they yielded 13 favorable votes, 7 qualified and two opposed. The Methodists offered 10 favorable, 11 qualified, none opposed. The Presbyterians 8 favoring, 4 qualified and none opposed. The Editor of the California *Christian Advocate* in commenting on this vote, remarks: "Inasmuch as no Methodist Editor is referred to as being opposed to Mr. Sunday, it is evident that all the editors did not respond to the request for an opinion." Probably not, but those who did respond awaken thought.

The writer of this note is not much given to "Lodges" and "Fraternities" though he is not without experience in these directions. He recoils from the "black ball" tests of fellowship that obtain in all such guilds. For that reason he is all the more willing to give room to the frank revealments in the sermon of the Rev. E. A. Coil, pastor of the First Unitarian Church at Marietta, Ohio, which we publish on another page. Is it not true that all these various "organizations," "associations," "clubs," "guilds," "unions," etc., etc., that are more or less successfully carrying out the gospel of love and applying the religion of Jesus, constitute a serious arraignment of the churches whose work is so largely left to these organizations, handicapped by much formality and circumscribed by cruel, eliminating and excluding lines? But it is to be further confessed that spite of their exclusions, black balls and secret signs and grips these fraternities do heroically override sectarian, partisan and racial prides and prejudices. They do represent an internationalism and interdenominationalism that is very real and most inspiring.

Suggestive steps are being taken in Boston for a suitable celebration of the first anniversary of the beginning of the horrible war, which comes on the first day of August, fittingly this year on a Sunday. It is a day that ought to go down into history as the Black Letter Day, and this movement contemplates the enlisting of the co-operation of all the churches. Appropriate hymns, special sermons and prayers are to be arranged for. It is hoped that the bells of many churches will toll as for a funeral. The possibility of a public procession is being considered in memory of those who have been killed in the war. The plan is to have a simple, dignified procession made up of men and women, representing many, if possible all, of the warring countries, as well as the neutral countries. Funeral marches of Beethoven, Chopin and Handel will be played. The procession will move to a given point on Boston Common, where addresses will be made by prominent men and women. There will be a sincere attempt to lift the demonstration above all partisan or nationalistic lines. It will be an expression of deep emotions of pity and compassion. The bitterest partisan can but pour out unmeasured sympathy for the non-combatants and the innocent men in the rank and file who have suffered so cruelly. We will watch with interest the development of this plan. We hope many other cities will follow the lead of Boston and that the grim anniversary will be celebrated in such a way as to reach the hearts of crown-wearers and sword-bearers who are jointly responsible for this most un-godly holocaust.

"Four Weeks in the Trenches"

Fritz Kreisler is renowned the world over among musicians as a violinist of great skill. It was a shock to art lovers to think of this Master of the Bow wallowing in the trenches as a lieutenant in an Austrian Regiment. But his little book of less than a hundred pages, published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, plays upon the heartstrings as the master of the violin never could with his bow. The book is a literary master-piece, not because the author has mastered the

sentence or has become an expert in rhetoric but because in the high art of unconscious frankness he tells the awful story of war in brief. Like the scales of the Agassiz fish, it tells the story of genus and specie to the wise.

This violinist found himself suddenly in the place assigned to him in his regiment, the commanding officer of fifty men, among whom was a famous sculptor, a well-known philologist, two university professors, a Prince and a civil engineer; here was a painter, a singer of repute, a banker and a post official of high rank. But nobody seemed to care for these titles or talents. Here is at least one blessed fruit of war. He writes: "A great cloak of brotherhood seemed to have enveloped everybody and everything, even difference in military rank was not so obvious, for the officers made friends of their men and in turn were worshipped by them."

Another lesson. The democracy of the camp brought forth unexpected resources. This Lieutenant was surprised to find that "the comparatively weaker and more refined city-bred people who had done little physical work in their lives, most of them being professional men, withstood hardships better than the sturdy, and, to all appearances, stronger peasants. . . . . The city-bred people, in consequence of their better surroundings and by reason of their education, had more will power and nervous strength than the peasants."

Another startling, if not gruesome, surprise came in the revelation of how promptly the luxury, culture and refinement of centuries drop away and the primeval man, "nearing the cave-dweller" comes to the front. This artist by temperament, training and habit, spent twenty-one days without taking off his clothes, slept on wet grass, in mud, in swamps with nothing but his cape to cover him. He was now drenched by torrential rains, waiting for the sun to dry him out again. He was without a toothbrush. He ate with his hands, without even a thought of the ludicrous extension of the same with knife and fork. But though thus reduced to the simplest terms the man is still a gentleman, and what is more there is an imperishable element of the gentleman in all of them. Russians and Austrians joked across the lines and after three days' fighting "there was an extraordinary lack of hatred. In fact, it is astonishing how little actual hatred exists between fighting men.

Here follow stories incredible to civilians but entirely credible to anyone who has been in the "trenches" and knows the life of siege and charge, as the writer of this note does. A giant red-haired Russian persisting in exposing himself, at last jumps out of the trench shouting wildly, waving his cap. His good humored jollity and bravado appealed to the "Boys" in the Austrian file and none attempted to shoot at such a splendid target. At length an Austrian not to be outdone, jumped out of the trench and presented himself in full sunlight. No one shot on either side. All fighting suddenly ceased and these two men gesticulated wildly at each other, with "come nearer" gestures. They are almost within hand reach. The Russians urge their man with shouts and laughter. He makes a jump forward. The Austrians urge their man until at last they nearly touch each other. They had left their rifles behind. Was it going to be a battle of fists, a test of strength? No, the big Russian held out his hand. There was a package of tobacco in it. The Austrian seized it and offered in exchange a long Austrian cigar, which was ceremonially presented.

"It was indeed a funny sight to see the small, wiry, lean Austrian talking in exaggerated terms of politeness to the blond Russian giant, who listened gravely and attentively, as if he understood every word."

By this time all thoughts of fighting had been forgotten. The unofficial truce lasted twenty minutes and succeeded in restoring more good humor and joy of life among soldiers than a train load of provisions would have done. This might be called a truce of good nature, bound souls escaping the gyves of patriotism, forgetting the tyranny of "Fatherland."

But next comes the same truce from the pathetic hungerland which always abides somewhere along the line of an army with the most efficient comissariat. From half a mile east of his position, this accomplished violinist was hurriedly called to serve as an interpreter to two Russian officers who could speak only broken French. These two officials came under a flag of truce to say to their supposed "enemies" that their men in that neglected point had had no food for two days, were actually on the point of starvation. Without authority from headquarters they had taken the bull by the horns and had brought with them a little barrel of water and a supply of tobacco, begging in exchange some provisions. The Austrian Major in command was at first undecided but real chivalry asserted itself, the emaciated faces of their guests testified to the truthfulness of the story. Those two were so exhausted and on the verge of collapse. Of course it was humanity in the presence of human suffering, not well fed "Austrians" in the presence of starving "Russians." Messengers went flying through the trenches making a collection of food. Officers scrambled over each other in their contest of reducing their supper in the interest of their guests and they were seated, and feasted on canned beef, cheese, biscuit and slices of salami (What is that?). The proud contribution of our fiddling Lieutenant consisted of "two tablets of chocolate, part of a precious reserve for extreme cases." Let the blatant patriot who is so sure that his flag is the hope of civilization,

his people "the chosen of the Lord," his country the land of destiny, read this paragraph:

"It was a strange sight to see these two Russians in an Austrian trench, surrounded by cordiality and tender solicitude. The big brotherhood of humanity had for the time enveloped friend and foe, stamping out all hatred and racial differences. It is wonderful how the most tender flowers of civilization can go hand in hand with the most brutal atrocities of grim modern warfare."

Later in the fight the Austrians were down and the Russians were up. A crased Austrian exposed himself above the trench but the Russians realizing that it was an insane man, never fired at him, neither did they at the two men who jumped out to draw him back.

There came an Austrian retreat, a crushing pain in the shoulder, struck by the hoof of a horse, a sharp knife-like pain in the right thigh. "I fired with my revolver at the hazy figure above me, saw it topple over and then lost consciousness."

Then came hospital, invalidism, the "discharge of the unfit," exemption from further service.

"My military experience ended there, and with deep regret I bade good-bye to my loyal brother officers, comrades, and faithful orderly, and discarded my well-beloved uniform for the nondescript garb of the civilian, grateful that I had been permitted to be of any, if ever so little, service to my Fatherland."

Yes, it is ever the *Fatherland!* FATHERLAND! FATHERLAND!!! Now it is Austrian, anon English, now Prussian, then Russian. And it is the same poor, petty reward, the reward of the uniform lover, "I have been able to do something for my Fatherland." Who will furnish us a better word, free the blessed word "father" from the ignominious boundaries of camp and kingdom, of language and tradition. Is there a "Motherland" that will reach from Petrograd to Berlin, from London to Vienna, from Paris to Constantinople? Is there not inclusiveness enough in the mother word to represent the mother, of the families, exemplified in this artless narrative of the Austrian fiddler? Or, if "motherland" is still too feminine, which under the curse of the militant man has given rise to the wretched etymological libel in the word "effeminate," and if "Fatherland" strikes such unholy boundaries, let poet and musician, statesman and philanthropist, man of prayer and man of science, teach us to use the word of the higher patriotism, of International Brotherhood, which includes all those who live and are willing to die for the

"ALL-FATHERLAND."

CINDERELLA.

Bouncing Bet and Black-Eyed Susan
Tried to squeeze Wild Rose's shoes on;
But each found 't would pinch and nip her,
That dear little Lady's Slipper.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

From "A Pocketful of Posies."

THE PULPIT

The Church and the Lodge

Sermon Preached by the Rev. E. A. Coil, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Marietta, O., and Worshipful Master of American Union Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., on Sunday June 27, 1915, on which Occasion American Union Lodge and Other Masonic Brethren Attended in a Body

TEXT: *If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?*

1st Cor., xiv:8.

Constituted at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the midst of the great political and military upheaval which finally resulted in the independence of the English colonies in America, closely identified with the Revolutionary War, and with the opening up of the great Northwest Territory, American Union Lodge has a worthy history, some of which I should enjoy relating to you today; but I deem it of more importance to speak, somewhat specifically, of the religious genius of Masonry, and of the relation of the Church and the Lodge.

As to the religious genius of Masonry, and its relation to the church, there is a good deal of confusion of thought. The trumpet is not giving a very clear and convincing sound, and many hesitate as to the proper course to pursue, or fall into certain inconsistencies which, in their sincerity of purpose, and earnest desire to do the best things for all concerned, they do not clearly discern. This confusion of thought and endeavor has been a good deal intensified because of the fact that the church itself is now in transit from old positions, long maintained, to new ones not, in all cases, clearly defined. The general condition involves both church men and Masons in a grave responsibility from which they should not shirk, because upon the issue depends much in the way of righteousness, peace and happiness for the world.

That there is much confusion of thought in the religious sphere at the present time is apparent to all close observers. Hearts, in doubt as to the eternal verities, are aching, and more will ache before the atmosphere is cleared and the trumpet sounds the notes of truth in such a manner as to make their deep significance clear to all. This is no time for hesitation. Universal interests are at stake, and we should follow the worthy example of those who have gone before us.

Our Masonic fathers knew that in engaging in war would cause much sorrow to many people, result in wrecked or saddened homes and much loss of life. They could not, however, then see any other way whereby to serve the interests of liberty and justice, and they therefore solemnly assumed their military tasks. And in the crisis now upon us there appears no way whereby we can serve the interests of truth and righteousness except to speak plainly yet considerately in an endeavor to get the facts before the people for their consideration. To the end that the trumpet may give a clearly defined and inspiring sound, we should manifest a zeal and courage that will prove us worthy successors of those who bravely championed Masonic principles back in the days when

it required far more resolution to be a Mason than it does now.

"Religion is the greatest fact of history." It is as universal and permanent as are the over brooding spirit of God on the one hand and man's endeavors on the other, to discern the cause and reason for his being, his relations, duties and destiny. No matter in what form it develops, religion lies at the very base of all individual and social endeavor, and constitutes a source of perpetual inspiration to whatever is achieved. Even if Masons had desired to ignore, in their organic life, a fact so universal, and so closely related to the life of mankind as is religion, it would have been practically impossible for them to have done so. They did not, however, so desire. It is not a matter of accident that Masonry is "so far interwoven with religion as to lay us under obligation to pay that rational homage to the Deity which constitutes at once our duty and our happiness. It leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the marvelous works of creation, and inspires the most exalted ideas of the perfection of his Divine Creator."

But while Masonry is a religious institution in that it is reverently theistic, insisting upon recognition of the great Master of the universe to whom all will ultimately have to give account, opening and closing its lodges with prayer, it is not a dogmatic institution. This is why many people have suspected it of being a non-religious or anti-religious organization. It erects no dogmatic tests of fellowship upon which it insists as a condition of membership in the order. Teaching that all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, are all children of one Almighty Parent, Masonry seeks to unite men of every country, sect and opinion, and to promote true friendship among those who might otherwise remain perpetually separated.

This ancient and honorable institution has so much respect for all forms of religion, and for the reverent and conscientious endeavors of all worthy men to harmonize their lives with the purpose of the Infinite, that it cheerfully recognizes as the book of the law, in any lodge, "that volume which, by the religion of the country is believed to contain the revealed will of the Grand Architect of the Universe." Seeing that they have all sprung from the same source, that is, from human nature endowed with divine principles and spiritual inspiration by the overbrooding and penetrating spirit of God, Masonry discerns a true brotherhood or vital relationship of all forms of religion just as real as is the brotherhood of man. It agrees with Dr. R. Heber Newton, who said in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1906: "The astonishing parallelisms between the great religions of earth prove to be no mere accidents, no cribbings from Moses by Plato, no benevolent assimilation of Buddhism by Christianity. Religions apparently the most widely separated one from another, prove to have each its own sacred book, its own sacred institutions, its own body of belief. And these, however varied, are seen to be moving along one line of natural evolution toward one and the same ethical and spiritual goal."

Recognizing this relationship or brotherhood of the different forms of religion, and desiring to give just consideration to the noble principles they hold in common, Masonry seeks to bring about mutual respect, mutual helpfulness and peace among the devotees of all known forms of faith. It admits men of every creed within its hospitable bosom, accepting them upon their character as men and not upon the peculiar form of religion which they profess. In this particular most of our great modern fraternities are wisely following Masonry's lead.

It is but natural that the comprehensiveness of Masonry should seem, to people trained in and wedded to some ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion, an impossible position to take. However, to those who clearly discern that the ethical and spiritual elements are of transcendent importance in religion, and who believe that character determines destiny, it is seen to be not only a possible position, but the most reasonable and satisfying one to occupy.

It is not religion in its purity, the essence of which is love to God, and love to man, and the fruits thereof, but the ceremonials and dogmas with which true religion has been burdened and obscured that have divided humanity up into sects often more characterized by hatred than by love for each other. A brief historical summary may help us to a better understanding of the wise position Masonry has taken upon this great issue.

It does not require a very careful study of Jewish and Christian history to see what results when a ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion is pushed to the extreme, and ceremonies or dogmas are resolved into conditions of fellowship, and looked upon as essential to salvation. A very little knowledge of the spirit and utterances of the old Jewish prophets enables one to discern that they were moved to protest vigorously against ceremonialism, because men were so inclined to reason that they were justified before God, regardless of conduct, on the ground that sacrifices of the prescribed number and character had been offered, and other ritualistic requirements met. It was to those who so reasoned that Amos the prophet spoke thus: "O, ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, when will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat? making the epha small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances with deceit; that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, yea and sell the refuse of the land. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob. Surely I will never forget any of their works." And Micah, too, had in mind those who were perverting religion by resolving it into a mere form when he asked: "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" And this is his answer to these pertinent questions: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." You see he is attempting to shift the emphasis from ceremonialism and place it upon sincerity and uprightness in daily life where it rightly belongs.

John the Baptist, patron saint whom we honor today, reaffirmed the principles proclaimed by the older Jewish prophets, and emphatically declared that repentance and the bringing forth of good fruit in daily

life were the essentials of true religion. Jesus of Nazareth, who came after John, did not hesitate to arraign, in the most severe terms, those who were careful of the payment of tithes, washing of cups and platters, offering of sacrifices and other ceremonial requirements, but who were, at the same time, robbers of widows and orphans. He declared that the essence of true religion is not ceremony, but love to God and humanity, and the fruits springing naturally out of such love.

These mighty men of God were all endeavoring to show the importance of character and conduct as against ceremonial observances, and to move those of their day and generation to live lives of love, reverence and service. Theirs was an age of transition. The trumpet did not give a certain sound, and many people were, ethically and spiritually, more or less confused. Some contended for the old ceremonial form of religion as it had been taught them, some for a modification of it, and some were disposed to abandon it entirely.

Notwithstanding the clear words of John and Jesus setting forth the fact that religion in its purity consists in a daily life of love, reverence and service, many of their followers finally departed from their plain but noble teaching and accepted a dogmatic form of religion that became just as extreme and unreasonable as was the ceremonialism against which terrific prophetic denunciations had been hurled. As emphasis had been laid upon ceremony by many of the Jews, so it came to be laid upon dogma by many of those calling themselves Christian. The cry came to be: "Believe ,and be saved." Great creeds, many of them now historic, were formulated, resolved into tests of fellowship, and Christendom was split up into contending factions because of differences in belief. No matter how noble a man's life, the rule came to be that, in order to secure fellowship in any one of the Christian sects, he had to accept and agree to uphold its peculiar doctrine.

The conclusions that grew out of the extreme dogmatism of Christendom are somewhat amazing, and yet they have been accepted by many sincere and devoted people. If men are saved because they believe certain dogmas, then it logically follows that one of questionable character might be given abundant admittance into heaven, and another whose life conformed to the two great commandments and the Golden Rule be rejected. Strictly interpreted the dogmatic form of religion cuts all ground for hope of future happiness from under such a man as Abraham Lincoln, but gives assurance to a Henry VIII.

Of course I am aware that the dogmatic form of religion is not strictly interpreted now as it was a generation or two ago; but it is still a great force in the religious world. Dogmatic tests of fellowship are still insisted upon so strenuously as to lead many people into curious and inconsistent practices. As illustrations of this fact, I submit the following incidents over which it may be profitable for you to mediate.

Some years ago I was called upon to conduct the funeral service of a man whose life had been most commendable, but who never made any public profession as to religion. At the time of the funeral his wife related to me in detail many of the noble characteristics of her husband, and confidently expressed the belief that God cared for and approved just such a life as he had lived. Had I then said to her: "No, your husband never made any public profession of religion such as is required by the prevailing creeds of Christendom, and he is therefore lost," she would have been shocked beyond the power of expression. Yet, some months afterward, in order to secure certain relationship and strengthen friendship, she united with a church which required her to assent to certain dogmas the clear logic of which is that her husband has gone to everlasting perdition. I do not think she ever realized the true import of the step she took because she was actuated by her emotions rather than by careful reasoning upon the subject. Many people unwittingly fall into precisely the same inconsistency. I have known children, who would protest vigorously if the character of their parents was assailed, who have, in order to gratify their emotions or establish certain relationships, subscribed to creeds the logic of which is that those parents are forever subject to the condemnation of God, and doomed to endless suffering in the regions of the lost. Lodges, sometimes fall into precisely the same inconsistency.

Some months ago, I attended an open lodge meeting. A kindly disposed and very capable Jew, recognized because of his abiding interest in humanitarian work, had been given a place on the program. The meeting was opened with prayer. The clergyman officiating so formulated his prayer as clearly to imply that only those calling themselves Christians are given God's approval in this world, and reason to hope for happiness in the future. After the meeting was over I asked the chief officer of that lodge what he thought of the propriety of inviting a man to participate in a meeting, and then allowing utterances upon the platform the clear implication of which was that he was an offense to God and on his way to perdition. He looked at me in astonishment, for a moment, and then said: "I never thought of that inconsistency before." And this is one of the sources of confusion at the present time. People get so accustomed to certain phraseology that they do not stop to consider the stern logic of it, and so drop into positions that would be ludicrous if they were not so mischievous and pathetic. That is why it so often happens that, in the lodge, men fellowship as brethren other men who are, according to creeds accepted in the church, subjects of God's wrath and condemnation. But men are beginning to think upon these subjects with an intensity and earnestness that indicate a coming change, far reaching and radical in its effects. The trumpet is even now sounding with increasing strength and clearness this note: "We are all children of one Almighty Parent to whom a pure heart is the most acceptable sacrifice, and who pervades the inmost recesses of the soul, and will at last reward every man according to his merits."

Just as Amos and Micah, John and Jesus recognized the failure of the ceremonial form of religion, so thoughtful, reverent minded and courageous men are now recognizing the failure of the dogmatic form. This failure is being manifested in the facts that it is not always the man who most earnestly says: "I believe" whose character most favorably commends him to those who know him best, and that the dogmatic structure itself is breaking down.

In the editorial preface to Professor Arthur C. Mc-

Giffert's book entitled The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, James M. Whiton says of the work of the old divines: "That the systematic theology framed by these has hopelessly broken down in the collapse of the ancient conceptions of God, of Nature, of the Bible, and of Man, which molded and sustained it, is now frankly confessed in the chief seats of theological instruction." In the body of that book, Professor McGiffert, who occupies the chair of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, says: "Had the church in the beginning frankly recognized that the Bible and the fathers teach an antiquated world view, and frankly put itself on the side of scientific observation and experiment, the whole religious situation, both Catholic and Protestant, would be today far other than it is." And in his illuminating book entitled The Enlarging Conception of God, Professor Herbert A. Yontz, professor of Christian Theology in Auburn Theological Seminary, tells us plainly that theology and religion must not be treated as identical. The one is a life of reverence, love and service, possible to men who differ widely in their beliefs, while the other is a system of thought more or less speculative in its character. It all amounts to this. The dogmatic form of religion, insistent upon uniformity of belief, has erected racks, dungeons and stakes, and resorted to many other forms of persecution in its endeavors to secure and maintain that uniformity of belief upon which it insisted, and now we are told that the whole dogmatic structure has itself broken down because found to be at variance with the abiding facts of the universe. Furthermore we are told that even if the dogmatic structure had not broken down, it should not be treated as identical with religion. In these facts there is an enduring warning to those disposed to assume the prerogatives of infallibility, and to resort to force to compel acceptance of their decrees.

It is evident to all careful observers of current events that the situation created by the breaking down of "systematic theology" is a very serious one. Many church liturgies, much of our hymnology, and a great deal of our literature, as well as the great creeds of Christendom were founded upon dogmas now shown to be at variance with the facts of the universe, and therefore readjustments at many points are made necessary. The time is at hand when parents, if properly interested in the religious training of their children, will have to decide whether those children are to be taught hymns and liturgies and creeds that do not comport with the real facts of Nature and Man, as now understood, or whether they are not. This means a heavy tax upon the emotions because much of the liturgy and many of the hymns, founded upon dogmas now outgrown, have become very dear to many people, and to give them up will seem very like giving up religion itself. The battle between sentiment and judgment is likely to be prolonged and severe. A great many, realizing this, say: "Let us keep the good old hymns, liturgies and creeds, but breathe into them the modern spirit, and endow them with modern thought." To attempt that, however, will only add to the widespread confusion already existing, and delay the coming of that day when the trumpet will give a certain sound, and all will prepare for the great ethical and spiritual battle the winning of which means the establishment of righteousness and peace throughout all the world. To follow that course would be as if the patriots of our revolutionary war had said, after the ratification of the treaty of 1783: "We will preserve the monarchial forms of administration, and teach our children all the English patriotic songs, but interpret them in terms of republicanism." You can readily see how such a course would have resulted in an increase of confusion, and how inconsistent it would have been in them to attempt to pursue it.

People may refuse to see or admit it; but the facts are that a theological revolution as great and as radical as was the political revolution that took place in this country in the last quarter of the eighteenth century has taken place, and that a general readjustment has got to be made. In his book entitled The Church and the Changing Order, Dr. Shailer Mathews, professor of Historical and Comparative Theology in the University of Chicago, says: "The greatest formative principle in the world of thought today is biology. And biology means evolution." Granting that, we are forced to grant that the ground has been absolutely cut from under many of the chief conceptions of God, Nature, the Bible and Man that are embodied in the historic creeds, and in much of the hymnology and many of the liturgies of Christendom. Granting that Dr. Mathews is right as to evolution, we are forced to surrender the old theory of Man as created perfect and falling into total depravity, and the whole scheme of salvation built upon it. There is no evading this issue. The crisis now at hand is as great, and the transition now taking place as momentous as were those that characterized the days of John the Baptist. To be indifferent to the situation, or to trifle with it would be to prove ourselves either fools or knaves. The church is now standing at the parting of the ways, and it will soon be compelled to choose openly and frankly between the old dogmatic form of religion now being discredited by both science and literary criticism, and a high ethical and spiritual form that cheerfully recognizes the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Man, and which endorses all the truths of all scriptures, and honors the real prophets of all ages and all nations.

The relation of Masonry to this crisis is both interesting and encouraging. Reverently theistic and practical, but not dogmatic, this great institution is now in position to render an invaluable service to the world. Dr. George E. Jackson, of Canton, this state, speaking recently in this city, said: "Faith is going to be interpreted to us, not in terms of creeds and confessions, but in terms of character and conduct." I feel sure that Dr. Jackson is right, and the principle which he so clearly states is one for which Masonry has resolutely stood for many years. On that principle it receives into its fellowship representatives of all forms of religion, looking always to the character and conduct rather than to the particular form of faith professed by those seeking admittance into its ranks. It has respect for a noble life no matter whether the man living it calls himself Brahmin, Buddhist, Confucian, Christian, Jew or by any other distinguishing religious name. It also teaches very clearly that even though our thoughts, words and actions may be hidden from the eyes of men that God pervades the inmost recesses of the heart, interprets thoughts and motives and that he will reward us all according to our merits.

Masonry accords to a man the right to get his in-

spiration to a noble life from Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Krishna, Jesus or any other one or more of the great religious masters. If there are developed in his life those qualities that make him a worthy man and helpful citizen, no matter what the source of his inspiration, Masonry gladly welcomes him into the imperfect lodge here below, helps him and receives help from him, assuring him that at the close of life on earth he will, if found worthy, be admitted into that all perfect, glorious and celestial lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the universe, and Father of all mankind, presides. The following incident illustrates the breadth and comprehensiveness of the Masonic order.

A short time ago, I sat in a Masonic lodge in one of our large cities. At a certain point in the proceedings a capable and noble hearted Jew arose, called attention to certain pressing needs on the part of people in the city who were not able to help themselves, made an earnest plea for generosity on the part of the lodge, and moved that steps be taken at once looking toward supplying the needed relief. His motion was immediately seconded by a Christian minister, member of that lodge, who made an eloquent appeal in support of the motion then being considered. At the proper time the motion was put and enthusiastically carried. Now this is the point I wish to make clear to you. If insuring ourselves the favor of God here, and happiness in the future, depends upon acceptance of some ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion then one or the other of those two men cannot be a recipient of God's favor now, and has no sufficient ground on which to base hope for happiness in the future. If, however, it is true, as I verily believe it is, and as Masonry teaches, that God looks into the hearts of all men, and rewards them according to their merits, then that Jew and that Christian, one receiving his great inspiration from Moses and the prophets, the other receiving his from Jesus and the apostles will both be granted rich rewards. The principle of rewarding men according to their merits is, I believe, universally operative, and that is why I will not, either as a mason or a churchman, take a position, or subscribe to a creed, the logic of which is that good men, who do not agree with me in certain ceremonial practices or dogmatic beliefs, are therefore deprived of the favor of God. I believe the Masonic principle is right, and that it will ultimately win a complete triumph over the old ceremonial and dogmatic forms of faith.

Strenuous and, in some cases, more or less sensational efforts are now being made in certain quarters to maintain the old order. Some who are participating in those efforts make vigorous assaults upon scientists and Biblical critics, seeming to think that if they can be overcome the old order will stand secure. They do not seem to realize that the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the principle of rewards or penalties in absolute keeping with one's deserts, have been embodied in the rituals and practices, not only of Masonry, but of nearly all of our great modern fraternal orders. To maintain the old order, those rituals will have to be revised and brought into harmony with it, and the practices of the great fraternities so modified as to put them upon a dogmatic basis instead of upon the ethical and spiritual basis upon which they now are. Present day currents of thought and sentiment do not indicate such a result. It seems far more likely that the church will accept the ethical and spiritual form of religion already accepted by most of the fraternities rather than that they will go back to the dogmatic form which was for a long time tenaciously held by the church. This consummation, so devoutly to be wished, so it seems to me, once effected, the trumpet will give a certain sound, and men everywhere will intelligently prepare themselves to battle for a faith universally interpreted in terms of character and conduct.

Now that the old ceremonials have been proven inadequate, and the foundation has been shattered under the dogmatic form of religion, a great reconstructive work needs to be done. In that important work a great opportunity presents itself; but it is an opportunity that carries with it tremendous responsibilities. If true to its professions as a builder, Masonry must assume its share of those responsibilities, and this is an opportune occasion to consider what course should be pursued.

In the first place those taught in the principles of Masonry should never forget that they are pledged to a reverent recognition of God, and to the exemplification of brotherly love, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, in all their relations with their fellow men; that they may receive instruction and inspiration from any of the great ethical and spiritual leaders of the world as they build their own moral and spiritual edifice, but that if they grow careless and drop out so much as the equivalent of a moral consonant that should be properly placed in the structure, they cannot escape the just consequences of their delinquency. It is a high standard that Masonry sets for its members, and it offers to none of them a way whereby to evade the legitimate fruits of their thoughts, words and acts. They are taught that they will reap exactly as they sow. The mason who forgets these things, and proves unworthy of the confidence imposed in him, merits the contempt of all good men, and sooner or later, conscious of and confessing his guilt, he will be arraigned at the bar of eternal justice and dealt with according to the imprecations from his own mouth.

Then too in this age of transition from old positions no longer tenable, to new ones not yet clearly defined in the minds of many people, there should be unusual care in the training of the young. In order that they may train the young properly, the elders must first properly train themselves. The time has past when a father, especially if he is a mason, should even think of trying to justify himself as to the moral and spiritual training of his children on the ground that he sends them to Sunday school and church. Not until he assures himself that they are being taught principles that will stand the test of all scientific investigations, and literary criticism, should he feel that his whole duty has been done and be content. If there are Masons who, for reasons that seem to them sufficient, do not care to identify themselves with any Sunday school or church that they may the better prepare themselves to meet the great parental responsibilities resting upon them, then they should, at convenient times, meet in the lodge or elsewhere, for such study and preparation. To avoid or shift this responsibility is to prove recreant to one of the greatest trusts ever imposed in man.

Recognizing merit in all forms of religion, Masons, above all other men, should know just what those merits are, and be able, whenever occasion requires, to give a good reason for their comprehensive faith. Accepting as the book of law in any lodge, that volume upon which the people of any given country look as containing the revealed will of the Grand Master of the universe, Masons should have some knowledge of the contents of all such books. That the sacred book of ancient Egypt, written before Moses was born, contains the substance of the Ten Commandments, that Confucius gave China the Golden Rule hundreds of years before the Christian era began, that Krishna is said to have been incarnated, not only once, but many times in his efforts to free the world from sin and bring all mankind into a happy estate, that Buddha taught the brotherhood of man, and many other like interesting things, embodied in the sacred books and traditions of different ages and lands, should be well known to all Masonic brethren. Just why it is consistent with the religious genius of Masonry to sing such a broad and comprehensive hymn as Nearer My God to Thee in a lodge or at a Masonic service, and why it is not consistent with that genius to sing such a hymn as Rock of Ages, a hymn clearly implying such a restricted condition of salvation as to be entirely out of harmony with Masonry, should be fully understood by all members of an organization that welcomes representatives of all forms of faith into its fellowship. Unless these things are understood, the trumpet will continue to give an uncertain sound, and many well meaning people will remain in a confused state of mind. Masons should cheerfully assume, as a part of their duty to the world, the very commendable task of helping to clear the moral and spiritual skies of whatever may be there as an obstruction to moral and spiritual vision.

Masonry is not merely a pleasant social organization as some seem to think. It is an institution within which there is incarnated a religious spirit and genius, loyalty to which means a fervent and upright humanity, the enjoyment of that happiness consequent upon well spent lives, and assurance of a glorious immortality. But to enjoy that happiness, and possess the inspiration of that hope, Masonry teaches that men must live lives such as will bear that kind of fruit. It joyously points to the Acacia, emblem of immortality; but warns those tempted to a wayward life that the emblem of their immortality may, if they prove recreant to their trust, become a sure waymark whereby guilt will be discovered and brought to the bar of eternal justice. Brethren, our opportunities are so glorious; but our responsibilities so great, that we ought, figuratively speaking, approach the great problems and work of life on our knees.

As to American Union Lodge, it has an honorable history. Those who constituted it were ready to lay down their lives for the principles of liberty, equality and justice. To prove ourselves worthy successors of such noble exemplars of great principles, we must, with all other good Masons, take our place in the front ranks of forward moving humanity, and be willing, in this day of great thought revolutions, to do much and dare much to the end that the ethical and spiritual trumpet may give forth clear and intelligible notes. In this way, and in this way alone can we discharge our debt to the past, and help to move the world to live that life of reverence, love and service which if all men lived the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy would even now be here. The work and responsibility are great, and dangers may beset you by the way; but knowing your faith is in God, I give you this as a final injunction. Arise, and, in your fidelity to Masonic principles, follow the worthy example of our ancient operative Grand Master, allowing nothing to swerve you from the path of known duty, and all will be well.

AN ODE TO FREEDOM

(By Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." Read at Independence Day celebration, July 5, 1915, Panama Pacific Exposition.)

Here in the forest now,
As on that old July
When first our conscript fathers took the vow,
The bluebird, stained with earth and sky,
Shouts from a blowing bough
In green aerial freedom, wild and high.
And now, as then, the bobolink,
Out on the uncertain brink
Of the swaying alder, swings,
Loosing his song out, link by golden link;
While over the wood his proclamation rings,
A daring boast that would unkingdom kings!

Even so the wild birds sang on bough and wall
That day the Bell of Independence Hall
Thundered around the world the Word of Man,
That day when Liberty began
And mighty hopes were blown on every sea.
But Freedom calls her conscripts now as then—
Calls for heroic men:
It is an endless battle to be free.

As the old dangers lessen from the skies,
New dangers rise.
Down the long centuries to be,
Again, again, will rise Thermopylæ—
Again, again, a new Leonidas
Will hold for God the imperiled Pass.
As the long ages run
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;
And many a Warren fall
Upon the endangered wall.

Yet the black smoke of battle, it will pass—
Sometime, sometime—like vapor from glass.
There will be rest for all the weary flags,
And rest for bugles on the battle crags.
Still there will be no rest for man's strong soul
Before him shines an ever-flying goal.
Still must he seek for freedom evermore:
No halt for any soul on any shore.
Man is the conscript of an endless quest,
A long divine adventure without rest.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a bond:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!

—*The Commoner.*

THE ECSTASY OF GROWTH

Nature is incomplete. She leaves to man
The clamor for an end determinate.
And while, with happy patience, early, late,
Life she repeats, even as it first began—
Too wise to ask from God a final prize,
Knowing in growth continued rapture lies!

—*Clinton Dangerfield.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXV.
The Jerusalem Beginnings of the New Testament

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."

Acts x:34-35.

I see beyond all doubt that God does not show partiality, but that in every nation he who reverences him and does what is right, is acceptable to him.

—Twentieth Century.

The story of the beginning of Christianity told in the first twelve chapters of Acts, ought to bring out with reasonable clearness the whole problem of the growth of the New Testament. The nineteen hundred years of history since that early record was made are black with bigotry, narrowness and persecution. But they also have their white record. This something we call Christianity is what tamed Goth, Teuton and Celt. It is what settled Europe in the same sense that the Forty-niners and fathers before them, settled California, supplanting wigwams with homes that became palaces on the one hand and capitols on the other. Admitting the whole pitiable record of inquisitions, tortures, and other expressions of superstition of the nineteen hundred years did hold something that tamed wild men, felled forests, drained marshes, built houses and established more or less organized governments. This compelling something finds its center and circumferences in our Bible, in the Old Testament as well as the New, for in the make up of Christianity the Psalms hold a place along side the Sermon on the Mount. We are beginning to comprehend that the movement which did start nineteen hundred years ago had two focal personalities at its inception. One of them we call Jesus and the other Paul.

In the letters of Paul already studied, we have the first record of conditions and events on the Northern and Eastern shores of the Mediterreanean. These earlier letters of Paul came about the fifth decade of the first century, twenty or more years after the death of Jesus. Thirty or forty years later we have the group of four biographical sketches, forming the Gospel part of the story. The Book of Acts is our first deliberate attempt at history of what happened in the first century of this movement.

There is every reason to believe that the writer was the same man who wrote the so-called Gospel of Luke. No writings mention Luke as their author until about 175 A. D. the date of the Muratorian Canon, made by some holy monks for missionary purposes. We read, however, of Paul's companion named Luke, a Greek, whom he loved, one who traveled with him to Rome and disappears when Paul disappeared, possibly under the Neroan persecution. The four passages in the Book of Acts that drop into the first person plural, "we" suggested to the writers who ascribed the possible authorship of Luke, that these passages must have been written by a companion of Paul. The theory is that the writer had before him this diary from which he quoted without quotation marks, paragraphing and punctuation being unused at that time. The "diary" was kept by some companion of Paul, but it does not follow that the diarist was the author of the Third Gospel and the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. We have more authoritative material in the authentic letters of Paul, written thirty years before the Book of Acts. But while a document of uncertain authorship, it is of great worth. It tells a continuous story. We may compare it with Thucydides, or with some of our own early historical books. Paul's speeches could not have been taken down verbatim, they were written for him. The Book of Acts is a book of speeches, eighteen ascribed to Peter and thirty to Paul. It is full of Greek oratory put into the mouths of the proper persons by the historians. The first martyr, Stephen, is furnished with a splendid speech, full of quotations, a defence made on high lines. But that it is an exact transcript of the speech made by Stephen in the presence of an infuriated mob does not follow.

This little book of contemporary history may be outlined as follows:

I. Chapters I to VIII. Story of the career of the early Church of Jerusalem.

II. Chapter VIII to XI: 18. The spread of the early movement into Judea and Samaria.

III. Chapter XI: 19 to XII:25. Spread of Christianity into Phoenicia, Cyprus and Antioch.

IV. Chapter XIII to XV: 35. First missionary journey of Paul with Barnabas as a companion.

V. Chapter XV: 36 to XVIII: 22. Second missionary journey of Paul with Silas as a companion.

VI. Chapter XVIII:23 to XXI:16. Paul's third missionary journey.

VII. Chapter XXI: 17 to end of the book. Account of Paul's arrest at Jerusalem, imprisonment at Caesarea and voyage to Rome, where it abruptly ends.

We first come on the little band choosing Matthias to fill the vacancy caused by the defection of Judas. Then the problem comes as to who is eligible for membership in this new fraternity. The writer of the book tried to win Peter over to universalism, but, according to Paul, Peter, who stood for the Judaic-Christian movement desired the message delivered from Jews to Jews. Paul the universalist, believed the whole world to be eligible.

The second great problem for the little band in Jerusalem was their duties to the sick and poor. The first "associated charity" movement we know of in Christendom was perfected right there in Jerusalem. Stephen was appointed "deacon" to distribute the charity, to superintend the social service side of the new movement. The first meeting that appointed deacons finds no line of demarcation from the last meeting of the United Charities of Chicago which elected the late lamented Chas. R. Henderson president. The same mistake was made in both cases. The elected had a higher work to do. Each should have been called upon to teach and construct and not

repair. Our Professor Henderson died a martyr to the cause as surely as did Stephen.

In these first chapters we find the communistic element. The twelve had a common purpose. They committed the common purse into the wrong hands. We have the story of Ananias and Sapphria, who received the death penalty not because they did not give their money, but because they lied about it. They have been lying about it ever since.

At this time politically Judea was going to pieces and before the infant movement was big enough to be recognized or named, in the year 70 A. D. Titus entered Jerusalem, devasted it and the Temple, and took it forevermore from the Jews.

In this earliest and nearest to contemporary history of the beginning of Christianity we see revealed the obligation felt toward the unfortunate, and the never ending problem of the limitations of fellowship. Is it Peter or Paul that is to conquer the centuries. The Catholic Church is one evidence to prove that Peter was triumphant, was scientific, was practical. He is the cornerstone. "On this rock *have* I built my church." For a thousand years Christianity remained practically undivided, unanimous with Peter as their patron saint.

Paul has had no world wide organization. We consider ourselves Pauline but we must wait perhaps another millennium before the heart of Christianity will become incorporate, and clearly demonstrate that the dearest thing about Christianity is its universality.

I. What has Christianity done for the world?
II. What are the reasons for ascribing the authorship of Acts to Luke?
III. Give outline of contents of Acts.
IV. What were some of the problems the early Christians had to solve?

"A Personal Reflection on the Cost of Living"

Mrs. N. S. Kendall (the wife of a professor at Yale) has written an article in the April *Atlantic Monthly*, with the above title, which deserves wide attention. She says it is the fruit of eighteen years of study.

Mrs. Kendall shows with almost painful lucidity the fear, which is so general, of a coming penury; and the *sin* of being comfortable when so many about us are perishing for the want of food, fire and raiment. She points out how, as the cost of living increases, this fear of poverty for ourselves or our families grows, and she contends that this evil apprehension is the "*cause* of this high cost of living."

Mrs. Kendall points out how from our earliest childhood we are taught to save, to put aside a portion of our money to meet the future wants of ourselves (or our dear ones), to make old age comfortable, and "to bury us when dead." And she maintains, with words that burn, that these fears lead to selfishness, these ideas, which dominate us, "give rise to high cost of living and are prohibitive of freedom, peace and joy." She contends that they are fatal to all true and generous living and that they create "the very situations that in their turn augment the deadly fear." And in conscience-smiting words she shows how "we sink down a little lower day by day in the struggling mass of human beings upon the ruin of whose physical and mental powers the social order rests."

That Mrs. Kendall has shown the evil, the *sin*, the selfishness of the ideas on which our modern civilization is built, what thoughtful man or woman can doubt? As to the way in which she would cure these infinite ills there may be many reasons for doubt or question.

She maintains that it is possible and *right* to take Christ's words literally (even in a cold climate and in modern conditions) to live like the lilies of the field, and the birds of the air, to sell all one has and to give to the poor ("winning an unseen treasure"), and to lend, not expecting any return. She implies and intensely believes that if we will feed the hungry (worthy or unworthy), clothe the naked, tend the sick, forgive the sinner (let the sin be what it will), there will be on the table for us a comfortable breakfast tomorrow, and *all* the tomorrow of our lives!

Now I am not a believer in the infallibility of Christ's words, nor can I think that he has revealed the ultimate truth, but there is *something* in his teachings, as interpreted by Mrs. Kendall, to which my mind and heart react with deep sympathy; and when she affirms that if we all did our work well in thought or hand, and developed wisely the resources of the generous earth, living a *simple*, kindly, trustful life, there would be no overworked or underfed people in the wide world, I am sure she is right. Nay, three hours work each day in *thought* and *hand* would supply all our physical necessities, and the rest of the day could be devoted to rest, play, beauty, reading, thought, music, meditation, prayer. But though I am not a socialist, I cannot believe with Mrs. Kendall that our material wants will be provided for without organization, some concerted action in thought and toil.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A PASTEL

Gray of the sands and green of the reeds,
  Silver green, like a field afloat;—
Green of the water with tangled weeds;
  Green of the moss on the old gray boat.

Gray of the sand;—and the fisher's hut
  Leans as the gnarled beach cedars lean:—
How many years since your door was shut,
  Little gray hut with your thatch of green?

Even the gulls have passed you by,
  Hiding here in your veil of haze;—
Gray of the sand and gray of the sky,
  And one late rose in a crimson blaze.

Harper's Magazine. —*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

"All my life long," a thoughtful woman said, "my deepest education has come, not through schools or books or even work, but through my friends. I always know that this was so; I always counted my friends the richest treasure of my life; and yet, not once, but many times, I have passed for years, unseeing, friendships that I might have had. It has seemed impossible afterwards, that I could have let such beautiful things lie within my reach and not put out my hand to take them. Even now, through all the joy of them, it hurts to think of those years that I missed."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER
III

Tower Hill! A hill like a high tower; a point of elevation—of insight and vista. The spirit of the place speaks in the name. Physically Tower Hill is a crown point and rises above the quiet meadows and overlooks the ever-changing river. No sunbaked hill is this, but mantled in green and topped with pines and oaks. Here we find rest and more. "There is the peace of the silent hills—the shelter of the forest, the comfort of the grass—shadows of clouds that pass, and best of all along the way friendship and mirth."

To come to Tower Hill is indeed a crown point in one's experience. We learn here what a vacation may become of recreation and delight. Under the efficient leadership of Miss Howe we have been introduced to some of the fifty-six different birds upon the hill—and to some of the six thousand different varieties of fern life. Nor have the mushrooms escaped us; of course we have not been able to identify the thirty-five thousand kinds of these—but in a few of them we have found much of interest. When we remember that below the ferns in the plant world are the mosses, lichens, sea-weeds and above these same ferns are the pines, sedges, palms, trees and shrubs in countless numbers and manifold variety, we are impressed by the truth of Bacon's remark that the complexity of nature exceeds the subtility of man. Surely this amazing abundance and variety of life evoke the sense of wonder and awe.

Besides these interesting studies in nature we have had under the guidance of our leader, Mr. Jones, a renewed acquaintance with the Apostle Paul, that knight-errant of the spirit. More than ever have we been led to feel the greatness of the Apostle and his humanness, too. Paul was a modern man--a cosmopolitan—a missionary—a debater—a mystic. He was many men in one—but to realize the tremendous power and vitality of Paul he must be interpreted by a spirit kindred to his own. We have had a vital, illuminating interpretation of Paul upon Tower Hill—in a course worthy to be placed in any Divinity School.

With the going down of the sun the day does not end upon the Hill. The best is yet to be; in the evening readings from the poets—the great poets whose song has become a part of the gladness of the world and the minor poets, too. We are grateful for them all and glad to know that poetry is not passing from the world. We feel assured indeed as we read together by the evening lamp at Tower Hill from the late poems of Edwin Markham, W. H. Carruth, Henry Van Dyke and others. Among several late choice poems of Markham's there occurs the splendid one entitled "Outwitted," which alone would make the book worth while. While we have tried to become better acquainted with the new poets the old favorites have not been forgotten. We felt a little slighted that our leader did not take us with him on his recent wedding tour but we forgave him the other evening when he took us to the present Western Fair by way of readings from Walt Whitman. We commend Whitman's poem entitled "The Centennial of 1776," to whosoever wishes to make a visit to San Francisco while he enjoys the pleasures of home by the evening lamp. Selections from Browning, Emerson and Longfellow read aloud in different evenings of the week have reminded us of our debt to the past. To the poets of the present likewise we go for strength and courage in these days of stress, storm and war. If the older poets did much to add a touch of the heroic and chivalric to the battle-field, the poets now living with one accord unite to proclaim that "war is today the blackest curse." Among the present-day poets we meet with no heralding of special battles or victories by land or sea or air. We have but to remind ourselves of Vachel Lindsay's beautiful poem entitled "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" or the "Survivor" by Dana Burnet, or "Stain Not the Sky" by Henry Van Dyke, to see that poetry belongs not merely to the past but is still a light to our guidance and inspiration. New notes have been added to the lyre of war poetry. The Voice of Woman is heard in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Messenger," as well as in the poem entitled "Woman and War," the more hopeful and significant because written by a Captain in the United States Army, Mr. W. E. P. French. When women have more voice in the affairs of the world—and "when a man shall really stand by his mother" then the law of peace will be the law of nations. These are but a few of the late war poems read by Mr. Jones to the fortunate ones at the Tower Hill Summer School.

PAUL DANSINGBERG.

Tower Hill, August 1st, 1915.

THE PLEASURES OF FORTY

A life to be happy must be compounded in due degree of activity and pleasure, using the word in its best sense. There must be sufficient activity to take off the perilous and acrid humors of the mind which, left to themselves, poison the sources of life, and enough pleasure to make the prospect of life palatable.

The first necessity is to get rid, as life goes on, of all conventional pleasures. By the age of forty a man should know what he enjoys, and not continue doing things intended to be pleasurable, either because he deludes himself into thinking that he enjoys them, or because he likes others to think that he enjoys them. I know now that I do not care for casual country-house visiting, for dancing, for garden parties, for cricket matches, and many another form of social distraction, but that the pleasures that remain and grow are the pleasures derived from books, from the sights and sounds of nature, from sympathetic conversation, from music and from active physical exercise in the open air.

It is my belief that a man is happiest who is so far employed that he has to scheme to secure a certain share of such pleasures. My own life unhappily is so ordered that it is the other way—that I have to scheme to secure sufficient activities to make such pleasure wholesome. But I am stern with myself. At times when I find the zest of simple home pleasures deserting me, I have sufficient self-control deliberately to spend a week in London, which I detest, or to pay a duty-visit where I am so acutely and sharply bored by a dull society that I return with delicious enthusiasm to my own trivial round.

—*A. C. Benson.*

THE HAUNTING FACE

(On the Portrait of a Child Lost in the *Lusitania.*)

Dear boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raffael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve;
The wit to see, the heart to serve;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope
To read his radiant horoscope,
And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot to save the State;
A bard to take the sting from Fate;
A prophet men should know not of
To lift the fainting world by love!

Mourn those—and mourn not with despair—
Who finds life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look
Here upon Youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wring
And haunt the pillow of a King.

—*Robert Underwood Johnson.*
New York Evening Post.

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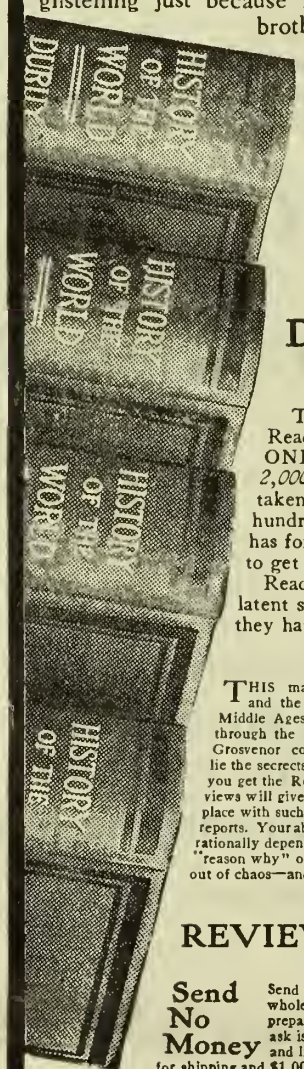

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The Illusion of War

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old Mothers, and the whole
Dark but cheery without a soul.

Without a soul—Save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my piece, abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street,
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music. like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915. Number 25

THE SONG MYSTERY.

If it touches the heart of a Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it;
For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the Kings of Orion sing it!

—*Edwin Markham.*
"The Shoes of Happiness," Doubleday Page & Co.

Our Dumb Animals asks significantly "Where are the peace-at-any-price men?" And it answers, "They are no more numerous, at least, than the war-at-any-price men."

A movement is on foot to perfect in Europe a "Red Star Society," the object of which will be to secure the same amenities for its workers who go about to bring relief to the injured horses on the battlefield as are now granted the Red Cross Society workers.

It is certainly true that the nervous inquisitiveness of the anti-saloon workers in America concerning the attitude of presidential candidates on the saloon question is very irritating. Both parties would like to evade the responsibility. But if Barnes and Penrose and even the dignified Root seem to be playing into the hands of the liquor men, it becomes the friends of temperance to know who and where their friends are. A circular from the anti-saloon headquarters contains this prophetic sentence: "No political party can come back on a beer wagon."

Seth Low has had the courage to introduce into the New York Constitutional Convention a clause, which if adopted would, to borrow a phrase from *Leslie,* "revolutionize municipal governments." It runs as follows:

"No national or state political party shall nominate municipal officers or endorse or promote their candidacy," is the way it reads. Some specific things this amendment would prohibit are the use of party primaries to nominate candidates, the public endorsement of any candidate by a political party, the use of party funds to secure the nomination or election of any person, and the printing of the name and the emblem of any political party on the official ballot.

Such a provision is surely coming and the State that first meets this crying need of reform will be the Ben Adhem of politics. It will lead all the rest.

The American Journal of Theology, edited by the Divinity Faculty of the University of Chicago and colleagues, is before us, a solid magazine of a hundred and sixty pages filled with the new learning concerning Biblical topics. The first article is an "Historical Sketch of Christianity and War," by Prof. McGiffert. "What Shall the Systematic Theologian Expect from the New Testament Scholar?" by Prof. Birney Smith, "The Abandonment of the Canonical Idea," by Ernst von Dobschutz of the University of Halle,, "A Critical Note on the Trial of Jesus," by Prof. Burton Scott Easton, "Studies in Jewish Literature," by Prof. Shirley Jackson Case, "Liberal Orthodoxy, a review of Prof. Henry W. Clark's book," are among the dozen or more interesting articles. The magazine is published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. Single copies can be obtained for $1.00. Annual subscription, $3.00.

"For Americans only" is a popular slogan now. We are not surprised that the *Outlook* for July 7th leads in an assault upon the hyphenated American. Commenting upon the *Outlook* editorial the *California Christian Advocate* takes up the cry: "An American is either an American or is a subject of a foreign government. He cannot be both." Better say no man can be an American who does not love more than one country. One of the most stultifying demands of the United States is the provision in our naturalization laws which calls for a new citizen to swear a special enmity, or at least antagonism, to the country he has forsaken. The German, English, Welsh, Irish or Scotch citizen who in transferring his allegiance to the United States forswears love of the land that bore him, is poor stuff to make a citizen of anywhere. Why may not the American delight in Celtic, Teuton or Saxon ancestry? He is the truest citizen of the United States who is most truly a citizen of the world. Some day we are going to have free trade in citizenship, a courteous exchange of citizens among the nations who recognize themselves a corporate part of the greater state, the organized world.

Collier's quotes approvingly from a personal letter of Booth Tarkington the following:

German preparedness did *not* keep Germany at peace "far longer than other nations." The German preparedness is vicious—they have been held to peace and tricked and threatened into peace year after year. They were spoiling for a fight because they *were* so prepared. Preparedness always

breeds truculence and it's a horrible thing that we've *got* to *get* prepared."

But unmindful of the inconsistency, Tarkington eats his own words when he says, giving the alarm over our unpreparedness:

It's a *dangerous* thing, but just now the infinitely greater danger is in our *utter* unpreparedness. We must be able to defend ourselves—*and know how to stop when we've reached that point.*

How slow are we to see that peace comes to nation or individual only as these are prepared for it. Peace is for the amicable, peace is for the rational, it is for those who, when irritations arise, are committed to the pacific settlement that trusts not in battleships and has no appeal to cannon. England was "prepared" for war on sea with an overwhelmingly larger navy than any other Power, but its ships are hiding behind the banks because there is another navy—an armada of submarine boats—naval sharks able to disembowel the old-fashioned leviathans with their armor plates, twenty-mile guns and all that. President Wilson asked a pertinent question when he said to his belligerent advisers, "What sort of a navy shall we build?"

"The Church the Hope of the Future," by J. H. Oldham, M. A., is No. 36 of Papers for War Time published by "A Committee drawn from the various Christian bodies and political parties" on the following apparently contradictory basis:

1. That Great Britain was morally bound to declare war and is no less bound to carry the war to a decisive issue.
2. That the war is none the less an outcome and a revelation of the unChristian principles which have dominated the life of Western Christendom.....
4. That the Christian duties of love and forgiveness are as binding in time of war as in time of peace. . . . . .
7. That it is the duty of the Church to make an altogether new effort to realize and apply to all the relations of life its own positive ideal of brotherhood and fellowship.

In accordance with No. 1 of this declaration this paper on the outset proceeds to lay all the blame on Germany, and then in the same paragraph to declare

However great the guilt of Germany may be, we ignore the root of the evil if we fail to see that the European tradition is at fault. If men's minds remain under the sway of the same ideas as before, if the attitude of the nations to one another continues to be one of rivalry, suspicion and armed hostility, there is no reason why the catastrophe against which our hearts revolt should not occur again. The war is the final condemnation of the whole system of ideas on which international politics and diplomacy were based. The defeat of Germany in itself would mean no more than the cutting down of a noxious growth; the roots would remain to bear in the future the same pernicious fruit. No political advantage, however great, can reconcile us to this expenditure of blood and tears; only for the sake of some large spiritual gain can we feel that the travail and sacrifice have not been in vain.

The paper then proceeds to discover the causes of the war lying back of both Germany and Great Britain,—the industrial struggle, the conflict of races, the struggle between the white and the colored, the problem of intoxicants and many more signs of degeneracy which are summed up in this forceful passage:

In letters of blood and deep scars upon our hearts the war is impressing the lesson that a social order based on egoism cannot survive. The eternal truth on which the scriptures of the Old and New Testament continually insist, that there is an indissoluble connection between sin and death, has again been forced home on our forgetful minds. The bravest and best in Europe have died in hundreds of thousands to expiate our worship of false gods. Yet the moral government of the world which has established this connection between sin and death has a redemptive purpose. God is calling us to strike at the evil root which has borne this harvest of death.

"Confessions of a Clergyman"

Recently we gave editorial notice of a parson's story under the title of "In the Service of the King," by Joseph B. Dunn, in which is portrayed the career of a minister who, starting out with inadequate preparation, climbed through the experiences of a country, town, and city ministry, meeting on his way modern difficulties and problems and solving them to a degree with the weapons and opportunities of a minister.

We have before us another ministerial story which reveals the confessions of a clergyman of whom it may be said he suffered from a surfeit of preparation, an excess of opportunity and a crushing weight of prosperity. This fortunate and favored minister lacked some of the blessings of adversity which so sharpened the wits and increased the efficiency of Dr. Dunn's hero. The whole "confession" is touched with a professional weariness and a certain kind of ministerial disgust. There is a vein of cynicism running through it that can hardly be said to be wholesome. The author criticizes relentlessly the curricula of the theological schools. He bemoans the useless learning and the almost fatal ignorance inflicted upon the theological school student. He portrays vividly the unmanning influence of theological school beneficiary funds. He exposes the frivolity and unconscious hypocrisy of the fashionable church and the conventional sanctities connected therewith. And he does it in such a way as not only to illumine the same with a glaze of humor, but to make sick the heart of any honest minister of a boulevard church in the city, for he knows there is too much truth in the satire.

Yes, satire is the word to characterize the whole book. It is a clever demonstration of the absurdities and imbecilities that are too often found in the instituted religion of the Protestant world in America. It is an anonymous work. The author did well to hide himself from public gaze and criticism, but he can scarcely conceal his identity. We find ourselves continually exercising the Yankee privilege of guessing. By a process of elimination we can almost put our finger on, if not the guilty man, then on a certain ten or a dozen possible authors of which the man who skulks behind this thin mask is the guilty party. There is a smugness in the way in which he disposes of what he is pleased to call the "Göttingen philoso-

pher" who expatiates upon "the is-ness of the As-It-Were, the so-ness of the If." There is something worse than smugness in the way he disposes of this higher criticism with the implication that it devitalizes the message and disturbs the faith of the listener. The result of these studies and their effect upon the audience as described in this book is a caricature and not a characterization.

But on the principle that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than a house of feasting" this book is a most wholesome one for a clergyman and his attendant deacons to read. We do not believe that this writer fairly deals with the members of the "rich church," as we are sure that he does not understand the inner needs and the higher aspirations of the multitude that frequent the modern church and go away Sunday after Sunday unfed, their yearning for an ideal unkindled by the preacher and for head and heart food unprovided by the minister.

Not all of this book is touched with the weakness of over-statement. "The Burning of Edward B. Archer" describes too truly the mild penalty which a complacent orthodoxy visits upon an independent thinker. The experience of this ill-starred minister in the "wild and wooly West" is a revelation of what even a half-hearted minister can accomplish. It is inspiring although he must needs make a Unitarian minister out of straw for the sake of knocking him out and down. His tilt with Christian Science is a warning, and he ought to have been tutored by this experience to deal more fairly with the "transcendentalists" that amused him. His difficulties in humanizing the "Church of St. Crœsus," whose great fault was the dearth of thought in the pews, ought to have made him more appreciative of that theory and practice of religion that insists on giving reason a place at the Communion Table and on making intelligence an attribute of spiritual life. Had he realized this he would not have been so sure that the things that he learned at the Seminary were "only a hindrance." The institution that teaches its pupils "how to think" is not to be too summarily dismissed, and he whose "Gospel" and conception of "The Carpenter's Son" is disturbed or destroyed by the "best German critics" is in need of something more than sacred ignorance and a sanctifying stupidity. On the whole we commend to this brother a re-examination of his own case. Is he in the line of Luther and Wesley, Channing and Parker and Emerson, or is he, from his superior vantage ground of *unstudied* sanctity and *untrained* efficiency, prepared to find a better way into the Kingdom of God than that upon which they traveled, which was the way of earnest search, of high endeavor, aye, of sleepless nights and anxious days in the interest of truth and the quest after the beauty of holiness and the brotherliness of the open mind as well as the open heart?

We are more reconciled to the reading than we are to the writing of this book. Now that the Reverend Anonymous has gotten this out of his system, let him try it once more and write another book and he will do better. The world needs him. There is work for such as he to do, if he be not too easily discouraged, or, what is worse, too thoroughly disgusted.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Question and An Answer

The Question

Dear Editor:—

You have been a Browning student for many years, and so I am going to ask you to be good enough to tell me if you know any poem or part of a poem of Browning that bears on the present crisis. I have been asked to lecture on that subject, but have failed thus far to see anything in the poet's work that has any legitimate relation to the subject. A word from you would be highly and deeply appreciated by

Yours faithfully.

The Answer.

I have been over the ground indicated by your question in my own mind and was surprised and comforted by the absolute absence of anything that answers for that to be suspected enthusiasm called "patriotism" in Robert Browning, and an equal absence of any glorification of the camp or the battlefield. The man with the sword does not ride through the Robert Browning country. It is interesting and to me informing that the only two militant poems in Robert Browning that I know of are the glorification of those who in his day were supposed to be natural enemies of the English, eternal rivals. I refer of course to the French, and his "Incident in a French Camp" and his "Hervé Riel." The last, I believe, is confessedly an attempt to smooth the obstructions and to ameliorate the suspicions generated by war. The only bit of martial pride I find in his writings is the passing emotion indicated in "An Englishman's Thoughts on the Sea,"—"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent!"

We get a most suggestive hint of his philosophy and psychology of violence in his "Before" and "After." The attitude of the Browning family is revealed in a striking discovery of Mrs. Jones's the other day in the correspondence of Mrs. Browning, which was reproduced as a frontispiece to UNITY in a recent issue. Mrs. Browning was away ahead of England and most of England's sympathizers today. One of the discouraging things to me is the way the Americans removed from the passions of the strife are still lending themselves to partisan patriotism. They want the war to cease, but not until somebody is badly whipped, and expect peace to come through the triumph of gunpowder. As if any nation was ever permanently weakened by defeat on the battlefield or strengthened by a victory of the sword. But that is another story.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

VII.

Judas the Traitor

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered January 10, 1915 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Search us, O Father. Help us to realize whatever is cowardly and mean within. Give us a realizing sense of our treason to things high and noble, that perchance our hearts may be touched with contrition and conviction. Through our mistakes may we find thee and through our sins climb to thee. Help us, O Father, to recognize thee in whatever is good and true and noble. Give us that loyalty that will be true to the message that lies beyond and above the messenger. Amen.

SERMON.

Judas is the most popular sinner in history. It is always safe to throw stones at him. He is the classic outlaw and rascal in the Christian traditions. Dante chucks him into the very lowest circle of Hell, and finds Lucifer, Brutus and Cassius alone worthy companions for him. He says of that circle that critics have called the circle of Judas,

> That is the lowest region and the darkest,
> And farthest from the heaven which circles all.

One of the characters in his Purgatory appears unarmed, but he indicates that he was armed

> With the lance
> That Judas joisted with; which is the lance of treachery.

Shakespeare finds Judas to his uses. Richard II, speaking of his traitorous lords, exclaims:

> O villiains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
> Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
> Snakes in my heart blood warmed, that sting my heart!
> Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
> Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
> Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

And the same king, after resigning his crown:

> Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me to this submission,
> Yet I well remember
> The favors of these men: were they not mine?
> Did they not sometimes cry all hail! to me?
> So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
> Found faith in all but one; I in twelve thousand none.

In Richard III, Gloster, congratulating King Edward and the babe, says:

> And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
> Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit—
> To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
> And cried all hail! whence he meant all harm.

Without abating one jot from the crime of treason and the loathsome character of treachery, let even Judas have his due. Let it be understood in the first place that the record is confusing. It is a popular tale, a folk-lore fragment that had grown for forty or more years after the event, before any scribe recorded it to our uses. Let it be understood that the story fits easily into folk lore that antedates the disciples and the Master. There are two different accounts of the death. One is by suicide and the other is by a miraculous bursting of the body. Taken on the face of it, he only went a little farther than the rest of them did. They all fled. Peter denied him with an oath three times. Only one was to be found at the foot of the Cross.

It is characteristic of the nineteenth century that one of the noblest poems of W. W. Story, entitled "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," is a clever, subtile, analytic defence of Judas; a poem of nearly a thousand lines setting forth the possible ameliorating circumstances. The framework of the poem would indicate that this lawyer had come in contact with Lysias, the presiding high priest at the trial, and he gets his version of it. His version, not original with Story, but worked into modern form by Story with great power. Judas, according to this possible conception, shared with the disciples an intimate faith in the power of the Master. He believed that he was the Messiah promised by those of old and destined to dominate, and was distressed and disturbed because of his reluctance to assume that roll. And he thought he was serving a purpose, hastening events that would bring in the Kingdom by precipitating matters, feeling assured that there was that within the Master's reach that would protect him under any conditions. When he discovered that no hand was extended from the empyrean to interfere, that no angel hosts rallied to protect him, that Jesus himself trembled in weakness, in the plain humanity of a defeated man—outwardly speaking—Judas' conscience smote him. He hurried to the Temple and threw the money at the feet of the priests and went out and hanged himself. There is at least in this interpretation that which will remain on the face value of the story to the high credit of Judas. He had sense enough to go hang himself after perpetrating such an outrage. This is convincing evidence that there was a large amount of conscience still left in him.

The accounts, when compared one with the other, are interesting. They show a growing story. We have the most interesting detail, the most elaborate evidence, in John, the Fourth Gospel, the farthest removed from the event and the least historical. Taking, then, the story at its face value, after eliminating and simplifying, making due allowance for the conditions under which the New Testament story grew, even then we have Judas standing as a type of those who prove treasonable to the highest interests of society, those who in the supreme tests fail to be true to their inspirations and their opportunities. We think of Judas, after stripping the story of all verbiage, as the one man of the twelve not of Galilee, but of Iscariot, probably near Jericho. This man from the south was drawn by the personality of the leader, for there was no compulsion here. He had asked to be counted in with the inner circle. He was the one Judean on the staff of the missionary unstayed by any family ties, neighborhood influences or kindly associations. If this son of Iscariot was reared in the neighborhood of Jericho, his dialect must have betrayed him, his associates may have distrusted him. He was not "to the manner born" to that simple, rude, unskilled people of Galilee, but he must have been drawn by some kind of an inward impulse. We can hardly think he was drawn thither by any of the attractions of earth's popularity or greed, and the crowning disappointment that came to him in those dark, ominous days preceding the arrest, trial and execution must have seen the utter collapse of his dream. They were dark and dismal days before

the calamity and the inspirations of the feast were not enough to hold him.

Browning has given what might be a parallel case in the courtiers who gathered around the young Queen of Juliers in "Colombe's Birthday." In her beauty, sincerity and simplicity she had gathered round her a loyal band of courtiers, but when Prince Berthold, with a prior claim to the throne, moving down with more imposing army to annex Juliers and to discount the beautiful young queen among the lilies, then one after another of the courtiers began to look out for their main chance with the next administration, and Guibert, who for a while had succumbed to the sweetness and sincerity and beauty of the girl queen, says:

> Enough!
> I'm with you: selfishness is best again.
> I thought of turning honest—what a dream!
> Let's wake now!

Attend to practical politics again. The ideal doesn't "work!" So perchance it was with Judas.

I plead, then, in extenuation of Judas, first, that if the story is reliable, he had conscience enough to repent. Second, that he was one who was once attracted by the Master and the message. Third, that he doesn't stand alone. There are a lot of us who on any fair classification of morals belong ever and anon with the Judas class. We will all agree in the abstract that the highest treason is that which is treasonable to the message and not to the messenger. It is easy to be true to the man, but it is harder to be true to the principles that make the man notable and worthy. So if you would blame Judas, and he is blameworthy, testing him by that test of sincerity and integrity we find that which will open our homes and reveal them rotting with shame, which will weigh our communities and find them dotted with traitors, which will enter into the council chambers of city, state and nation, and there find Judas, the time servers, those who have turned their backs upon the ideals and incidentally have turned an honest penny in the transaction, as Judas undertook to do.

We will find our first lesson by searching ourselves. We find the weakness of Judas, not by reading the uncertain records, not in the indignation of the theologian and the ecclesiastics who have heaped their maledictions upon him because he turned his back upon the divine Savior, the Christ anointed of God to wash away the sins of the wicked world from off their inherited hearts. If that claim be true, Judas became a necessary link in the divine enactment, and I don't know that we should blame him if he opened the way so that the bloodshed on Calvary could wash us clear of our inherited sins. We rather ought to praise God for any instrumentality that removed the barriers in the path of the Savior of the world. In this sense Judas became an instrument in the hands of an angry God by which, without violating his integrity or violating the superiority that belongs to Godhead, he was able through the help of Judas to find a way out for his wayward children.

No, this "scheme" does not hold. But here was human nature under severe strain, tried and found wanting. The saddest failure was not the abandonment of this Nazarene but the collapse of his faith in the message of the Nazarene, the conservatism that shunned the wisdom of the wise, the gentleness of the gentle, the love of the loving. When Judas led the way and gave the treacherous kiss he practically denied the message, much more profound than the messenger. Tested in this way, we see how every betrayal of sincerity, every abandonment of the cause of the just, every forsaking of the loved and the loving is a Judas betrayal. The mother that prefers the low road of matrimonial advancement for her child on the cheap social lines and abandons the higher lines of maidenly modesty or womanly purity and spiritual potency, belongs in the Judas line. Every time a woman rustles her silks in the pew of a church which her head refuses to accept, bends her knees in formal obeyance to a creed she rejects, and mumbles a confession she does not believe in, she belongs in the Judas column. She has betrayed her Master. Every man who, in the presence of any manifestation of disinterested love, of devotion to the ideal, out of a grumbling hard heart says, "Why was this waste of ointment? It might have been sold for three hundred pennies and given to the poor, don't you know!" is a Judas. One historian adds with justice: "This he said because he held the box and took what was put therein." The crucial test, then, the prominent sin of Judas, if the record is to be trusted, was covetousness. His fingers had learned to play with that which was not his own. He was hungry for "boodle." He betrayed the noblest soul known in history for thirty pieces of silver.

Who will say that the family of Judas is extinct? We cannot go into the marts of trade, the circles of the exchange, without finding the Judas line extending indefinitely. Go with me if you dare, I dare not go alone, on an intellectual search into the lives of our Common Council, of our State Legislature and the higher lawmakers in Washington. How many of them are able to pitch their actions to where their words would lead. How many are willing to stand by their conscience absolutely and decisively irrespective of the fate of party or their own prospects at the next election. Every man who "plays a game" and calls it politics belongs to the Judas band, oftentimes wanting the Judas' sensitiveness, for he will probably die in his bed. If we are going to be hard on Judas, very well; but let us be just to Judas and see where we come in and those around us.

Let me find one or two illustrations from modern history, for I promised you I would try to bring these New Testament studies down to date.

Sixty-one years ago come next May Theodore Parker stood up in the pulpit of Music Hall in Boston and read exactly the same scripture lesson that I read to you this morning, and for over two hours he held the throng there gathered in talking of what he called the "new crime against humanity," and he talked out of the life of Boston of that very week. He knew the names of judges and chief of police, of officers and marshals galore. He told the plain story of how the museums of Boston, the public schools, the libraries, and to a degree the churches of Boston had been free, but were sending back a free man into perpetual slavery. He told the story of Anthony Burns, which now in its present form in the splendid definitive edition of Parker's works occupies seventy-five pages of the book. He tested the Probate Judge on the bench in Boston that week by the test of Judas, and he found that here was one who in the dire dark hour had gone back upon the

promises of Massachusetts and the pledge of its State House and its Legislature. Massachusetts professed to believe in the message of brotherhood which the Nazarene promulgated. Massachusetts had written for itself a notable record of heroism in the interest of liberty. It prided itself that it was rock based on freedom; but here was a whole city committing itself to injustice, to a violation of the law that recognized the integrity of a human soul and the right of that soul to its own life. And Theodore Parker told it all in that sermon on Judas, and Boston resented it. Boston was indignant, outraged. Boston today is proud of that delivery and ashamed of the inspiration that caused it.

Bring the subject still nearer to date. Here in Chicago something occurred the other day that stirs me profoundly. I am going to read you a letter which I wrote to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools. I have offered it to the newspapers here but none of them would publish it. So I offer it in this larger study of Judas. It may help in this intensive farming of the New Testament.

Dear Mrs. Young:

I want my protest to be filed in your office along with that of Dean Talbot and others concerning the recent segregation of color lines in the Wendell Phillips High School. It may be that a "Social Afternoon," even a "Dean of Girls," are among the "frills" that can be dispensed with in a system of public school education. But in this emergency the public school system of Chicago cannot afford to break its record of democracy by this reactionary concession to what is, from the standpoint of democracy, a lamentable prejudice of color, ignoring merit and common interests, which we have inherited from the past, which is an entailment of aristocracy, race prejudice and national conceits, which are coming to their logical issue on the battlefields of Europe today.

My protest is not in behalf of the colored boys and girls of the Wendell Phillips High School. Such disciplines carry their compensation, but I protest in the interest of the white students. It is a blot on the fair fame of the Wendell Phillips that it should lend itself to the perpetuation of such prejudices. I am sure there are white pupils in that school that find congenial comradeship in class and lecture rooms and on the playground with their schoolmates of color, and if there must be "Social Functions" under the management of your Board, they should not misinterpret white children and their parents. Such interference on the part of parents, as I infer your office is troubled with from the newspaper reports, is the kind which it is the business of the School Board to resent. It is the privilege of those who do not like such democratic opportunities to stay away. If there is to be any "Jim Crow' segregation, let it be a "White Crow" one which they can enjoy at their pleasure. No "Dean of Girls" in Wendell Phillips or any other high school should be allowed to make a record of such far-reaching significance in the public schools of Chicago without thorough consideration and radical discussion.

Of course this is but a manifestation of the irrepressible and inevitable battle which has been raging through American history for generations. At one time it drenched our Southern fields in blood. It is still raging. No solution will obtain but a right solution, that is in the erasing of the prejudice against races, names, creeds and nationalities. If the "Dean of Girls" in the Wendell Phillips High School is allowed to cater to the prejudices against colored children, the next thing she will confront is the very real prejudice quite dominant in this neighborhood, so active that to my knowledge it leads some parents to withdraw their children from the privileges of the school on account of the Jew domination in that school. This prejudice against the black race, which thanks to a social mixture quite of another kind, is largely white blood, is paralleled by the prejudice against the Jews, and that other latent prejudice, ever ready to express itself and impatient of bounds, against the Catholics will follow. If the public cannot be made to extend equal privileges to all those of equal merit, then is the last hope of democracy gone.

Of course there is nothing personal in this letter. It is not to my friend, Mrs. Young, but to the Superintendent of Public Schools and the Board of Education back of her.

I offer these illustrations of the treason that abandons an ideal because it doesn't work—stays out of a great cause because it breeds opposition, oftentimes in the name of the Master who communed with the Samaritan woman. He who said to the abandoned woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and on the Cross to the murderers beside him gave words of greeting and fellowship.

Pride is one element that keeps the world back. Men and women are so afraid of consequences that they are willing to commercialize conscience, to sell out in the interest of a greater success, to triumph over the humiliation of lovers of truth and justice.

I ask no interpretation of the Judas crime that does not bring us all under that test and bring us all under this condemnation. What about the far-famed ministry of the pulpit of the twentieth century? What about the open secret that the revelations of the study are not carried to the pulpit; that the full gleam of light that breaks upon the mind of the student is spent in his sermon.

Let me take an illustration far enough away from home so that no one can suspect me of being personal. I am going to re-read you some pages of a sermon that I gave twenty-five years ago, and even then it was ancient history in my ministry.

A minister came to me and said, "I do not know how to go on with my work, continue to do good to my people and at the same time be at rest with my own soul." Some years before that another minister, in response to some remark of mine in regard to the heretical character of the books on his library table (such books as every student in those days had access to), I asked him how he got along with his people and he playfully winked and said, "I get such sermons out of those books as my people like to hear and they don't know where they come from." Seven or eight years ago (with twenty-four added) a minister took a long journey to see me to say that for a long time there had been a painful discrepancy between his thought of God and man and that he was expected to preach, and to a certain extent which he did preach. Some weeks after the interview I received the following letter:

Dear Brother: Since confessing my sins to you in Chicago I have studied the subject in every light possible and have come to about this conclusion. My engagement will not be out here until about two months yet. During this time I will test the elasticity here by preaching liberal ideas in religion. If they tolerate these ideas and are satisfied to allow me to preach them it would seem foolish in me not to go on. Of course I have talked liberal ideas the years I have been here and our people seem to be satisfied with it, but during the next two months I mean to go farther in that direction. I have already gathered together a large congregation here, one of the largest and most intelligent they have ever had. While some of our church members look with some suspicion upon some of my utterances, yet they are glad to have a minister who "draws." *It fills the church with well dressed people and (better still) it fills the collection basket, helping them to pay their bills. If I can buy off the decaons in this way, is it wicked?* And why not go ahead? If they are satisfied I certainly ought to be. In other words, if I can earn the right to remain and be heard ought I not to do so? It seems so to me now. It seems that one should not be weary in well doing.

But I feel, however, that I must sometime go into the Unitarian "denomination," but that will be when I get ready to leave this place. Since I have made you my confessor, be as charitable as you can with me. I am only one among thousands of others who, "in silence and in thrall are long-

ing for more beautiful days," and who are striving as best they can to bring these days about. It is a relief to have some one with whom I can communicate thus freely. I shall be glad to hear from you.

As I said, I take these illustrations from a long way back that there may be no possible complications of personality or breach of confidence. But my letter book for any month and my interviews during any year from that time to this will match these confessions and perplexities. What are we to say about these brethren? What would you have said in answer to such a letter as this? What do we say to ourselves when we find ourselves in their situation, minus perhaps the frankness of their cases. What has time to say to such cases? The first mentioned brother continued in his task of trying "to do good to the world" by being slightly dishonest to his own soul, and fame, honor and an apparently increased power for usefulness have rewarded his decision. He has held positions of trust and occupied some of the most conspicuous pulpits in our country at the gift of his denomination. The second preacher continued to glean sermons from sources that his hearers "scarcely know of" and found thereby an ever increasing circle of admirers and an ever widening opportunity for usefulness. While the poor brother who wrote the letter came to the point where the deacons could not be "bought off," and for many years now I believe he has been following the rounds of an insurance man, that asylum for broken down ministers.

All this is ancient history and the comment is twenty-five years old; but these studies open up a window that throws light into the life of this age, and when we talk about the breaking down of Christianity in Europe today we but confess a fact made explicable by the tortuous lines of Judases who all through the centuries have had their eyes on the contribution box, have in the darkest hours made common cause with Mammon and have been cowardly in the presence of the supreme tests.

Whatever happened there was betrayed in Gethsemane that dark night the advocate of a brotherhood universal, a love that is more powerful than might. Even in that dark hour did he not say to the military man, "Put up thy sword. My kingdom is not of this earth," and it is the betrayal of that Christly Gospel more than Christ that brings us to this awful belligerency that threatens to overshadow our civilization.

I remember at the St. Louis Exposition being greatly impressed with a picture by a Russian artist. It indicated a modern artist with the surroundings of a modern studio sound asleep in the presence of his easel. The picture was cut in two parts. While the artist slept in the upper region of the canvas there trooped a lot of winsome figures, noble men and gracious women devoted to high ideals as the dream of the artist. In the lower picture, while he slept a wanton woman in gaudy dress tickled his nose with a feather. A modern business man stood there and held close to his eyes a piece of gold. Around his knees played wanton nymphs that wore bunches of grapes in their hair. There was the ideal. Here were the practical temptations of an artist. Would he live up to his ideals and starve, as probably would be the case, or has been the case so often, or would he wake to see that big shining gold piece within his reach. Would he wake to accept the delights of that mightiest of passions, and wake and soothe himself with the inspirations of the vine? If, Heaven helping him, he could in his wakeful hours be true to the ideals of his dream, he belongs to the discipleship of the Nazarene, and going down if need be into the darkness of Gethsemane he would triumph and know the power of the Gospel—the Good News. But if in his waking hours he yielded to the attractions in the foreground and the near at hand, he would "succeed"—perhaps in putting shekels in his pocket. It is an indignity to Judas to place such in the Judas rank if he died unrepentant. If he grew so hardened in his "success" that he never had the grace to throw back the ill-gotten gains.

I close with a kindly word for even Judas. Note the lesson in the beautiful legend of Matthew Arnold's poem. It is a tradition that once way off in Joppa, Judas took note of a sand pelted leper and threw his cloak over him and passed on. But that test of kindness, that touch of real love and mercy, followed him into hell, and the gratitude of a leper gave him respite on every Christmas eve to escape the torture of the damned, flee the flames and cool himself on the pure iceberg in the northern sea. This represents my abiding faith and hope for every Judas. He was not so bad as he might have been, as he would have been had he not thrown back the ungracious coin. Back of that, however wanton and vicious may have been his dastardly deed, there was a time when something lured him from Jericho and the plenty of Judea to form a companionship with an unlettered band from the North, and that also must be entered to his credit. There was a time when the Nazarene tutored him, and that goes to his credit, and tradition has found that even in the life of a Judas there was one spot of gentleness and beauty, of tenderness and duty as he passed by the miserable leper on the street, and that was remembered to his credit in the lower circles of Hell as pictured by the great Master of the Inferno, Dante.

Let us have faith and hope even for Judas, but let us beware of the Judas temptation. Let us distrust that thrift of thrifty man whose very charity is cruel. No charity, no love, no tenderness to this abandoned child of the Most High, but save your pennies to give to the next beggar!

No more searching test of the spirituality of the religion of our day can be applied than the quality of our philanthropies. The great money makers seldom get beyond the beneficence of a hospital. Oh, they can understand the agony of a broken leg, but they have no heart for the agony of a broken heart. They know what it is to go without coal, and what it must be to go without a loaf of bread. But what of the cause that needs befriending! What of the message that needs promulgating! What of the ideas, for the want of which souls are emaciated and spirits are hungry and hearts sick! Let us lift our charity above that of the vigilant Judas who bemoaned the wasting of the ointment because it might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor. Are we not more anxious to succor the unfit of our poor than we are to encourage the noblest kind of our poor. The survival of the unfit is the result of charity of this day too often, and the death of the fit goes on relentlessly, not only on the battlefields of

Europe, but in the neglected haunts of genius, in the abandoned homes of gentleness, tenderness and wisdom.

May Heaven help us to take to heart the lesson of Judas, the sermon of the Betrayer.

Help us, Father, to save our consciences, to be true to our ideals, to be faithful to the intangible, and on that account the eternal interests of the spirit. Amen.

The Arya Samaj of India*

Probably in no country in the world are there more important religious movements going forward at the present time than in India.

We are apt to think of India as a land of immobility, and its inhabitants as a people living in the past and untouched by the thought and progress of the twentieth century. But we are quite mistaken. All Asia is wakening from its sleep. Japan and China are hardly more throbbing with unrest than India. In China and Japan the unrest is primarily political, commercial, economic and industrial, and to a subordinate degree religious. In India the unrest assumes all these forms, but the religious presses more to the front and assumes greater importance, because the Indian people are, and throughout all their history have been, more profoundly interested in religious thought and more deeply religious in their nature, than any other people of Asia, or probably of the world.

Of the five important religions of the world today, two, Hinduism (or Brahmanism) and Buddhism, are the children of India. Buddhism has now in India only a few adherents; but it was born there and had a great career there for 1,500 years, and before it disappeared from the land of its birth and had become strong in most of the other countries of central and eastern Asia. At the present time, of the 315,000,000 of people in India about 210,000,000 are Hindus, adherents of the old historic religion of the land which has come down in an uninterrupted and ever widening stream for fully three thousand years; 70,000,000 are Mohammedans, and the remaining 35,000,000 are divided among many faiths, the most interesting to us, even if not the most numerous, being the Brahmo Samajists, the Arya Samajists and the Christians.

If we judged by numbers, we should set down these last three named bodies as almost insignificant, for they total only about as follows: Christians of all names, Catholics, Protestants and others, 3,000,000, Arya Samajists half a million and Brahmo Samajists a few thousand. But we cannot always judge of the importance of bodies by their numerical strength, and this is eminently true in the present case. These three movements are all distinctly reforming, progressive, awakening, liberating movements. This is their very great significance. They are all lights, bright and even dazzling lights, shining in the eyes of the great, sleeping Hindu and Mohammedan giants (if I may use such a figure) and compelling them to wake up; they are sharp spears thrust into the sides, driven ever deeper and deeper into the sides of these lethargic giants, causing them to groan and cry out in protest, and also forcing them to arouse themselves and begin to move in an age when everything, even in India, is moving.

The work which Christian missions, particularly Protestant missions, are doing in India is important. It would be interesting to speak of it in some detail if this were the place for so doing. Fortunately, we in this country already have much knowledge of it through the reports of missionaries.

The work of the Brahmo Samaj is also very important; but of this, too, we in America have obtained some knowledge through Mr. Mozoomdar, Mr. Nagarkar, Mr. Rabindranath Tagore and other representatives of that movement who have visited us in the past. Hence I need not speak of this here.

But the work of the Arya Samaj, which is perhaps not less important than either of the others, is as yet almost unknown in America. The reasons are three.

First, the movement is very new. The date of its beginning is 1875, only forty years ago; hence its age is less than half of that of the Brahmo Samaj and much less than a quarter that of modern Indian Christian missions.

Second, it is a purely Indian movement which arose almost wholly apart fom Christian influences or any influences of the Christian or Western world. Even the languages which it employs in its oral and printed propaganda have been and still are almost wholly the ancient Sanskrit and the modern native languages of India. In this it differs widely from Indian Christianity and from the Brahmo Samaj; both of which have much literary connection with Europe and America and make much use of the English language. It is not strange that a movement shut away from us by such barriers should be slow in attracting our attention.

Third, not until now have we had any adequate history or account of the Arya Samaj published in any European language through which we could obtain knowledge of the movement, even we had desired. At last, however, this difficulty is removed. We have now in English an interesting, well-written, reliable book of three hundred pages, just published by Longmans, Green & Company (London and New York), entitled "The Arya Samaj: An Indian Movement. An Account of its Aims, Doctrines and Activities, with a Biographical Sketch of its Founder." The author is Mr. Lajpat Rai, who is one of the best known and most honored leaders of the Arya Samaj and also one of the most eminent public men of India. Mr. Rai has the further qualification for writing, that he has spent much time in England and America, and hence is able to see in a measure from our standpoint, and therefore understand what it is we want to know regarding the religious movement which he represents. Indeed, he wrote the work last year in England, and when it was finished, came for a second time to America, where he is now making an extended study of our political, civil and religious institutions and life.

This work of Mr. Rai has a double value in being at once a biography of Swami Dyananda Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj, and a historical account of the Samaj itself.

Judged of from any standpoint Swami Dyananda is to be regarded as one of the great men of modern India. Even his bitterest enemies concede this. India in her long history has produced many eminent re-

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* The Arya Samaj. An Account of Its Aims, Doctrines and Activities; with a Biographical Sketch of its Founder. By Lajpat Rai. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

ligious reformers; among these his name has now a secure place.

He was born in Northwestern India in the year 1824, and died in 1883, at the age of 59. The field of his activity was chiefly the North and West, where the Arya Samaj was first established, and where thus far it has developed its greatest strength. He was a Brahmin of the highest caste, born of a family steeped in ancient Hindu lore and held in high honor for their orthodoxy. He had an intense hunger for knowledge and spent many years studying with the most learned men in India, thus becoming a great scholar, profoundly versed in the Vedas (the earliest Hindu sacred books) and in the most important Sanskrit literature based on the Vedas. His extensive studies, however, did not confirm him in orthodoxy. Indeed, quite in his boyhood he began to show signs of independent and heretical thinking and a disposition to rebel against the authority of the Brahmins and many of the religious teachings and practices common around him. This disposition in him grew. By the time he had reached middle age he had become convinced that India needed nothing so much as a thorough reform of her religion. To this work he determined to devote the rest of his life.

For some years he traveled as a sannyasi (a religious mendicant scholar) all up and down India, preaching, teaching, holding discussions, and endeavoring by all the means in his power to get his reform ideas before the people. His plea was for a purification of Hinduism. To bring this about he urged that there must be a return to the religion of the earliest scriptures, the Vedas. All the evils connected with the Hinduism of today, he affirmed, are corruptions of that pure early faith. The particular evils against which he set himself most sternly were idolatry, caste, and the ill treatment of women and girls, especially as regards child marriage. His contention was strong and uncompromising, that none of these find any support in the Vedas, and hence must be put away both as wrong in themselves and as no part of the true historic religion of India. To aid him in his work he made a translation of the Vedas from the old Sanskrit (in which they were accessible to only the more learned of the Brahmins) into Hindi, the language most widely used in that part of India if not in India as a whole.

Swami Dyananda has sometimes been called the Luther of India. Certainly in two respects he was like Luther. First, he was a powerful protestant against what he regarded as the abuses, corruption and tyrannies of the accepted religion and the dominant ecclesiasticism of his time; and second, he took the most honored of the people's sacred books out of the dead language in which it was entombed, and gave it to them in their own living tongue.

It was as a necessary step in the carrying out of his reforms that he organized the Arya Samaj, for of course if there was to be a reform movement of any wide reaching influence and permanence it must gather to itself a definite constituency and assume a concrete organic form.

The following may be stated as in brief the religious teachings of the Arya Samaj:

1. There is one God, with no second. He is infinite, almighty, omniscient, just, merciful, holy, immortal. He alone should be worshipped. Of course this sweeps away all idolatry.

2. The Vedas are God's original and true revelation. It is the duty of every Arya to read, teach and obey them. Their teachings are infallible truth.

3. The doctrine of *Karma* is true: all acts must be followed by their consequences, good or evil. As one sows he must reap. The results of actions cannot be escaped, warded off or atoned for. And yet *Karma* must not be interpreted as fate; because men are free and the shaping of their *Karma* is in their own hands.

4. All men ought to be treated with love and justice.

5. Ignorance must be dispelled and knowledge diffused.

6. No one should be content with promoting his own good, but should endeavor also to promote the good of others.

7. Worship should consist of contemplation, communion and prayer, coupled with purity of thought, word and deed.

8. The object of the Arya Samaj is to benefit the whole world, by improving the physical, social and spiritual condition of mankind.

Probably we as Christians would find most objection to the second of these teachings, that which affirms the Vedas to be God's original and infallible revelation. This is not quite so bad in effect as it seems, for large liberty of interpretation of the Vedic scriptures is allowed to every person. As a matter of fact, Arya teachers recognize much truth of God as coming from other sources besides the Vedas; and when they find anything in the Vedas which does not agree with modern science or knowledge, they show almost as much ingenuity in explaining it away as our orthodox Christian scholars do in explaining away unscientific teachings found in our so-called infallible Bible.

From the beginning the Arya Samaj has taken a strong stand for education, education of all grades, from lowest to highest, and for both sexes. Its aim is universal and compulsory training, at least in the primary branches of study. It early established at Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, a college for men, which I believe is now the largest in northern India, as it is one of the very best. It has also a college for women, and many other institutions of higher learning of one kind or another.

In all its education, while it opens its doors freely to the knowledge of the West, it takes great pains not to neglect studies which will acquaint students with their own land and civilization and keep them in sympathy with their own institutions and their own people. Much of the education introduced into India by the English government and by the Christian missionaries has erred here. It has neglected the vernacular languages and placed great stress upon English; it has neglected Indian history, literature, art and philosophy, and taught almost exclusively the history, literature and thought of the West, and thus has gone far toward de-nationalizing and de-Indianizing the children and youth of the land. The results have been deplorable. The Arya Samaj has everywhere sought to resist this unwisdom and so far as possible to correct its harmful results. It has set out to train the children and youth of India for life in India, and to render the most useful service possible to India.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the education of the Arya Samaj is the emphasis that it places upon moral and religious training. I have never seen elsewhere schools in which religion, including worship and the right ordering of moral conduct are given so central a place.

It will interest Americans to know that there is no neglect of recreation; athletics and physical training

are regularly promoted. There are ample playgrounds and time is set apart each day for play—the playing of games, including, among others, football, cricket, baseball and hockey, which are everywhere popular. But these sports are better controlled than in America or England, and form a really valuable part of education, instead of being allowed to become, as so often with us, a substitute for education, sometimes a very evil substitute.

The Arya Samaj is active in social reforms. Its war against the evils of caste is strenuous and unremitting. It does not take the form, however, of endeavoring to do away with all caste. Rather it regards the institution as having a certain possible value as a regulator of social order. But the very terrible tyrannies and injustices which, in the course of ages have become associated with caste, it would destroy. It would do away with the idea that birth is the only door to caste, and thow open the very highest caste to merit no matter how lowly born.

As already intimated, the Arya Samaj has for one of its distinct aims the giving of a larger and higher life to woman. It not only seeks to promote the education of girls and young women, but it sweeps away such evils as child marriage and the social ostracism of widows.

Perhaps the most important of the social reform movements now inviting public attention in India, is that for the elevation of the so-called "depressed classes," or "untouchables," or outcasts, those large sections of the population that are below all caste. There are not fewer than forty millions of these, and their condition is pitiable beyond words. There is an organized movement rapidly extending over the whole land to lift those people out of their degradation by giving them schools and other advantages denied them in the past. In this movement the Arya Samaj is taking a very active interest, an interest only equalled by the Brahmo Samaj and the Christian churches. Eight or nine years ago the Arya Samaj fell for a time under suspicion as being political in its aim and disloyal to the British Government, the suspicion even going so far as to cause the arrest and temporary deportation of Mr. Sajpat Rai. But thorough investigation on the part of the government showed that the suspicion was without foundation, and Mr. Rai was fully exonerated. The cause of the distrust was really very honorable to the Arya Samaj. That cause was the fine spirit of vigor, self-reliance and independence which is everywhere fostered in the schools and in all religious organizations of the body. Because the Samaj was everywhere teaching its children and young people to think for themselves, to stand on their own feet, to love India and to be loyal to her civilization, her religion and her ideals, some short-sighted government officials took alarm. But the alarm has passed by, and it is now recognized that Indians may be thoroughly loyal to India and still be loyal to the British-Indian Empire.

Unquestionably there is a great political awakening in India, a widespread and ever-deepening demand on the part of the people for greater liberty, more of self-rule, and enlarged political privileges of various kinds. That demand will not slacken. The spirit of independence in the Arya Samaj no doubt tends indirectly to foster it. Indeed, Mr. Rai and other prominent Aryas are active political leaders. But their aim is not severance from the British government, but local self-rule like that of Canada and Australia, under the British Government.

This book of Mr. Rai should do an important work in England in letting the English people know the full truth regarding the political attitude as well as the spiritual faith and ideals of the Arya Samaj. The book should also render a real service to us in America by putting us in touch with a religious movement which is of great significance in the East, and which at the same time possesses much in common with Liberal Christianity in our own lands.

J. T. Sunderland, D. D.

THE PRAYER OF JOHN MUIR

Let me sleep among the shadows of the mountain when I die,
In the murmur of the pines and sliding streams,
Where the long day loiters by
Like a cloud across the sky,
And the night is calm and musical with dreams.

Lay me down within a canyon of the mountains, far away,
In a valley filled with dim and rosy light;
Let me hear the streams at play
Through the vivid, golden day,
And a voice of many waters in the night.

Let me lie where glinting rivers ramble down the slanting glade
Under bending alders garrulous and cool,
Where the sycamores have made
Leafy shrines of shifting shade,
Tremulous above the ferned and pebbled pool.

I have loved the lordly eagle far aloft against the skies
And his shadow trailing through the pines below,
And I love the filmy dyes
Of the darting dragon-flies
Skimming, swift as light, the river's foaming flow.

Now I draw my dreams about me and I leave the darkling plain
Where the soul forgets to soar and learns to plod.
I will go back home again
To the kingdoms of the rain
Where I shall be nearer heaven, nearer God.

Where the rose of dawn comes earliest across the miles of mist,
Boon-fellow of the stardawn and sunrise,
I shall keep a lover's tryst
With the gold and amethyst,
With the stars for my companions in the skies.

—*Odell Shepard.*

Book News Monthly.

One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hen's nests. The sudden cackling of a faithful old hen we shall never hear without the old wish to seek and bring in the trophy.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"The Collapse of Religion?"

The "collapse of Religion" has startled the pious, the reverent and the believing. Mankind has dishonored every great religion, Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. The nations are blaspheming. They pray to God for more power to kill. They worship not God, but the war-gods of power. Religion has proven its powerlessness to prevent or to stop the hate and fury, the blindness and madness of men.

Not only Religion has failed; Education and Science have been as powerless. The insensate madness of war has overturned the minds and unbalanced the reason of the pious, the educated and the learned. Preachers of religion and philosophers, poets and artists, the thinkers and the learned bombard one another with verbal cannonade of fury and hate. Christianity has failed among the "Christian nations;" but it signifies no triumph of Judaism, except for the revelation, in all its nakedness, of the futility of meekness and submission, of resignation and nonresistance. The teachings of religion are vanity of vanities. Vanity of vanities are Love and Gentleness, Mercy and Humaneness, Brotherhood and Justice. "This is the grand defeat of all of us Utopians."

Let us be driven not to despair, but to searching inquiry. What are the fundamentals of human society? Are there no ethical obligations of man to man, and nation to nation? Have the commandments been repealed? Shall a modern Moses, beholding the faithless nations serving the golden calf and the gods of war and force, hurl down the mountain-side and break to pieces the Tables of Stone because the faithless nations are unworthy to receive the Law? What is the goal of the human race? Is it power and world mastery, dominion and world-domination, or is it justice and freedom and human happiness for the millions of men?

Never has it been more clear that the world cannot be guided by the doctrine of might nor be ruled by the force of arms. Never has it been more clear that Love and not hate, Justice and not injustice, Humanity and not inhumanity, Human Brotherhood, and not the conflict of races and nations and religions are the foundation-stones of a true civilization.

The modern world speaks bold challenge to Religion. Modern life does not proclaim that Religion has reality and power. The fearful death-grapple of nations and races has driven home the unreality and the non-acceptance of religious teachings and principles. Religion seems to have failed. It has not gripped human hearts and minds. Man has failed—he has not gripped the ideals and the spirit of religion. Religions historically have been the moral guides and teachers of mankind. All the more startling their failure, after these many, many centuries. How manifest the moral shortcomings of the race! Are Business and Industry and Politics inspired and guided and ruled by religious ideals and principles? Do they not ignore Christianity, Judaism and all Religion? Love and Justice and Brotherhood have not gripped the conscience of mankind. Behold poverty and want, crime and vice, immorality and inhumanity, in the heart of the civilized world.

We, the teachers and the champions of the ideal, dare not surrender faith nor lose courage, even in this hour, when ideal is mocked in laughter and dragged through the mire and drenched with human blood. We believe in the reality of Religion. We shall not cease to labor to reunite Life with Religion that once again Religion may inspire and consecrate human feeling and thought and conduct.

America awaits consecrated leaders, and Israel inspired prophets. The "perfect ideal of Religion," the Religion of Justice, Mercy and Humility must be made real and be applied to the problems of our generation and country—to quicken conscience, to awaken moral passion and to kindle in men and women the holy enthusiasm to live nobly. Rabbis may teach and inspire, but Israel must activize the power and vitalize the life of the Temple.

Steadfast in our faith in the eternal truth of Judaism, conscious of the true nobility of Jewish life and of Jewish history, let us, with the resistless power of human hearts enkindled, and of souls aflame with Truth, teach and preach our Judaism to the Jews of America and to the world.

May we be illumined with vision, to perceive with clearness the final goal, and endowed with wisdom, to choose with foresight the present path, and inspired with prophetic power, to proclaim the truths, principles and ideals, which like the eternal stars have guided Israel, through the centuries.—*Reform Advocate. From the President's Address, Rabbi Moses J. Gries, Cleveland, Ohio, before the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Charlevoix, Mich., June 29,* 1915.

A FAILURE.

They say he has done little; failure stamps
Its mark on that bent form, that shabby coat,
The twine-sowed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl
He winds, in winter, round his wrinkled throat.

We do not count the trifling, kindly deeds
To which through all the years those hands have turned,
Nor deem it a success that over weak
And feeblest forms of nature his heart yearned.

We smile to see him feed the worn-out horse
That worked for him, but now can work no more;
And that the swallow might not miss her nest
He carved an entrance through the old barn-door.

We deem it folly that a blind, deaf dog
Rests on the braided mat beside his hearth,
Sharing his daily meals of meat, of milk
Because of some long-past remembered worth.

And even when the winter, with its sleet,
Its ice-bound streams, its blinding tempest, comes,
The storm-tossed bird will seek his unkept home,
Sure, here, of grain, of meat, of scattered crumbs.

We know that never wife has clasped his hand,
Nor child of his been dandled on his knee;
And yet each child who greets his halting step
Has some small gift to keep in memory.

The willow whistle, or the birch-bark belt,
The peach-stone basket, or the gray-green chair,
Woven of brook-side rushes, and the ring,
Or wee girl's bracelet, from her own fair hair.

If but our eyes could see with clearer view,
Unblinded each bare heart and purpose scan,
Then might we as success or failure gage,
In verity, the measure of a man.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

IV.

My dear Friend:—

Do you remember what a time mother and I had this spring deciding on a place to spend the summer in? When I telephoned that we were thinking of Tower Hill, you said it was "the very place." We are finding it all we hoped for and more. It is so different from the usual run of summer resorts. This primitive, simple life gives all the peace and quiet necessary to a complete rest with just enough of interest to break the monotony. We have been here four weeks and hope to stay as many more. Doesn't that speak well for its charms?

The hills of this region are rough and rugged. From a distance, they have the effect of mountains. There is a bluish or purplish haze about them. Tower Hill is covered with many beautiful flowers, ferns and trees. From the porch, where we are writing letters, there is a glorious view. The cottage is built on the side slope of the hill and the porch is on high "stilts," so to speak. A tall pine tree rises in the foreground. Behind it is the river with its green banks and sandy shoals. In the extreme distance are those mountain-like hills and the sky. When the sun sets behind the hills the view resembles a Japanese print. After the nerve-racking noises of city life, it is good to rest here in the peaceful and health-giving presence of the pines—"far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife." A book, a little sewing, a quiet walk at sunset—how pleasantly and profitably the days pass by!

We are not idlers at Tower Hill. Everyone has some work to do. In the evenings, when we gather in the library or pavilion to hear Mr. Jones read, the young women crochet, knit or do plain sewing. It makes a pretty, home-like group. One night this week Mr. Jones was so impressed by the industry of his listeners that he told the story of the old negro who prayed that the Lord might make the intemperate temperate and the industrious "dustrious." This week the readings were dialect poems and a story of life in the trenches.

Our lessons in bible study have dealt with the gospels. If you read the lessons in UNITY you will get an idea of the work Mr. Jones is giving us. He is leading us to see the human and personal side of the Christ as well as the abstract truths and teachings. We see him as a "lover of outdoors" and "friend of little children"—the great teacher who made use of parables. Mr. Jones spoke particularly of the parables of the "Good Samaritan," "Prodigal Son," "Sower" and "Rich Man and Lazarus." He cited Lincoln and Tolstoy as the two more modern users of the parable form of teaching.

Every afternoon at 4:30 or 5 o'clock our pine tree is full of birds ready for their evening meal. Of them all, the tanager is by far the most brilliant with its vivid red body and black wings. With Miss Howe's help, we are learning to identify the birds on the Hill though the great variety of sparrows is still confusing. This is a rich field for nature study. Miss Howe is opening our eyes to its many beauties. She followed a lesson on the trees of this region with an evening talk on the Yosemite Valley and great trees of California.

Of course, we are all looking forward to the Woman's Congress which meets here August 13-15, for it promises to be a most interesting event. However, I am sure nothing could be more profitable nor recreative than these long, sweet, summer days passed in the solitude of the pines for

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes:

* * * *

I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

One need never be lonely here for there is a library of several hundred volumes ranging from light fiction to the greatest poets and philosophers. During the rainy days of this week, we were quite contented with our books.

Hoping that you, too, may spend a summer at Tower Hill, I am,

Faithfully yours,

M. M.

Tower Hill, Aug. 7, 1915.

SECOND CLEAN TOWN CONTEST IN UTAH.

The Clean Town Contest of Utah is a study in the growth of an idea. Early in 1914 J. M. Kirkham, secretary of the Utah Development League and editor of the *Utah Farmer*, chanced to read in a Texas newspaper, an account of a clean town contest which was then being conducted by the newspapers of that state Struck with the feasibility of applying the idea to Utah, he worked through the commercial clubs of the state, the governor, and the state Board of Health. As a result, Utah, in 1914, conducted the first clean town contest ever held in this country under the auspices of a state bureau.

So remarkable were the results last year that the contest is being repeated this year by the state Board of Health, the Utah Development League co-operating. The manner of conducting the contest and the mode of scoring will be essentially the same this year as last, so a brief review of last year's event will show the general value of the movement.

The contest started about the middle of March. Each town organized a committee of citizens who outlined and directed its campaign. Provo, a town of 10,000 population, selected a committee of fifty. A captain for each of the 250 city blocks was also appointed. By a centrally chosen street the town was divided into two competing sections. From the citizens of each section a doctor and layman were chosen, constituting a committee of four judges.

When a resident finished cleaning up he notified the judges that his premises were ready for inspection. The judges scored his premises on a possible basis of 90 points. If he scored 75 points he was given a red or blue button according to whether he belonged to the red or blue army. The army receiving the greater number of buttons prevailed. In Lehi a prize of $25 was given the winning side. This local competition was the stimulant to prepare the town against competing towns.

The same system of scoring as was used locally was employed by the state-wide judges in scoring the towns in the final contest, excepting that five points were reserved, for sanitation of school-houses and other public buildings and five points for vacant lots, making the highest possible score for a town, as a whole, 100 points.

The state judges began scoring the towns on August 15, before which date all preparations for the contest ceased. The three judges, one of whom was J. H. Wallis, former state food and dairy commissioner of Idaho, were paid for their services out of the funds of the

state Health Department. The judges were busy scoring from August 15 until the first week in November.

Of the possible 100 points, 15 were devoted to sewage, 15 to stables and carrols, 10 to garbage disposal, 10 to water supply, 5 to public buildings, 5 to the marketing of food, 5 to the presence of flies (or better, the absence of them), 5 to house sanitation. To the æsthetic, as distinguished from the sanitary aspect of the scoring, the remaining points were devoted, namely, to the condition of streets, parks and alleys; towns and flower-gardens, vacant lots, and fences.

The towns fell in six classes, from A to F inclusive, depending on the population. Salt Lake and Ogden alone constituted class A. Manti, a town of between 1,500 and 2,500 population (Class D) received the highest score, although there was a prize for the leading town in each class.

T. B. Beatty, M. D., secretary of the state Board of Health, states that the campaign reduced the death rate throughout the state.—*"The Survey."*

HOW TO SUCCEED.

(Follow These Rules Faithfully and the World Will Be Yours.)

Become a college graduate. The acquaintances you make and the standing you get are absolutely necessary.

Don't waste time on college, which ruins every boy's capacity for work. The three R.'s are the only things necessary.

Take the first job that's offered you, no matter what it is. Experience, no matter what it is, will be your biggest asset.

Respect yourself and don't take the first thing that offers. What you value yourself at is what the world values you at.

Save your money.

It takes nerve to blow in all your cash. But that is the policy, with brains back of it, that produces the biggest results.

Never borrow.

Be a big borrower. That's the way you make others work for you.

Remember, a good wife will do more to make you than any other factor.

Don't marry. The extravagance of women is the curse of the nation.

—*"Life."*

MISS KATYDID

Miss Katydid keep bringin'
De news right to de do',
Industriously singin'
'Bout frost in six weeks mo'.
Oh, Miss Katydid!
A hollerin' all de night,
When you cuts loose to tell de news
I hopes you tells it right!

Never min' de 'lection!
Never min' de fights!
We looks in de direction
Of dem cool September nights.
Oh, Miss Katydid,
We 'tends to what you say,
An' hopes to find you an' de kind
Dat takes it back nex' day.

—*Philander Johnson.*
Washington Star.

TO A KATYDID

Sprite, in your leafy covert hid,
'Twixt your "didn't" and your "did,"
Simple folk are quite in doubt
What your talk is all about.

"Did" and "didn't"! That's a clear
Contradiction, Katie, dear;
One would think you scarcely knew
Any odds between the two.

"Did?" But what? And where? And when?
"Didn't"! There you go again!
Such a slippery little chit!
After all, what matters it?

Who—do you imagine—cares,
Katie, for your small affairs?
Hold your peace; and, for the rest,
We'll concede you did your best.

If you didn't, more's the shame;
If you did, then where's the blame?
So give o'er; you won't be chid,
Though you didn't or you did.

Only—your own counsel keep,
Letting honest people sleep;
If you did, then be it so;
If you didn't, let it go!

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

O earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed lightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them; a Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

—*Richard Realf.*

TWO RIDDLES

Some one comes in our front door—
Makes things awful glad!
Stamps his feet upon the floor,
Gives a bear hug and a roar.
'Tisn't Santa, yet he brings
Pockets full of pleasant things.
Guess!
Sounds exactly like our Dad!
Yes!

There is something very bright
Lights up every place;
Makes you not afraid at night;
Makes you always feel just right.
Not the moon, and not the sun;
Not the lamps when day is done
Guess!
Can't fool me—that's Mother's face!
Yes!

—*Helen Coale Crew.*
California Christian Advocate.

WORDS.

The word that makes me lonesomest
Of all the words I know
Is "moor." It makes me think of night
And weeds bent down with snow,
And low, dark clouds that do not hold
A single star for light,
And not a sound that you can hear
But winds that cry all night.

A very comfortable word
Is "plenty,"—it's so round
And fat and full and pantry-ish;
It has a golden sound.
It makes me think of cookie-jars,
And fields of yellow wheat,
And loaded vans, and market-days,
And all things good to eat.

The word that sounds the happiest
Is "jingle," I should say.
It *is* a rather thinnish word,
But still it 's very gay.
I think it is a children's word,
It is n't meant for age;
It always seems to shout at me
From out a printed page.

But oh, the sweetest word I know,—
The very coziest,—
Is "soft." Just whisper it and see
If *you* don't love it best!
A quiet, cuddly, snuggly word
That makes you want to creep
Up to the lounge in mother's room
And be sung off to sleep.

—*Marian Kent Hurd.*
In St. Nicholas.

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UNITY

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August Wind

The sharp wind cut a pathway through the cloud,
And left a track of faintly shining blue;
The nun-like poplars swayed and bowed,
And low the swallows flew!

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,
And blurred the brightness of the golden-rod;
The ripening milk-weed bent, and sowed
Winged seeds at every nod;

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,
Then flung her branches on the streaming air;
The brittle oak-leaves dry, and brown,
Rustled with break and tear!

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread;
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,
Quick as it came the gust had fled,
And all the fields were still.

—*Margaret Deland*

In "The Old Garden"

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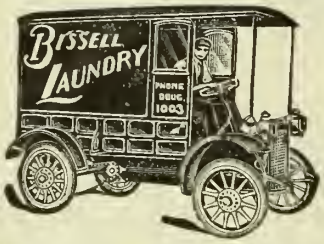

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915. Number 26.

UNDAUNTED

Shall I be hurt of *life,* when I myself
Am Soul and Spirit of a larger Life
Which cannot know extinction or defeat?

The thrust of little days, hurt how they will
Leave me unharmed and haply unafraid
To move serenely on and faithfully
Assume my place upon the distant hills
Which bend to me and listen for my feet.

I loiter for a pleasure or a pain—
Perhaps in doing so I recognize
The sacred ground I traverse day by day.

—*Harriet Lake-Burch.*

Perhaps no people in all the distracted territories of Europe are more alive to the tremendous struggle, more interested in the outcome, more heroic in their endurance, than the Poles, and still Poland was dismembered, carved off the map over a hundred years ago. Russia, Prussia, Austria greedily devoured the spoils, but the militant Victors were not equal to the assimilation of live people. It is one more of many illustrations that no nation endowed with vitality, enriched by traditions or language, can be annihilated by the sword; and on the other hand, no nation wanting ideals and the complement of vigor and individuality that goes with such, can triumph permanently over their psychic superiors. Witness the stories of Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and, more conspicuously than all these, the Greeks and the Jews, the two most regnant powers in western civilization today. *Free Poland* is the title of a live semi-monthly, thirty-page magazine, profusely illustrated, published in Chicago, bristling with hope and patriotism. A recent issue speaks of Poland as "the land of romance," and contrasts it with Scotland in the following suggestive fashion:

> There is always the touch of romance in any thought of Poland. It is the appealing, pathetic romance. Poland, like Scotland, is a vanished land of romance. But Scotland is sturdy, vital, masculine; moreover, she has dominated to such an extent the country which annexed her that conquest is turned into conquering. Poland is gentle, sad, feminine; and Poland has been extinguished by those who made the Partition. Yet, while Scotland, forever free, will never again be independent, Poland, dependent and downcast for more than a century, has now its possible opportunity to become free.

"The Grangers' Picnic" in Pennsylvania has come to be a term of wide connotation and unusual interest. The following description of it, taken from a private letter to the Editor, will interest the Unity constituency. Through the combination of service on the part of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the Editor of Unity is to give a peace address here on September 1st, and there is a possibility of dates being made at other points along this route:

> The Grangers' Picnic years ago started as a one-day picnic for the rural people of the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania, which is a thickly settled district, and which valley is the scene of historic actions of the Battle of Gettysburg. Each year it grew in size and prominence until at this time the Grangers' Picnic, so-called, covers a full week and it is today the best machinery exhibit in the United States. People come from all central Pennsylvania and from Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey to attend this unusual celebration. It has become one of the favorite spots in Pennsylvania for politicians to launch their campaigns, and both Governor Brumbaugh and President Wilson started their Pennsylvania campaigns at this point. They have a large auditorium on the grounds, and from its platform many of the most prominent lecturers of America have spoken. From this rough outline you will understand that this is not a one-day picnic arranged affair, but it is in truth a great Chautauqua Movement, at which many public questions are discussed, and which affords an opportunity for the people of that rural section to gather together for their own edification and uplift.

The Bulletin issued by the Publicity Department of the San Francisco Exposition gives some cheering figures. Up to the first of August the turnstile reported an entrance of nine million three hundred and fifty thousand persons. The income from admissions from February 20th to July 11th amounted to over a million and a half dollars. The gross income reaching considerably over three millions. It is interesting to think of thousands of Americans that are crossing the Rockies for the first time. How can they adequately realize the pathos and the poetry of the "Pathfinders" who sixty years ago were making the painful journey with oxen and mules, or, if they could afford the luxury, horses. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" is a good guide-book.

Now that a few individuals have been indicted for manslaughter on account of the Eastland disaster, there is danger that the complacent conscience of the corporate American will be comforted. These unfortunate accused are as much the victims of a greedy and thoughtless commercialism as those who have found a watery death. The greed for profits, the sharp competition for trade, not only brought this disaster, but is bargaining for like disasters on countless other ships and in many ways. The final guilty man has not yet been indicted; indeed the greatest culprit is the corporate man, the lax government, the vicious political system that makes inspectors out of politicians and colors their decisions with political anxieties and ambitions.

The Neutrality of Unity

UNITY tries to stand for liberality in religion, not because it is without convictions but because it would respect the opinions of others even as it does its own. It is non-partisan in politics not because it is indifferent to political issues, but because it realizes that the truth held by each of the parties is menaced by the dogmatism of its friends and the corruption of its supporters more than by any honest opposition or vigorous denial by its enemies.

And so in regard to the terrible antagonisms, the bitter hatreds and the wicked slaughtering now being carried on by five or more of the great world powers in Europe, we believe that all of them are victims of their own narrow patriotism, of their selfish statecraft, of a pernicious philosophy born out of national conceit and the prejudices that mask under the name of patriotism. We believe that they are all victims of the accursed fallacy, now receiving mountainous demonstration, that preparedness for war is the condition of peace, the delusion none the less lamentable because sincerely held. We believe that the roots of this war reach way back and down deep behind and below any secondary or immediate causes.

On the other hand we believe that all these Powers have creamed their constituency in order to fill their trenches and to feed the enemies' cannon. Valor, enthusiasm, unmeasured sacrifice and unparalleled devotion have been mobilized under every flag in the field, and this is not only true of the rank and file, but of those who carry the sword as well as those who handle the musket and the bayonet, even in the high councils of the nations, the much abused "War Lords" themselves. The crowns of King, Kaiser and Czar are resting upon uneasy heads today. And the owners thereof are objects of pity more than of hatred. They are most cruelly betrayed by their own convictions and by the wretched inheritance that impaled them at birth and doomed them to this grim domination.

UNITY will gladly try to reflect every ray of hope, will report every deed of kindness, will await every triumph of the "better angels" of all these peoples but we care not to denounce or to enflame the bitterness, the national hatreds and the political abuse visited largely upon unmeriting individuals. From Petrograd to Berlin, from London to Constantinople, from Paris to Vienna, from the land of the Irish to the home of the Poles, from the arrogant crowned heads to the betrayed humilated and down-trodden Jew of Galicia it is poor human nature climbing out of its brutal inheritance, in the travail of the new birth. These nations and peoples are caught in the psychic and physical agony of shedding their horns, dropping their claws, and transforming fangs into truth speaking and love growing tongues.

We cannot take sides in this wicked war because we sympathize too profoundly and love too sincerely all parties concerned.

We are taught of history as well as philosophy and experience to honor *all* the flags, of *all* the nations involved, from the wealth of their history, the priceless resources today and the unmeasured hopes they represent. But beyond any flag or all flags, our own Stars and Stripes included, we love most the White Border that should rim all of them, for

"Above All Nations is Humanity."

A Gruesome Harvest from Vicious Sowing

The fiendish culmination of the long suffering Leo Frank case is another black disgrace to Georgia, a horrible symptom of the demoralization and degeneracy of the South. So flagrant an insult to law and order, so pitiable a revelation of the weakness of government, town, county and state, such an alarming revelation of the low ideals ever potent just beneath the surface of would-be organized communities and civilized society, is no sporadic manifestation of incidental or accidental life. This was the act of no mob, swayed by momentary passion or inflamed by the sight of blood. It was a premeditated, deliberate, sagacious plotting of men acting under a vicious philosophy, and counting, we fear not without reason, on the moral backing of a great number of less demonstrative people.

The newspapers call it a manifestation of the *vendetta* spirit and method, borrowing a foreign name to represent what by implication was alien to American methods and power? But this is not just to the Italians or to Italy and is a delusive opiate to Georgian conscience. Such dastardly indignities are the poisonous fruit of slow growing trees. This is only the latest fruits of slavery, rebellion, Ku Klux and lynchings innumerable. It indicates a dangerous distrust of courts, laws, the guardians of public safety. So far as there is an anti-Jewish wickedness back of this it is but the twin child of the anti-African feeling, when ripened into brutal justification of mobs and lynchings. Both would indicate an insanity degenerated into depravity.

Shame! shame! shame oh, Georgia! Oh, people of the South! Repent! Reform! Reread your Bibles, rehear again the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, and try to bring the surrender of Appomatox down to date. This surrender was only the abandonment of the false and treacherous road of rebellion, defiance to constitution and laws and a recommitment and a re-consecration to liberty and justice. And liberty never goes hand in hand with license. Law is never advanced by violence. What is shot-gun morality in Georgia is dreadnaught and submarine morality in Europe, and all the long way from the one to the other is bad, foolish, wicked,—so far as the word has any rational connotation, devilish!

A Dedication Address

The following address was given by Mrs. Abbie Helms of Janesville on the occasion of the dedication of the Janesville All Souls' Dormitory for children at the Lincoln Centre Farm on Clear Lake, near Milton Junction, Wis., August 8th, 1915.

Dear friends, and especially the members of All Souls' Society: Please forgive me if I touch the personal note and ask you to go back with me many years, so many that we like to forget the number, to the time when a little freckle-faced girl first went to "All Souls' Sunday school." She went not in response to a chance emotion but because of a firm conviction that the Sunday school she had been attending with its chants and apostles' creed had altogether too much to say about God and not enough to say about folks. But she found that the society to which she had firmly annexed herself was very "folksy" indeed.

They had a lot more to say in their songs and lessons and stories, about speaking the truth, leading pure lives and the duty to one's neighbor than they did about getting to heaven.

The Scripture lessons were all about those "old heroes" who had a tussle with life and left things brighter and better for their having lived.

And the especially good times arranged for the Sunday school, the Flower Sundays, the Harvest Festivals, the Easter and Christmas exercises, all had their little lesson of good cheer and helpfulness wrought into them.

Indeed, the society of All Souls' Church during its whole history stood for the progress and advancement of the whole community. Did any lecturer come with a message of enlightenment, a little in advance of the present day thought, he sought out the pastor of All Souls, sure of encouragement and help from the society.

Here Collyer told his rugged story before he became popular.

Here Alcott came on his trip west and found sympathetic listeners to his transcendental philosophies. Many women speakers were welcomed to the platform when their presence at such places was considered very unladylike. Such innovations as having band music at church service and inviting the G. A. R. for Memorial Day meeting was first instituted by this society and was considered almost demoralizing in its tendencies.

But it was in relation to the children that All Souls had its tenderest interest. It was the first organization in Janesville to institute a public kindergarten, the equipment for which was donated by a member of the society for that purpose. Money was always forthcoming for the Christmas treat, the picnic fund or books for the library when needed for the children.

So it is quite fitting that the present undertaking, the little memorial from the past "All Souls" to the future children of all those souls who need it, should take this form of a means toward a clean, wholesome life for the children.

Those who helped us in times past by their guidance and counsel, help us today by their unseen presence.

This enterprise, small as it is, would have had their unqualified support if they had been here to help it along.

I say advisedly they, because as we call the roster of old All Souls only a small number answer the roll call. The great majority of the All Souls' society are over yonder and can help us only by the sweet and tender memories they have left behind. We call the names over softly one by one and recall the faces they bring to our mind's eye and realize as we can all they did for human betterment or all they tried to do. It may be, that it is especially fitting that the freckled-faced child, should try in her poor way to express her thanks for all the help that "All Souls" had given in times past to the children in the hope that the present opportunity may help the children of the future. There are few left of the old All Souls' society except the children or the grandchildren of its members.

They are scattered here and there about the country, better and richer, we are sure, for the teachings they heard at the little church around the corner. And it is for me as one of them to voice their greeting from the children of the past to the children of the future. May this building, dedicated as a temple of clean, wholesome child life, be a constant reminder of those who believed in clean living as an aid to right thinking, and may the children thus helped form a new school of humanity whose limits are not bounded by any church or creed but is literally and truly "All Souls."

And the father of this project, who helped to formulate so many of the principles of the old All Souls' children, can take the new flock under his fatherly care and guidance and in their appreciation and love find that interest in childhood which keeps him so periennially young.

May these buildings and All Souls' cottage be only the nucleus of a project so extensive that it can in the time to come take in every child who needs its wholesome influence. And may the great heart of human kindness be so touched as to appreciate this great need and assist in the work. And so, trustees of Clear Lake Farm, we give into your guardianship this little memorial of the All Souls" Society of Janesville. May it help many, very many, of the little folks to get near to nature's heart and so nearer the great tender heart of humanity.

Mr. Jones accepted the gift in behalf of the directors of the Clear Lake Farm, saying that the cottage should be a shelter for all the children who needed it, without reference to creed or religion. That a little flock of the children had gone that morning under proper chaperones to worship at the Catholic church at Milton, and others would have gone to a Jewish synagogue if there had been one available. The cottage, which bears the name of "All Souls, Janesville," above its door, is an airy, roomy building of about 20x50 feet in dimensions, with screened sides and shutters that open up to the ceiling down its entire length. It is beautifully airy and cool and is an ideal sleeping room with its rows of iron cots with their neat gray blankets and comfortable pillows.

It is flanked by another dormitory of equal size, given by other donations of friends. Rev. Jones stated that with the equipment they then had they could take care of 100 children at a time if they had more sleeping accommodations, and that the present need was three more dormitories for next year, there are two now, as the children were so comfortable and easily taken care of by this means.

YET AM I NOT FOR PITY?

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings—nor the chiselled snow
Of statues; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthralls.
But oh, to gaze in a long tranced delight
On Venice rising from the purple sea!
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely height
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstasy!
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale!

Yet am I not for pity? This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvelous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids;
And thro' the incense of this holy air
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

—*Ella Higginson.*

When the Birds Go North Again.

"Just remember that when God wishes to make an oak he takes one hundred years, and when he wishes to make a squash he takes six weeks."

The Big Annual Sunday at Lincoln Centre Farm

Noah's record for a rainy season has been beaten to a finish by the summer of 1915. The traditional forty days of continuous dampness have been, in the Mississippi Valley at least, doubled and more; and picnics, flag-raisings and other out-of-door occasions have been very "chancy" affairs, with waterproofs and gums necessarily handy. Twenty-four hours of steady sunshine have been almost unheard of for the last three months.

But Sunday, August 8, the great day of the year at the Lincoln Centre Camp at Clear Lake, Wisconsin, was simply a perfect summer day—and all day. Some of our party took the four hours' trip up there in the morning from Chicago and the same trip home in the evening, and felt well paid for doing so.

Clear Lake, a gem of beauty in its setting of woods and hills, its stretch of clean beach and its tranquil bosom, jeweled with the exquisite pearl and gold of myriads of pond lilies, is a joy in itself on a beautiful sunshiny day. Clear Lake, plus the Lincoln Centre Farm and its far reaching activities, is something that needs a word of deeper, richer meaning than joy to fairly express it. It is something much bigger than a temporary camping place for a few score city-bound children. To be sure, the forty dear little girls who are enjoying their turn at the camp were the center of attraction in their tidy Sunday clothes, with their evident joy and pride in the place and their responsibility to some extent as little hostesses. But equally impressive was the crowd of good folks, certainly over five hundred of them, who came in from all directions and almost all distances, and on all kinds of vehicles, from bicycles and horses to railroad trains; who walked all round the place under the beautiful old trees, inspecting the comfortable farm house with its new model barn, housing several fine guernsey cows; the new windmill, the big vegetable garden and the swelling fields of alfalfa and grain; admiring the big dining-room, its piano at one end and chimney corner at the other, and its cheerful guest-rooms above looking into the spotless dormitories with nothing between their occupants and God's out-of-doors except screening, though equipped with easily manipulated shutters in case of storm. And somehow all these guests appeared to take a personal interest in everything, suggestive of a wide community of helpfulness toward "our camp." Indeed, one felt that the whole country side must have had a hand in the wonderfully wise and artistic development of this scheme, when remarks like this were dropped. "There is old Uncle Rose, the man that planted most of these beautiful trees and after whom we have named our dining-hall 'Rose Inn'!" "Over there is a bunch of Janesville folks who have put up one of those pretty dormitories in memory of the days, over thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Jones was their pastor." "That lady and her brother have furnished and put in place rods and rods of the finest kind of fencing and gates." "Another, the son of one of Mr. Jones' Janesville most substantial supporters, sent cot beds enough to furnish all the sleeping quarters." "These friends have been riding over from a near town almost daily since the camp opened, bringing bacon and hams, maple sugar and vegetables." "This friend has sent several checks that have come in mighty handy," and "That big chap over there with the goggles has just poured out valuable time and expert knowledge in the wise expenditure of his own and other people's money in perfecting this place." "There is the woman who made the first suggestion," and "There is the woman with her husband who made the first subscription to secure the land." "Almost every minister and priest in the neighborhood is here today joining heartily in good wishes for the success of the Lincoln Centre Camp."

Catching these things one's thoughts were naturally carried to the group of men and women who are quietly caring for these children and running things behind the scenes, and to that other group who were not there, but who in the hustle and din of the big city below, with unfailing faithfulness have administered the affairs of the camp from its inception. And so the secret of the success of the Lincoln Centre Camp is no longer a secret but a simple effect of wholesome and vital causes.

After dinner—mostly produced from bulky baskets and spread on choice spots along the lake shore—came the great event of the day. All available seats were brought out under the shade of the trees and the rest of the audience found resting places upon the ground. The children gathered in the porch of Rose Inn and by their hearty singing added much to the service. In this they were supplemented by the kindly services of Professor Stringer of Milton College.

In opening the meeting Mr. Jones said in part:

"I am here to welcome you to this beautiful day after days of rain and cloud. I am here to welcome you to this beautiful place so far away from the business struggle, the turmoil and terror of the world. I am here to welcome you in the name of this community, flanked as I am with great pride and comfort by these brother ministers, who are here all the year round, working in the interest of the higher life. I am here to welcome you on behalf of my new parish with whom I have worked forty years or more in Chicago. It is very gratifying to have these newer workers shake hands with my older friends and parishioners of years ago. But most of all, I am here to welcome you in the name of these children who have come into the sunlight, who have come into the open air and the fresh water, out of the smoke and grime of the big city."

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Jordan, pastor of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, and then followed an address on Patriotism by the Hon. C. B. Rogers of Fort Atkinson. The speaker made very clear the distinction between the old idea of patriotism which demanded that we should hate everybody who did not belong to our nation, and the new conception of patriotism which makes the love of humanity first and the love of country second, recognizing that all creation are the children of one Father. He also emphasized the wickedness and futility of war, declaring that war can no more settle questions of right and wrong than could dueling in the old days.

Mr. Jones here spoke a word of appreciation of the many benefactions and services which have made possible the Camp as it stands today in its completeness and efficiency. He said: "The land has been secured, the buildings built and furnished, everything has been done through the personal contributions of those who

believed in this scheme. This stream of good will that has flowed so freely and graciously, found no addition that pleased me more, or went farther back in my life, than the contribution that came from the remnants of the old parish of All Souls Church of Janesville, over which I presided some ten odd years. Yonder pretty dormitory is the gift of that society and the Helms family is going to tell us about it."

So, first Mr. Walter Helms, and then his wife Abbie, spoke a word for the old church, recalling long past days when the parish knew Mr. Jones as its pastor, and Mrs. Helms brought a special greeting to the children of the future from the children of the past in these words, which this reporter would be glad to summarize were it not for the hope that Mrs. Helms' address will be printed in another column, if need be in another issue, of UNITY:

May this building, dedicated as a temple of clean, wholesome child life, be a constant reminder of those who believed in clean living as an aid to clean thinking. May these buildings and All Souls Cottage be the nucleus of a project so extensive that it may take in all the children who need its wholesome influence. To the trustees of the Clear Lake Farm I will say, we give into your guardianship this little memorial of the All Souls Church of Janesville. May it help many children to get near to nature's heart and so, near to the great tender heart of humanity.

Voicing the thanks of the Trustees, Mr. Jones pledged his word that the donation would be maintained in the spirit of the name it bears, and added, "This little dormitory contains twenty snug cots. We pledge those to cleanliness, to graciousness, to hospitality. No creed word, I believe, and I hope that no race word will ever be established at the door of that little cottage which through these spoken words is from henceforth dedicated to the service of city-sick children, city-thwarted children, who for two weeks in the year, at least, may know what pure air and clean water and out-of-door freedom mean."

"Above All Nations is Humanity."

Taking as a text this great saying of Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. Jones delivered a strong plea for peace. Its quotable sentences, crisp and vital, might very profitably be repeated at length, but the readers of UNITY have opportunities of knowing right well where its editor stands on this never-to-be over-emphasized subject, so we will pass along to the remainder of the program.

In closing these services the children sang "Angel of Peace." The throng has now accumulated into an audience that spread far out beyond the shade and meager seating. Seventy automobiles and forty "rigs" were counted. The speaker, to the disappointment of the many people who were willing to stand, shortened his address so as to give the children a chance to do their part, offering a climax to Mr. Jones's address.

We were all invited to adjourn to the exquisite little headland extending into the water, where a beautiful flag, made more beautiful by its pure white border, was given to the breeze of this perfect Sunday afternoon. The little girls repeated in chorus Miss Jane Addams' splendid Civic Creed, as follows:

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are His children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States and we believe that our flag stands for self-sacrifice, for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country and to show our love for her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live for her and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women who shall rule over her.

The flag was then raised by Mr. Jones and floated gracefully out as it went up, after which the children stepped forward and with hands raised saluted the flag thus:

We pledge allegiance to our flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one indivisible; with liberty and justice for all.

And then sang the lines written by Mr. Jones when the white-bordered banner was first raised over the Abraham Lincoln Centre, ten years ago last Easter:

O the white bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the land and the seas, God's children to save.

Three patriotic quotations were given by children from the group and the youngsters closed their part of the program by singing a number of Camp songs with such vim that everybody caught the spirit of the old college tunes and tried to catch the words—and here they are when caught:

On Clear Lake Camp
The air is damp;
The camp-fire bright,
We light at night.
We love to play
Both night and day
And we never will forget
Dear Clear Lake Camp.

Clear Lake, Clear Lake—Clear Lake Camp,
Where we love to go
Boating, swimming, hayrack riding,
In the evening glow.
Hills and vales and wooded knolls—
Everything to charm;
We all have such stacks of fun
At Clear Lake Farm.

We'll honor yet the camp we know
The best camp of all,
The swimming and the boating and
The dinner call—
For working days and holidays,
For gay and melancholy days,
For great days and jolly days,
In the best camp of all.

Then we'll all sing:
Milton Junction,
Milton Junction,
Milton Junction,
Then we'll all sing
Milton Junction,
And the joys of dear Clear Lake Camp.

Then we'll all sing:
Go Chicago,
Go Chicago,
Go Chicago,
Then we'll all sing
Go Chicago—Lincoln Centre and Mr. Jones.

The Honorable Mr. L. B. Caswell of Fort Atkinson, for many years a member of Congress for that district, was introduced and said in part:

"Friends, I consider I have some rights here. Seventy-seven years ago, when I was a lad of ten, my people came into this country when there were only two settlers, one at Johnstown and another down on the bank of the river at a place called Janesville. My people came in west of here and made a claim reaching down to the bank of this lake. So I have some rights here, haven't I? And I am happy to dedicate them to so good a cause as these little children. There is no better cause. . . . .

"I am only too glad to look into your faces—all of your faces, old and young, and to think what a

happy people you are because of the circumstances that you live in America instead of across the water amongst those poor people who are doing all they can to destroy each other. The whole idea of war and of militancy has no place in this country which is organized and carried on on the theory of peace and good will to all men."

Mr. W. D. James of Fort Atkinson, one of the Trustees of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Farm, who has been in charge of placing and erecting most of the buildings at Clear Lake, responded to a call by inviting all present to inspect the whole outfit and to try to realize what has been accomplished in the past two short years, and he appealed to the resident friends to rally to the support of Mr. Jones and his city friends, saying here is a chance for high co-operation.

"Uncle Rose," who planted many of the beautiful trees now shading the banks of the lake, and who reluctantly relinquished his title to the land for this purpose, was discovered in the crowd of listeners and drawn into the center of the circle and asked, "Uncle Rose, can't you give us a word?"

Promptly came the answer, "Yes, sir, I can and I will. I am pleased to be here with you today. This is the most sacred ground that lays under the sunshine. A man I knew built a house near a certain chuch because he said the ground was "sanctious." So is this ground.

"About seventy-five years ago the Indians stepped along on the bank of this lake. Furthermore, the water of this lake has always been kept pure, the ground along its edge has been kept clean and pure—so as to be ready for these children.

In the early days we used to come up with the children and spend a day right here on this ground before there was anything here; but the trees have growed and growed since then. When I owned it I had a chance to sell all this shore, but something told me to keep it, and I kept it—for Mr. Jones. Today you see what it is. Four years ago they had just a few little children here. If they keep on the next four years, what will it be? There will be a thousand children here, I hope. I am glad Mr. Jones is using it as he is. Perhaps I shall not be here but a few years more to watch it, but the Lord bless the children. The Lord said, 'Let the little children come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' There is nothing like little children. They are pure and holy from the time they are born until they learn to do wrong. The Lord bless the children!"

In closing the exercises of the day Mr. Jones suggested that with the ample dining-room space already provided, and with three more dormitories that are needed, one hundred children could be accommodated at a time instead of the limit of forty now brought under the spell of Clear Lake, a big step toward the outcome hoped for by the man who planted the trees for the children so many years ago.

"America" had been sung by the whole company and the benediction words spoken, and many had started toward home, when the voice of an old man was heard, "Say, there are a lot of G. A. R. boys here; why can't we salute the flag, too?" And so the call went out and brought to the flag-pole six or eight old men who stood with bared, grizzled heads and saluted the flag for which they had fought fifty years ago. Catching the "Hip! hip!" of ex-artilleryman Jones, three lusty cheers were given, which perhaps brought the most devout emotions of anything said or done that day. These veterans wanted to be counted in in saluting the flag, which was all the more precious because rimmed by white, the symbol of universal peace. A. L. K.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 13, 1915.

The Jane Addams Meeting

Over fifty civic bodies joined hands in Chicago on July 22 to arrange for a community peace meeting at the Auditorium in honor of Miss Jane Addams upon her return from a peace mission to the ministers of foreign affairs of the warring countries of Europe, such as has never before been undertaken by a woman. The great Auditorium was completely filled, and for over an hour an eager body of citizens, many of whom were born in the countries now at war, listened to Miss Addams' report of her pilgrimage. The splendid choir of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club had placed itself at the disposal of the organizing committee, and furnished a program of music that provided an appropriate setting for the meeting. A little after eight o'clock Miss Addams,, escorted by Charles L. Hutchinson, chairman of the meeting, Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Peace Party, Alderman Carl T. Murray, specially appointed by the City Council, Henry C. Morris, president of the Chicago Peace Society, and Mrs. S. Arthur Walther, chairman of the executive committee in charge of the demonstration, reached the stage, and after the applause had subsided, the choir burst out into the strains of the Hallelujah Chorus. An effective rendition of the "Five Souls," published in an earlier issue of UNITY, by Gustave Holmquist, followed, and then the speaking program began. Mr. Hutchinson in his introduction expressed the esteem which all Chicago feels for Miss Addams, and presented her to the audience as "one of Chicago's foremost citizens—if not the foremost."

In her modest, unassuming manner Miss Addams reported on the conditions now obtaining in the warring countries, and vividly pictured the longing in these countries, especially among the younger men, for the coming of peace. Briefly summarized, her findings and conclusions may be grouped under the following heads:

1. *That the women from the Hague* actually got through to the men in the state departments of the Great Powers, not merely to drop a tract and be bowed out, but to sit down and talk the issues through. They were not accused anywhere of being "peace-at-any-price" people. Nor was peace their slogan—but some method of approach to a settlement other than the military method which is costing so heavily and is getting nowhere.

2. *That these statesmen* were for the most part representative of what might be called the civil group in each country; a group which is standing out for victory no less strongly than the military group, but which nonetheless is apprehensive that under the shadow of the war long-fought-for civil rights are being invaded; that the longer the war goes on, the less the civil parties will have to say as to its terms of settlement; and that if the military parties of the

different nations settle the terms of peace it will mean to clamp militarism upon Europe for a generation.

3. *That with the military forces* dead-locked along the concrete trenches, the civil leaders would welcome an opportunity to end the war and stay the carnage, but they are themselves bound hand and foot by the feeling that if they even talk terms of peace their position in their own country and before the world will be weakened; that they would welcome, therefore, action by the neutrals which would open a way for negotiation with honor, and that the United States with its mixed peoples is pre-eminently the country looked to to take the initiative in this emergency.

4. *That while offers of mediation* by the United States to the belligerents would be rejected, and while no belligerent could ask for mediation, a continuous convention of neutrals would create a channel through which some opportunity might lead to peace; that such a conference should not be made up purely of governmental representatives—who would think and act along rigid nationalistic lines—but should, if possible, be drawn by some more democratic process from commercial, labor and scientific fields which have genuine international experience.

All in all, it was one of the most inspiring peace meetings ever held in Chicago, and one that will long be remembered by those who took part in it.

L. P. L.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

What shall we say
When twenty million men,
Who yesterday
Ploughed, builded, trafficked, traveled lands and seas,
Laughed, chatted, loved their fellows, took their ease,
Cherished their homes and fondled wife and child,
And at the shadows of war-clouds smiled,
Boding no ill, today
Tramp the earth's face in murderous array,
Crush her broad, fruitful breast in bloody mire,
With bomb and mine and mortar blast
The priceless treasures of the age-long past,
And with insensate ire
Slay one another, slay and slay and slay,—
If they and theirs, not knowing why they die,
Should ask us why,
What shall we say?

* * * * * *

Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Answer before high heaven for this war!
What shall we say
When the great war-lords do not shrink
To swear the awful crime upon some fellow-king;
When diplomatic spiders blink
And twist their sapient heads
And spin the web of chance into a ring
Of steel necessity, whose vicious threads
Constrain each government to violate
The peace and safety of its neighbor state,
Or roll the burden of the blame
Upon a class, or clique, or system, yea,
Upon Almighty God?
Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Who always send, but never go, to war,
Be not deceived, God is not mocked
Nor His eternal purpose balked
By eikons, like grim mascots borne,
Or patriot oaths upon the symbols sworn,—
From the red sod
Cries out your brothers' blood; the curse of Cain
Falls millionfold on him who could restrain
The avalanche of death, yet bade his hand refrain.

* * * * * *

What will you say,
When little children, who had no defense
Against your war-lords and youur diplomats,—
Millions of little children, they
Whose fathers you have called away
Not to return, not to return,
But in the shambles to be hurried hence,
Victims of your insatiate truculence,—
When these, grown older, learn
Who made them orphans, and shall follow you
With questioning eyes at guard-mount or review,
And dumb set lips, with portent worse
Than any spoken curse;
Or when night's small hours, the eyes forever quenched
By your decree
Open again to haunt you, asking why
They from their hearths were wrenched
Your substitutes to be,
For you, not for themselves and theirs to die.
What will you say?

* * * * * *

What shall we say,
For whom the Tree of Life
Was planted and put forth its bloom;—
We, the great moiety of mankind,
Who, 'mid the murk and din of doom
In this incredible fray,
Seek light and groping find
Nought but the tomb?
We, who in miry trenches make our bed,
Drenched in the blood by comrades shed,
When in night watches we essay
To think who sowed the seed of strife?
We did not rattle sabers;
We had no quarrel with our neighbors;
There was room
In Europe for us all to sow and reap,
To eat and sing a little and sleep;—
Then on a sudden, in a day
Peace and good will were changed to hate;
Hell had its awful way;
Heaven held its breath in horror while
We rushed to clasp our fate,
Let drum and fife our tiger-selves beguile,
Followed the world-old call, slaying and to be slain.
But weeks in bloody mire have made it plain;
Now by the Grace of God we see,
We who made war for others, we
This much will say:
Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Yours to give answer at God's judgment-bar.

* * * * * *

This we will say:
We have found tongue at last;
Blindfolded, dumb and dazed no more,
No more as in a cloud we walk,—
The fog is lifted and at last is seen
Behind the web the weaver,
Back of the intricate machine
The hand that moved the lever;
This much at last is clear:
It matters not a straw
Who built the engine or designed its plan;—
The engineer,
And not his engine, answers to the law;
Without a doer there is no deed,
Nothing without a voice or pen decreed.
Kaiser, or king, or president, or tsar,
Thou hast to answer for this monstrous war;
The mouth that spoke our doom was thine
And the fatal fingers that did sign,
Wherefore with one accord we all curse thee,—
Not fate, nor systems, nor other men, but thee.

* * * * * *

Be this thing further said:
Your game is played;
You and your works are weighed;
We have tracked the dragons to his den
Who battens on the bones of men,—
Your day of dominance is done.
We see not all the onward path;
Strands of the ancient snare
Still lie about our feet;
But with wide eyes and in our solemn wrath
Before the face of God we swear:
As life is good and sweet,

Under the sun
This horror shall not come again;
Never, never again
Shall twenty million men,
Nor twenty, no, nor ten
Leave all God gave them in the hands of one,—
Leave the decision over peace and war
To king or kaiser, president of tsar.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Another View

In the interest of fairness to a valued contributor we print the following, though the Editor differs in toto with the theory that more fighting will ever bring the international rights which our associate calls for and which we desire so feverently. To our mind past dealing in contraband of war, or, living up to the present letter of international law, does not justify the lamentable commercializing on the part of private individuals and companies in the United States of munitions of war prohibited by our government. This trading is all the more lamentable because it is confessedly in the interest of "business" and not in the interest of any party or issue involved. The German philosophers and thinkers so severely criticised whose opinions we recently printed, expressed forcibly the yearning for universal brotherhood and international comity of faith and practice,, which UNITY stands for. The tragic thing of it all is that war blinds seers and prophets so that they can see only one side of the shield, their side of which is white and the other black.

EDITOR.

Editor UNITY:

The letters printed by Dr. Wendte in your issue of July 29th are very sad reading. They present one of the most mournful and appalling exhibitions of the German spirit that I have seen, and I have seen many. Eminent religious leaders, professors and preachers (one a woman), and not a word of shame for the ruin of Belgium! Not a word of regret for the Lusitania massacre? Not a word of protest against the bitter hate raging in the hearts of Germany! In view of such awful facts, how dark the world-horizon; how black the future of the German people!

These letters are full of bitterness against Americans because we permit the exportation of munitions of war to their enemies; a policy preached and practiced by themselves for years. Not simply German guns but *German men* were sold to our enemies to fight against us in the days of the Revolution. Our rights in the matter even admitted by the present German government. If it prolongs the struggle, it simply prolongs a war which Germany began and for which she was preparing for forty years. Whoever loves justice and humanity may well wish that we had more guns to send to help drive ruthless conquerors out of Belgium. We lost the moral leadership of the world when we failed to enter our solemn protest, as a Nation, against this outrage.

The amazing and ominous fact made clear by the letters is this: Germany seems beside herself with moral blindness, destitute of any corrective public sentiment. When we subdued the Philippines, millions of Americans protested. When Great Britain wronged the Boers, millions of Englishmen condemned the injustice. These wrongs were insignificant beside those committed by Germany, but no voice of protest is raised by even the eminent representatives of law, science and, religion. The infinite pity of it!

As much as I hate war, I do not want this war to stop until guarantees can be established that solemn treaties shall be regarded as something more than "scraps of paper"; not until the high seas can be forever freed from the menace of lawless piracy; not until full restitution can be made to outraged Belgium; not until international diplomacy can be emancipated from falsehood and injustice.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVI.
I. and II. Timothy and Titus

To the pure all things are pure.

Titus i:15.

This group of letters has been the source of a great deal of trouble to the critics. The earliest documents of the New Testament credited to Paul are five, Galatians, I and II Thessalonians, I and II Corinthians and the Epistle to the Romans. This great Pauline library came into being some thirty or more years after the death on Calvary. Perhaps ten years later appeared Philemon, Colossians and Ephesians, and Philippians, representing a later and not so virile a period in Paul's life. These are known as the Epistles of the Captivity. In the beginning of the second century, perhaps 120 A. D., we find these three pastoral or personal letters from Paul to Timothy and Titus. But we are unable to see how they could have come into the life of Paul as we have it in the more authentic sources.

Philippians, one of the sweetest and dearest of Paul's letters, fitting into the story of Acts, carries him into Rome, from where he is supposed to have written the letter to Philemon and the Colossian-Ephesian letters, so rich in personal autobiographical material, and where for two years he was a sort of prisoner at large until perhaps the time of the Neronic persecutions following the great fire. Then Paul disappears and with him, Luke, the supposed author of the "we" passages, the Book of Acts. The natural presumption is that poor Paul had accomplished his life's task and either he went down and out from exhaustion and weariness, or fell with the first crop of Christian martyrs in Rome.

In the orthodox acceptance Paul wrote to his friends at Philippi, "Be of good cheer. I hope I will come to trial soon and when released I am coming back to you." He even asked to have a room prepared for him there in Ephesus. Paul hoped to start out again and had large dreams of another campaign. These hopes fulfilled, he made another missionary circuit and after a period of years was again

arrested and again imprisoned at Rome, at which time he wrote these letters to Timothy and Titus.

This is a far-fetched theory. I prefer rather to accept that of modern scholars: 1. The first postullate is that a man of Paul's fertility and restlessness, of course, did not stop with just these fragments. Paul must have been an incessant writer, must have written many letters about things personal and things spiritual. There is every reason to believe that there was a fertile Pauline correspondence. 2. The second postulate. There came a time in the history of the new movement when the first ardor and enthusiasm had cooled. Paul had disappeared, the Christ had not come on the clouds and the new movement now scattered all over the map from Rome to Jerusalem was left without a dominant personality and, aside from the Hebrew writings, without the help of a scripture. 3. The movement was still moving on. It had organizations, church centers and "overseers," from which word we get Bishop, Episcopus, Episcopal. It had deacons, those who ministered or served, and a great many practical problems pressing on the young movement. These functionaries, missionaries, who had caught the spirit and were trying to carry the message of Paul, had to perfect the organization. So for missionary purposes any tradition of counsel and advice was copied, and by a process perfectly natural, in the course of thirty or forty years, these floating, unimportant fragments of literature, in some cases original manuscripts, had been copied many times. And this little group of letters compiled by those who still wanted to conjure by the name and words of Paul, became the early tracts, compilations of Paul's own words and letters embodying the traditions of Timothy and Titus. The letters are Pauline but not Paul. Probably many such were current at that time, but these still survive, and along toward the second or third centuries, when the priests met in convention to decide what was canonical and what was not, and the New Testament began to take dogmatic form, these letters became a part of the canon.

You ask why the genuineness of these books was ever disputed. In the first place the label was put on a long time after the letters were written. Then there is the linguistic argument, an entire vocabulary, not found elsewhere in Paul's writings. Bacon reports seventy-four words found only in I Timothy, forty-six more found nowhere else but in II Timothy and twenty-eight more found nowhere else but in Titus. A study of the Greek shows why these words could not easily be assigned to Paul. It is as if a letter were found purporting to be from George Washington containing a warning against single-tax or socialism. These letters warned Timothy and Titus against certain heresies and phases of thought of which in his other writings Paul seems to have known nothing. There was a "gnosticism" prevalent at that time, a sort of second century theosophy which traced the origin of the message and talked about angels and incarnations, etc. This theosophic interpretation of life came from Alexandria through Ephesus and may be detected between the lines of these letters. The writer had dangers in sight not sighted by Paul when he wrote his vigorous letters, and they are written in much looser style than were Paul's real letters.

There are certain very personal and natural sentences, such as when Paul asked Timothy to bring his cloak and parchments, that we cannot think of as fiction. Do not let us foster the suspicion that someone prepared a deliberate deception of the matter as crass critics would say a "barefaced lie." Rather let us believe that these letters formed the natural tool of the new movement, a tract with which to reinforce it, in the days when new organizations were being formed, little churches started and questions of administration coming as thick as they did to the presiding elders in the early days of Methodism. When Methodism first came to this country it was still in the line of apostolic succession, and its failure formed an exigency that Wesley was willing to meet by making a bishop out of whole cloth by his own hand.

There were many very interesting and revealing passages in these letters. Let us glance at a few from the Twentieth Century Version. After the usual introduction the writer says:

> I beg you, as I did when I was on my way into Macedonia, to remain at Ephesus; that you may instruct certain people there not to teach new and strange doctrines, nor to devote their attention to legends and interminable genalogies, which tend to give rise to argument rather than to further that divine plan which is revealed in the Faith.

The mention of these "strange doctrines" puts it clearly into the next century, as if he said, "Beware of single taxers and socialists."

In the second chapter we find comfort for Episcopalians, an anticipation of formal worship which also belongs in the second and not the first century.

> First of all, then, I urge that petitions, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings should be offered for everyone, especially for kings and all who are in high positions, in order that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life in a deeply religious and reverent spirit.
>
> My desire, then, is that it should be the custom everywhere for the men to lead the prayers with hands reverently uplifted, avoiding heated controversy. I also desire that women should adorn themselves with appropriate dress, worn quietly and modestly, and not with wreaths of gold ornaments for the hair, or pearls or costly clothing, but—as is proper for women who profess to be religious—with good actions.

We cannot get along much further until women somehow harmonize their dress with the canons of art and color, utility and economy. Paul felt then, as we do now, that women were not meeting the demands of art, economy, health or morality. The next utterance we do not want to defend, that "woman should listen silently to her teachers," based on the old argument that "Adam was formed first, not Eve."

In the fifth chapter there is much good advice, revealing again problems of the second century. As to the treatment of women, we realize that then was the beginning of monasticism, of nunneries. The church was beginning to assume the complexities of organization.

The injunction "Do not continue to drink water only" in the old days bothered the W. C. T. U. sisters, and there seems to be an argument for slavery in the words, "All who are in the position of slaves should regard their masters as deserving of the greatest respect." But we know that slavery was then an institution unchallenged by the early church, or by this writer.

Critics find a little more ginger and coherency in the second letter, and we can readily believe it to be a fragment of an early letter written by Paul in Rome, in the words:

> You know, of course, that all our friends in Roman Asia turned their backs on me, and among them Phygellus

and Hermogenes. May the Lord show mercy to the household of Onesiphorus, for he often cheered me and was not ashamed of my chains.

The letter to Titus is conceived in much the same way, containing many Pauline traditions and some very good advice.

Through these letters as through a window we see the growth of what was at first an intoxicating, kindling enthusiasm, now becoming a systematized, organized institution. The only way to save the infallible label is to affirm that Paul had another career. How much more precious are they as a compilation, editorial revisions, call it what you will, of such Pauline material as was lying around loose in the minds and hearts of those who loved Paul after he had gone, restoring our faith in the Christianity that sprung out of just such conditions.

---

(1) Give the grounds, if any, of ascribing the authorship of these letters to Paul.

(2) What, in the light of modern scholarship, is their natural evolution?

(3) Mention some of the problems of the church indicated in these epistles not recognized in the authentic writings of Paul.

(4) In the exhortations to women do you find anything fundamental bearing on the feminist question?

SOUL IN THINE AUTUMN DAYS

Soul, in thine Autumn days have utmost cheer!
Spring hath no flower of flowers that can contest
The splendor of the hues upon his breast—
Who beareth up the incense of the year.
Spring hath no fire like that within the sphere
Of Autumn suns, impassioned of the West,
Long lingering there—that will not sink to rest
Till all hearts feel unrest divine and dear!

An urn of sweetness, costly past esteem,
Bear upon the incense of thy year, O Soul;
And in the frost-bit days, when no flowers gleam,
Let thy mere leaves of life be flower-bright.
And, as thou nearest to thy western goal,
Intenser glow the spirit's orbed light!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

AT SUNRISE

How often she has slipped out, silently,
To watch the sunrise from the little mound
She called a hill! How often you have found
Her warm nest empty—no soft, waking sigh
To stir the ruffles of the robe flung by
For brighter garb to meet the day, new-crowned!
So dawn has summoned her, and without sound
She fled, all gladness, as the white doves fly.

This time no footprints on the dewey lawn
To mark her going. Light hath lent her wings,
And this white shape of her that lies so still
Is but night's garment. How the glad day flings
Its arms, and glad birds twitter, "She has gone
To watch new glories from a higher hill."

"Youth's Companion." —*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

Anti-War But Do Something Policy

The sinking of another liner with Americans on board—even assuming that it had been warned and was trying to escape—would render a "do nothing policy" impossible of maintenace. The factor which would make public opinion unmanageable would be the apparent acceptance by America of a change in the laws or customs of war which sanctions things like the destruction of the Lusitania. If the only alternative to accepting the fact of this change is going to war, the demand to go to war will be a growing one. The only thing which could prevent the drift of public opinion in that direction would be an alternative policy, the demonstration that the government was in truth "doing something," that it was at work on a definite and constructive plan for the protection of neutral and American rights, a plan which the public could discuss and which would satisfy the "psychological need for action" at such a junction and allay the irritation which comes of apparent inactivity.

The first need is a vivid realization on the part of the general public that a failure to go to war with Germany is not due to an indifference to American interests or a shrinking from the cost which war would imply involved in their defense but is due to the fact that war with Germany would not protect those interests. If friends of the Administration could give wide publicity to this fact by such simple resolutions as the following:

Recent events have shown that the lives of American and other neutral citizens and American and other neutral commerce on the high seas cannot be made secure by America's taking part in a war in which both sides are in some measure straining or violating the law, and support an interpretation of law which would leave those rights without due protection in the future.

We respectfully submit that the protection of American rights necessitates:

(1) The development and reform of existing international law, which involves:

(2) An international legislative body for the framing of such law;

(3) An international court for its just interpretation; and

(4) An international arrangement for the due execution of the court's decision by such combination of economic or military measures as may be most effective.

And we further respectfully urge as an action which can now be taken by the American government and as a step towards the achievement of these four results that the other republics of this hemisphere be invited to confer with our own as to the law which they would be prepared to support in order to ensure such concerted action as would be likely to secure due consideration for neutral rights and interests at the settlement following the present war.

As America cannot possibly stand for the sea law as now interpreted by the allies she would stultify her own action if she did so—she should state clearly and definitely what it is she does stand for; what reforms she desires to see carried into effect, etc. It would then be found that her general contentions as to the law of the sea were perhaps more in accord with the German than the British idea. The effect of this even on German opinion would be to demonstrate to Germans the absurdity of quarrelling with a great neutral who on the whole was more disposed to take their general view of sea law than the general view of the British. If, nevertheless, there was no concession to the American view it would be open to the government to (1) Sever diplomatic negotiations (2) Put the coast defences in the strongest possible order (and the experiences of the English navy on the Belgium

coast prove that even an indifferently defended coast is impregnable to even a strong navy) (3) Facilitate and encourage the export of ammunition to the allies. If there were still further attacks upon American lives and ships the American government could then seize German property in the United States—ships, royalties on patents, etc.—to be held as security for the payment of damages after they had been duly assessed by a properly constituted court in which other netural states—or even the combatant states including Germany—should be represented. Commercial intercourse would of course by this have been severed with Germany and America could make it plain that this condition of non-intercourse would continue for a series of years and that it might extend with the consent of other civilized states of the world to German exclusion from the privilege of the Panama canal—in all these measures of course the co-operation and assent of the rest of the non-German world being invited.

The above is just a hint of a policy which might be announced. The whole point is that whether entirely practicable or not—whether that is it would be effective to the ends that America has in view—it is almost certain to be less ineffective than joining one side or the other when both sides are, though in different degree, straining the law; and most important of all, would furnish that satisfaction of the public desire to do *something,* to have a policy of some kind, without which war however foolishly ineffective may ensue simply from general public restlessness and irritation.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE DREAMERS.

Back of the beating hammer,
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor,
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the Eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives them through,
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

—*Authorship Unknown.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

MON.—Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or courts.

TUES.—Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

WED.—Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

THURS.—And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

FRI.—There pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, wood-will to men.

SAT.—No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

—*Longfellow.*

NATURE'S COUNTRY BAND

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with the dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket,
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part,
By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

If I have no coaches and horses, I can at least hang a tracery of vine leaves along my porch, so exquisitely delicate that no sculptor can match it.

—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER
V

The final week of this year's Summer School, immediately preceding the ninth session of the Tower Hill Congress, was one of unusual profit and interest, and left a feeling of regret that there were not other weeks to follow.

The Nature class was introduced to those stalwart friends of the Hill, the family of the Oaks, and to its brighter more fairy-like inhabitants, the flowers of many names and hues and habits, while in a most interesting evening session, the great trees of California were brought within our ken by Miss Howe's fine descriptions and her collection of cones and branches and photographs. Mr. Jones' reading of John Muir's account of Emerson's visit to the Redwoods added vividness to the picture. The last meeting of the class was adjourned to the roadsides and neighboring pastures, where decorations for the pavilion during the congress were secured.

On Thursday evening to an eager group in the Library, Mr. Jones read Fritz Kreisler's "Four Months in the Trenches"—a great, pulsating interpretation of the human side of the life in the European slaughter-house as it assailed the sensitive ear and pulled at the tense heart-strings of a trained and cultured musician who had laid down his bow to take up the bayonet.

Sunday found the Hill disconsolate because of the absence of its shepherd at the Clear Lake sheepfold, and the consequent loss of Vesper service, but the desertion was forgiven after the compensatory reading in the pavilion the following evening. Whitman's "Redwood Tree,' Hymn of Occupations," and "Captain, My Captain," were made to open to us again, as Whitman always must when finely interpreted, the paths to nature, to labor, and to brotherhood.

The tremendous and compelling scene from Andreyev's great drama, "The Sorrows of the Belgiums," in which Belgium's Prince seeks from her best-loved poet guidance in the terrible crisis of the war, closed the evening.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Hill had as its guest Mr. George W. Cooke of Massachusetts, author of interpolation of Emerson, George Eliot, and of Browning, historian of the Woman Movement, and compiler of a most valuable anthology of the Poets of Transcendentalism. On Wednesday evening Mr. Cooke spoke in the pavilion, giving interesting personal reminiscences of Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, and others of the Cambridge school Leaving this topic, he traced certain tendencies in the life of today—first the tendency, just now very noticeable, toward mysticism,, occultism, Christian Science, theosophy, Sundayism, and other forms of Supernaturalism, which he believes to be transient and soon to disappear, and the other tendency—one of growth and permanency—toward humanism, toward an appreciation of the social values, of the powers and forces emanating from human society as it is evolving.

Dr. Cooke then added to the philosophies and "isms" of the Hill a concise, impartial and convincing presentation of that "ism" which many of us are coming to feel must be added to the philosophy—and practice—of the world; namely, Socialism. This he described as a recognition of the need for removing all of the barriers which stand between the many and those opportunities for freedom and culture and education which are now open only to the few; for retaining for the benefit of *all* the people of earth, all of earth's resources—her mines, her forests, her water-powers; and for diverting the wasteful expenditures of war into the needy channels of education and race-improvement.

Of the negative side of Eugenics, the prevention by the state of the breeding of the unfit, Dr. Cooke spoke with approval, but stressed, in place of the rather doubtful value of positive eugenic breeding, the certain forces of education and environment which should place at the disposal of the plastic mind of every child born into the world the precious store of knowledge and experience already accumulated by the race.

During the discussion which followed, Dr. Cooke defined our present wage-system, and brought out the fact that just as our nation could not live half slave and half free, so it can not go on much longer with a few living upon the large profits produced by the many who live upon small wages. The evening was one of stimulating interest.

Permanently upon our minds and spirits remain the closing sessions of the summer's course in the history of religion, which this year has covered the life of Jesus and the making up of the New Testament. Perhaps for some it has been the first attempt at viewing this in the light of scholarship and the same methods of criticism which are applied to other accumulations and intermingling of fact and fancy—of folk-lore and history—of ethical and humanitarian teaching and ecclesiastical and doctrinal upbuilding and re-enforcement.

But after the clearing away of the later growths and of the additions and enshroudings of scribe and copyist, of church and state, of fond enthusiast and simple miracle-lover, there was made to stand out for us all, clearly and permanently, the loving, human democracy of the Nazarene, leading his people and all humanity toward freedom and equality and peace, and toward its infinite Father and its eternal evolution. Coupled with this appeared the high ethical ideals of Paul, as stated in the four or five authentic epistles from his hand which remain to us, and an assurance of immortality based not upon the shifting and always debatable authenticity of one physical resurrection, but upon an unshakable faith in the reasonableness of the Universe, which can not be satisfied with unfinished and incomplete fragments of individual lives; upon the universal and instinctive belief in our continued existencee, and upon the two immutable laws of science: the indestructibility of matter and of energy, and the continuing progression of an ever evolving human, and social, and cosmic order.

Throughout all this labor of cutting away the nonessentials, and laying bare the fundamentals, we were led safely and securely by the loving serenity and calm assurance of the Tower Hill Teacher, who transmits to each member of his class much of his own immovable faith in the eternal verities, and a goodly portion of his incomparable spirit of love and peace and brotherhood.

S. M. Q.

Tower Hill, Wis., Aug. 13, 1915.

VACATION NOTES

Dear UNITY:

It is long since I have had the inspiration or the time to send you any jottings, but some incidents of this summer's wanderings may interest your readers, so I pencil them, on the home stretch, to beguile the monotony of crossing the desert.

First, then, the rainy evening of May 29 found me turning my back on "Welcome Home," now dismantled and rented

for a year, to spend Memorial Day in Kansas City, as the first stage in a two months' holiday; 7:30 next morning found me in the commodious new station in that city. This long needed structure gave me such a pleasant surprise, that I quite enjoyed lingering to take breakfast there and inspect its many attractive features.

* * * *

The American Library Association held its thirty-seventh annual conference in Berkeley, June 3 to 9, under the auspices of the University of California Library and the California Library Association. Catching the first run of a new train from Kansas City, your correspondent had the unusual pleasure of arriving at destination a half day earlier than expected, which gave opportunity for quiet visiting with University friends before the arrival of the belated librarians' special train next day from San Diego. A pleasant feature of this conference was the being lodged in fraternity houses and the like, instead of at hotels. Certainly some seventy-five women assigned to College Hall, a private girls' dormitory on the edge of the campus, appreciated the privilege and made it a scene of unusual activity for this time of year, Mrs. Davis and her aids playing hostess to them most charmingly. Information bureau, registration desk and mail delivery established on the ground floor of the beautiful University Library building, made this a popular rendezvous in all leisure moments, while both general and special meetings, held in various buildings on the campus, were most faithfully attended. This was doubtless due to the notable freshness and interest of the program, coupled with the fact that liberal allowance had been made for social features and the acceptance of local hospitality. An opening reception in the women's gymnasium, a half day's entertainment by the city of Oakland, including an elegant luncheon, a visit to the new City Hall, the Public Library, and Mills College; an official A. L. A. day at the Panama Exposition and a Sunday excursion to Mt. Tamalpais and the Muir Woods were the salient features of the local entertainment, which the clear, cool weather made it possible to enjoy, along with the professional program, without undue fatigue. A little ripple of excitement arose at the closing session over the unexpected proposal that the Association send a message of hearty endorsement and support to President Wilson, but the Canadian members held their peace and the proposition was disposed of by reference to the Council, there being no question as to the sentiment of the meeting but only as to the propriety of an international body taking such action.

Leaving Berkeley on the ninth a day and two nights were spent at my brother's farm near Napa, followed by a return to San Francisco, to take boat for the three days' trip to Seattle. Head winds made old ocean anything but pacific for the first two days, but fairer vision of a city could hardly be imagined than the approach to Seattle on the third day over the soft, blue waters of Puget Sound. There nearly a week was spent in a Bahai home, a throbbing center of life and activity. Cut off by the war, since last October, from all outward communication with Abdul Baha, the deprivation has but intensified his followers' zeal in "giving the message" and living the life. The annual conference of believers usually held each April in Chicago, in connection with the feast of Rizwan, was this year very successfully held in San Francisco and won official recognition from the Panama Exposition authorities, not as a religious movement, but for its social and economic significance.

* * * *

Nearly a month of life on a California farm at the height of the apricot season followed the Seattle trip. Here we faithfully lived up to the California motto: "We eat all we can and what we can't we can," while incidentally getting a good coat of tan over the work of picking, cutting and drying. We learned of that new rural functionary, the farm adviser and of the interesting development of the farm center, and on July 5th attended a most enjoyable union picnic of two of these centers. The nonsectarian Sunday school, too, held in a neat little chapel built by neighborhood subscription, the land given by a well-to-do farmer, the plans by my brother, was another interesting evidence of the new spirit of comradeship and co-operation, while in the city of Napa itself we heard very live discourses from Baptist and Methodist pulpits and had evidence of new leaven in the Episcopal church as well.

But all this was mere incidental and side-issue to the main aim and purpose of our coast trip, the family reunion begun on July 5th and lasting ten days. "We are but three" and we had not been together for twenty-four years, so to us this is an event to date from. At its close, the home journey began. Yet we did not separate abruptly, for when sister and her husband left for their Alberta home, brother and his wife accompanied me southward as far as Atascadero, long an immense cattle ranch or the scene of United States annual military maneuvers, now the favored spot where E. G. Lewis,, Golden Rule Jones' old time "sweetheart," is once more bringing into manifestation his wonderfully comprehensive ideals of a nobler municipal life and community welfare.

It would take many letters to do justice to Atascadero—Mr. Lewis writes on every week for the *Woman's National Weekly*—but I am exceeding all bounds in these notes and can only express my satisfaction at having seen and heard that much abused man and for five days taken note with my own eyes and through the testimony of others, of the great constructive work that is going on here. Our visit was coincident with the convention of the Women's Republic and covered some of the special features of anniversary week. Two things were strikingly noticeable in our intercourse there: the enthusiastic love and devotion of the colonists to Mr. Lewis and the dignified self-restraint and desire, not just to sell, but to really serve, on the part of the land office force. Though only two years old, the beginning of community life are already in evidence. Homes are springing up in every direction and many are living in tents or in their garage, while the home is under construction. The informal neighborliness and realization of common interests so characteristic of the present tent city, cannot all disappear when the permanent homes and Civic Center structures replace it. An Atascadero band and also an orchestra have already been organized and add much to the pleasure of the life there. In the hollow summit of Pine mountain a stage has been erected under the mighty branches of a venerable live oak. Here concerts, dances and other entertainments are given, by the light of the moon or festoons of electric lights encased in Japanese lanterns, while the audience gathers on the surrounding hillside. On Sunday nights the band plays sacred music here as a prelude to an evening service. Then a goodly gathering fills the stage itself, though the hillside seats are by no means deserted, and the old familiar hymns roll out, reminding us that "the trees were God's first temples." A movement had just been started as we arrived, to organize the Atascadero Federated Church, whose only bond of union is to be that verse from Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Ninety signatures were secured the first day, including several Catholics, and there was every confidence that the number would be increased as fast as the colonists could be approached.

But I must stop or you will never print this. I am back at the old stand in the John Crerar Library, but, as the French say, I would "engage" Mr. Jones to put Atascadero on his next California itinerary.

M. E. H.

LIBRARY WORK

On September 2d, an examination will be given by the Chicago Public Library, for applicants to the Training Class. This Training Class is conducted for the purpose of preparing young women for positions in the Public Library. The course covers eight months, and no tuition is charged.

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DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Telephone, Douglas 7014

R. Franz

Staple and Fancy
Groceries
and
Meats

FRESH
Vegetables and Fruits
IN SEASON

732-34 E. 39TH Street
CHICAGO

A New Customer
FOR
Ira J. Mix Dairy Company
361 East 30th Street
Phone, Douglas 515-516

MEANS

You receive $1.00 provided customer deals with us 60 days; if goods and service are satisfactory, we shall expect the customer to continue longer.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

Sender's Name _____

Address _____

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
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